DARING MYSTERY COMICS

10¢

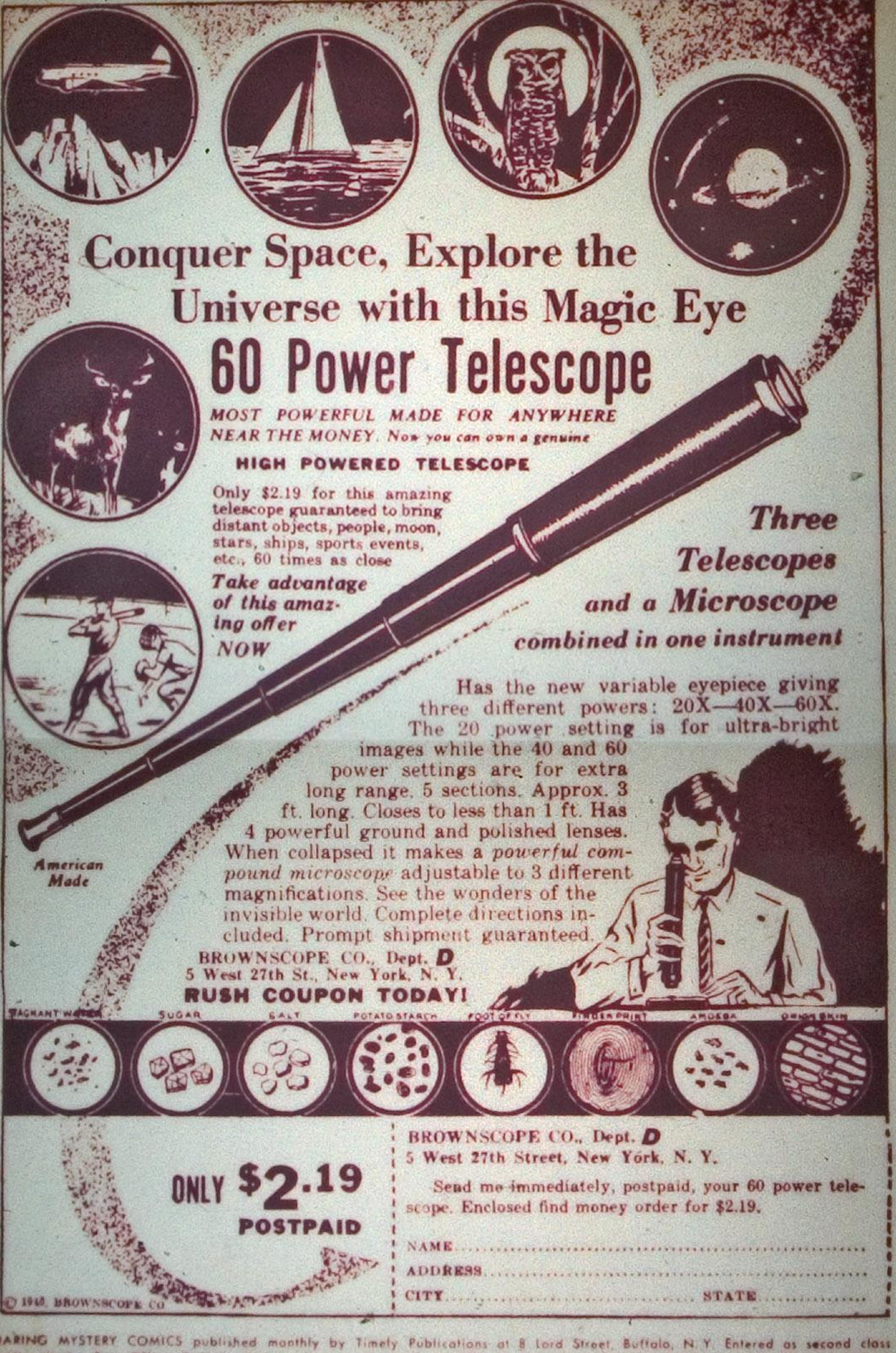
APRIL

Every Feature Brand New!

No. 3

THE PURPLE MASK
PHANTOM REPORTER
MARVEX – *Super Robot*
TROJAK – *Jungle King*
BREEZE BARTON – *In the MIRACLE CITY*
Plus other great features

against terrific odds it was do or die for THE PURPLE MASK!



Conquer Space, Explore the Universe with this Magic Eye

60 Power Telescope

MOST POWERFUL MADE FOR ANYWHERE NEAR THE MONEY. Now you can own a genuine

HIGH POWERED TELESCOPE

Only $2.19 for this amazing telescope guaranteed to bring distant objects, people, moon, stars, ships, sports events, etc., 60 times as close

Take advantage of this amazing offer NOW

American Made

Three Telescopes and a Microscope combined in one instrument

Has the new variable eyepiece giving three different powers: 20X—40X—60X. The 20 power setting is for ultra-bright images while the 40 and 60 power settings are for extra long range. 5 sections. Approx. 3 ft. long. Closes to less than 1 ft. Has 4 powerful ground and polished lenses. When collapsed it makes a *powerful compound microscope* adjustable to 3 different magnifications. See the wonders of the invisible world. Complete directions included. Prompt shipment guaranteed.

BROWNSCOPE CO., Dept. **D**
5 West 27th St., New York, N. Y.

RUSH COUPON TODAY!

ONLY $2.19 POSTPAID

BROWNSCOPE CO., Dept. **D**
5 West 27th Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me immediately, postpaid, your 60 power telescope. Enclosed find money order for $2.19.

NAME..

ADDRESS...

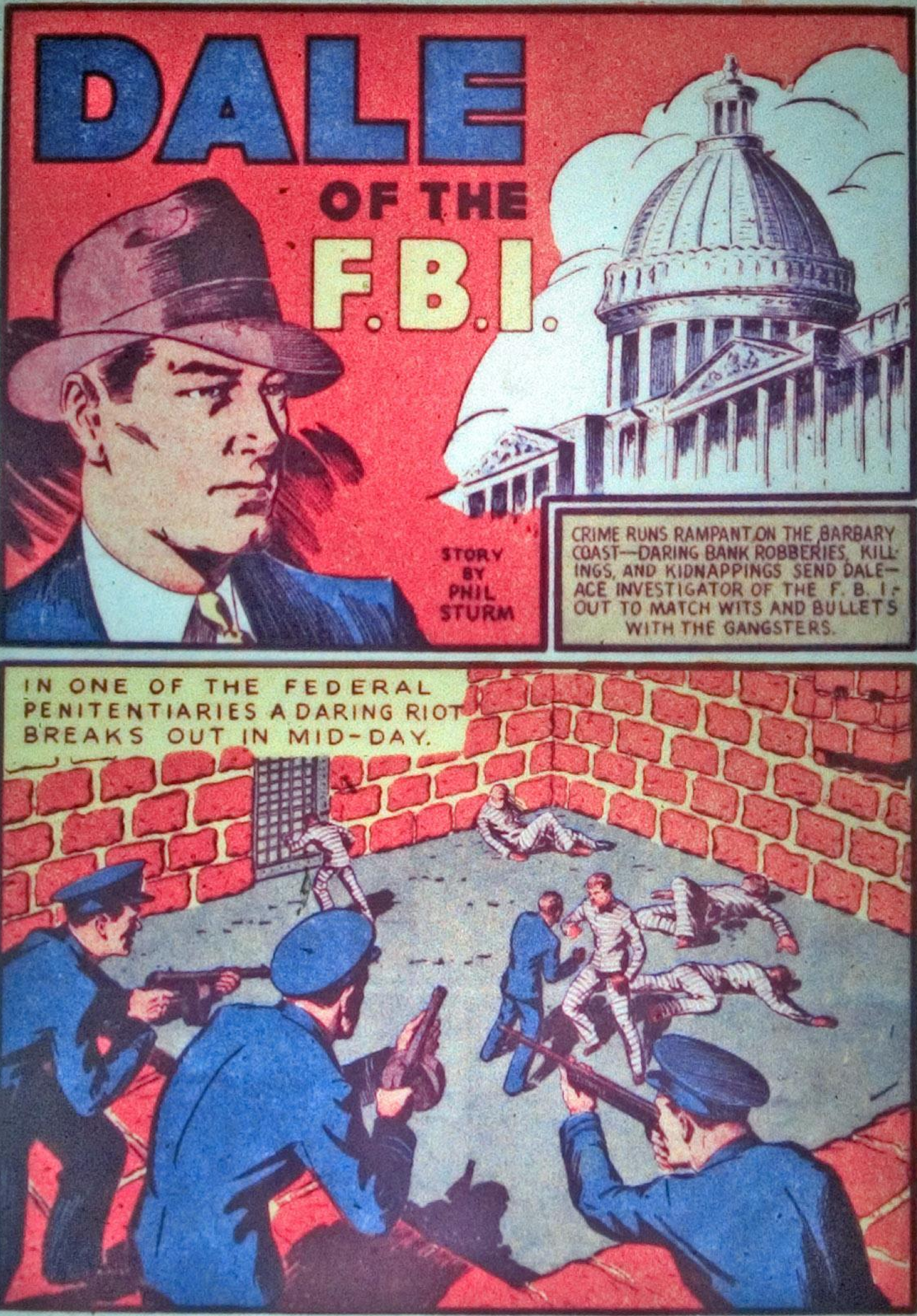
CITY.. STATE..................

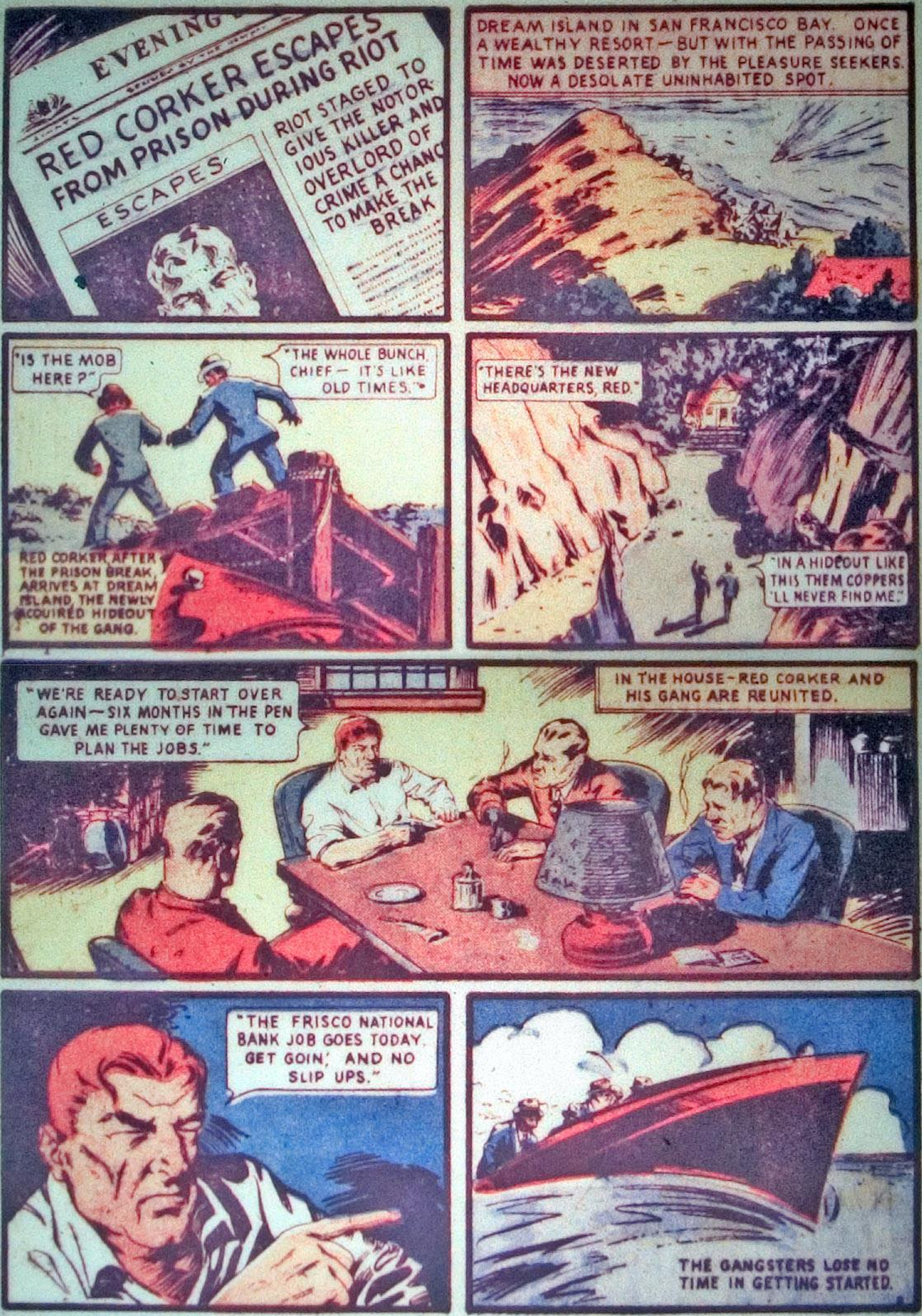
© 1940. BROWNSCOPE CO

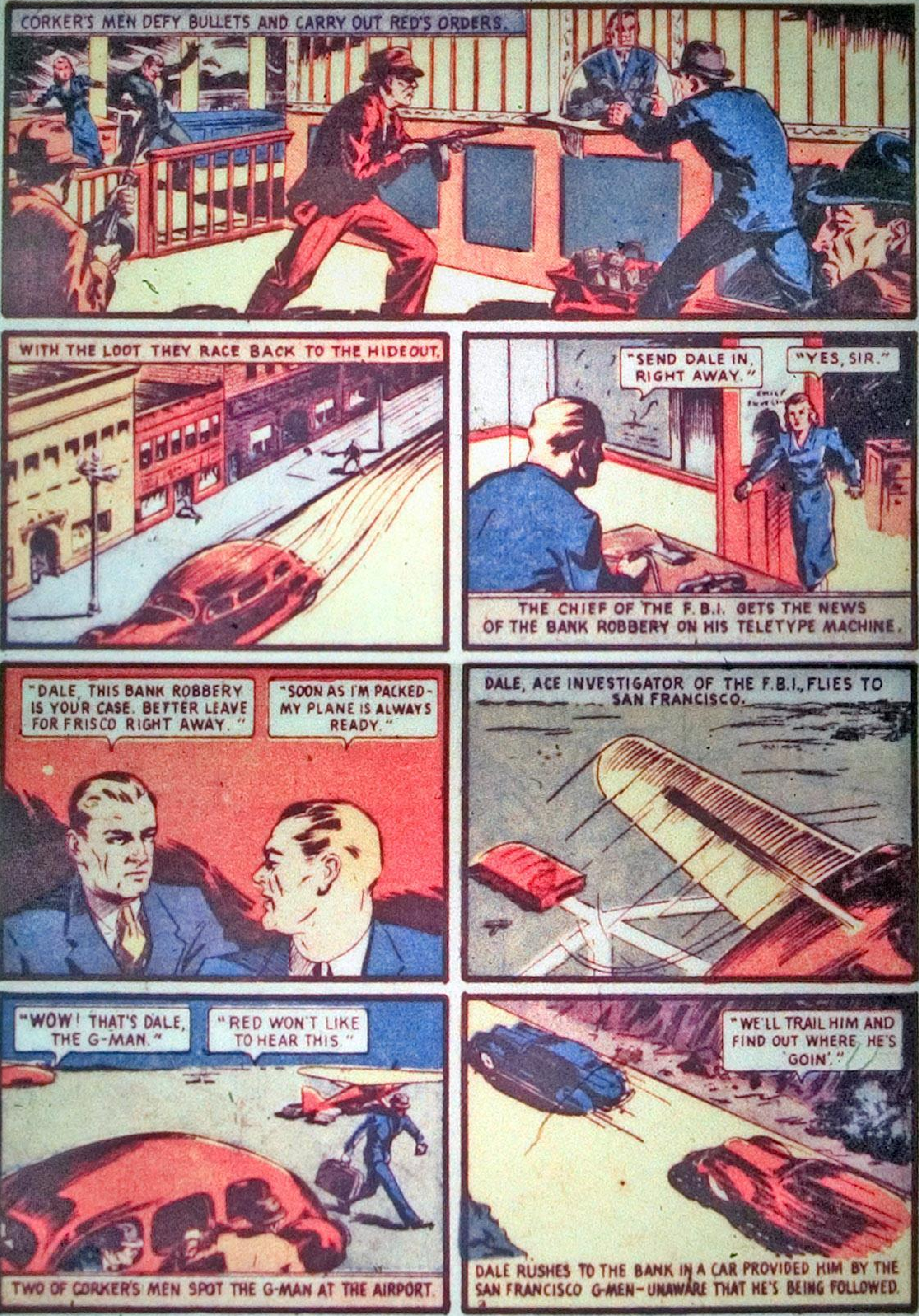
DARING MYSTERY COMICS published monthly by Timely Publications at 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription, $1.00. Single copies 10 cents. Vol. 1, No. 3. Entire contents copyright 1940 by Timely Publications, 330 West 42nd Street, New York City. Printed in the U. S. A.

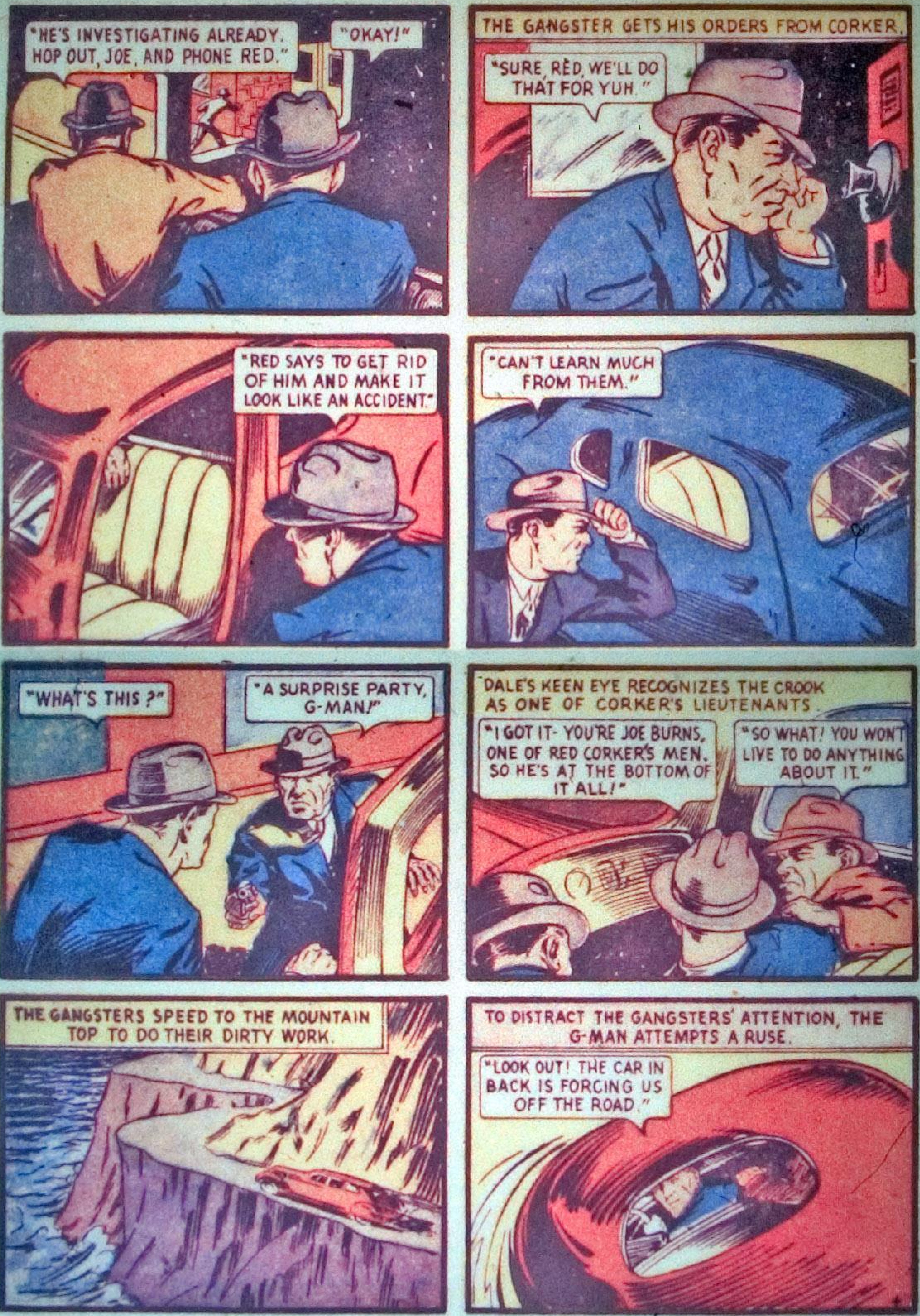
DALE OF THE F.B.I.

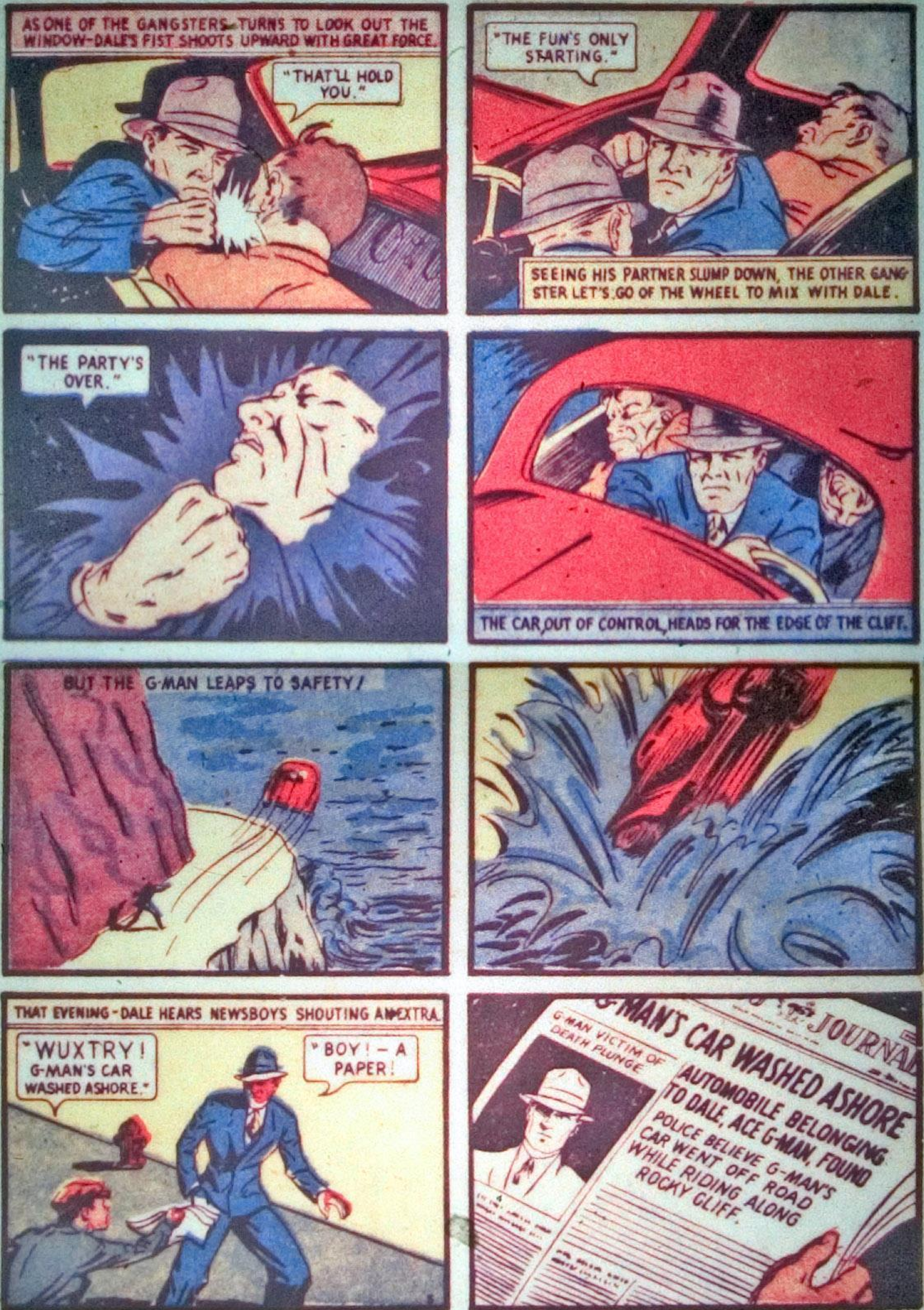
STORY BY PHIL STURM

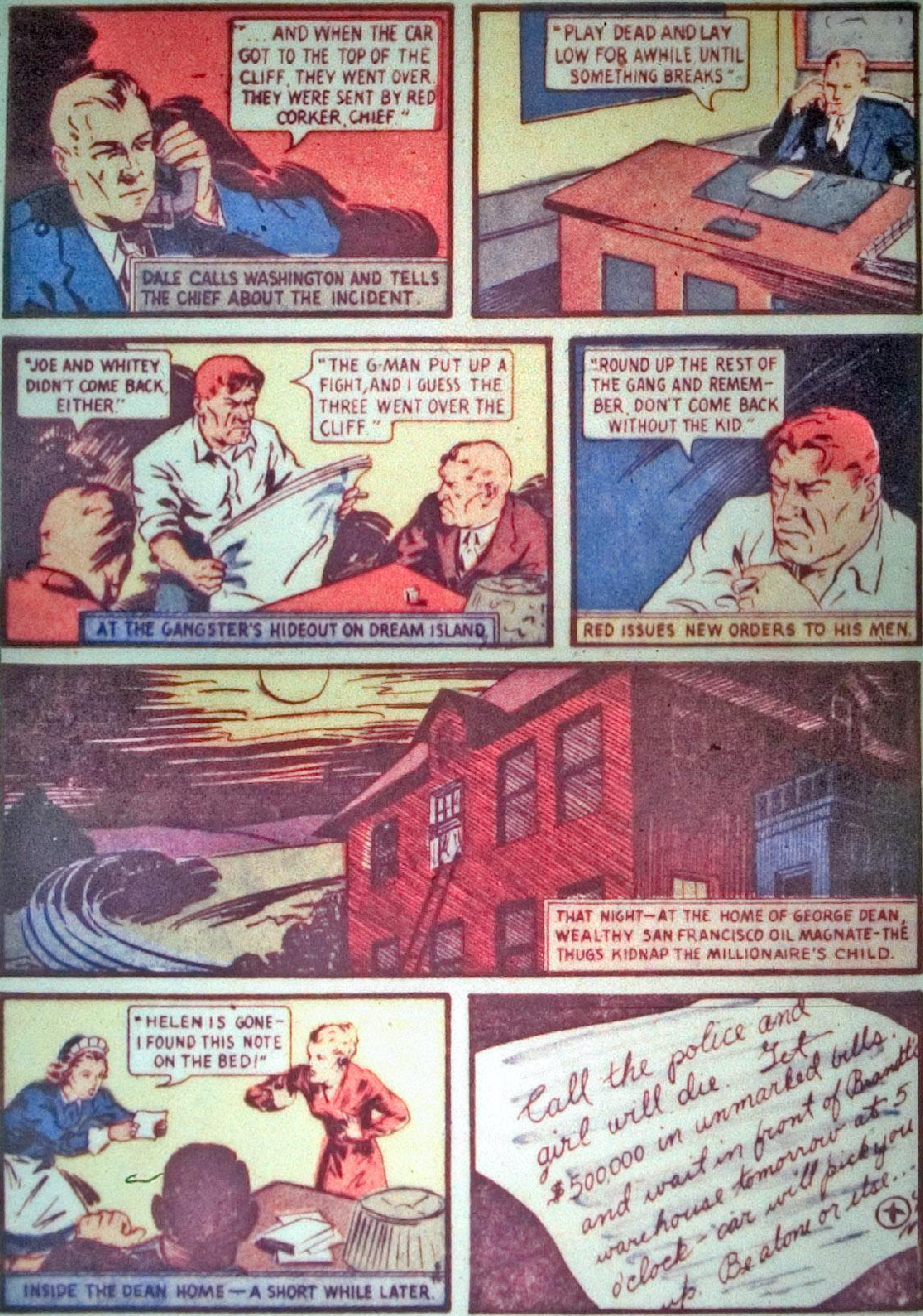

CRIME RUNS RAMPANT ON THE BARBARY COAST—DARING BANK ROBBERIES, KILLINGS, AND KIDNAPPINGS SEND DALE—ACE INVESTIGATOR OF THE F. B. I.—OUT TO MATCH WITS AND BULLETS WITH THE GANGSTERS.
IN ONE OF THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARIES A DARING RIOT BREAKS OUT IN MID-DAY.

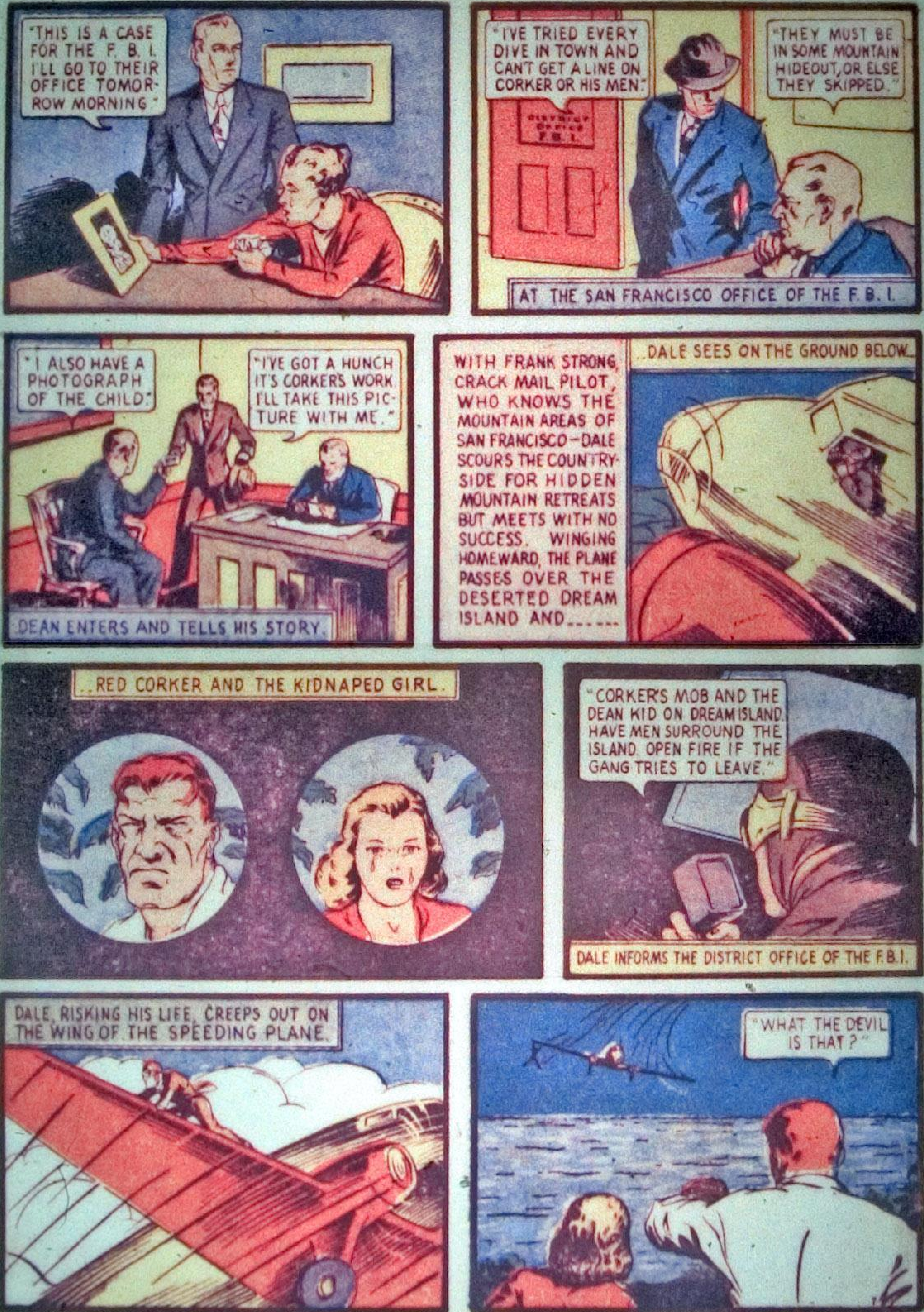

EVENING
RED CORKER ESCAPES FROM PRISON DURING RIOT
RIOT STAGED TO GIVE THE NOTORIOUS KILLER AND OVERLORD OF CRIME A CHANC TO MAKE THE BREAK
ESCAPES
DREAM ISLAND IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY. ONCE A WEALTHY RESORT—BUT WITH THE PASSING OF TIME WAS DESERTED BY THE PLEASURE SEEKERS. NOW A DESOLATE UNINHABITED SPOT.
"IS THE MOB HERE?"
"THE WHOLE BUNCH, CHIEF— IT'S LIKE OLD TIMES."
RED CORKER, AFTER THE PRISON BREAK, ARRIVES AT DREAM ISLAND, THE NEWLY ACQUIRED HIDEOUT OF THE GANG.
"THERE'S THE NEW HEADQUARTERS, RED."
"IN A HIDEOUT LIKE THIS THEM COPPERS 'LL NEVER FIND ME."
"WE'RE READY TO START OVER AGAIN—SIX MONTHS IN THE PEN GAVE ME PLENTY OF TIME TO PLAN THE JOBS."
IN THE HOUSE—RED CORKER AND HIS GANG ARE REUNITED.
"THE FRISCO NATIONAL BANK JOB GOES TODAY. GET GOIN,' AND NO SLIP UPS."
THE GANGSTERS LOSE NO TIME IN GETTING STARTED.

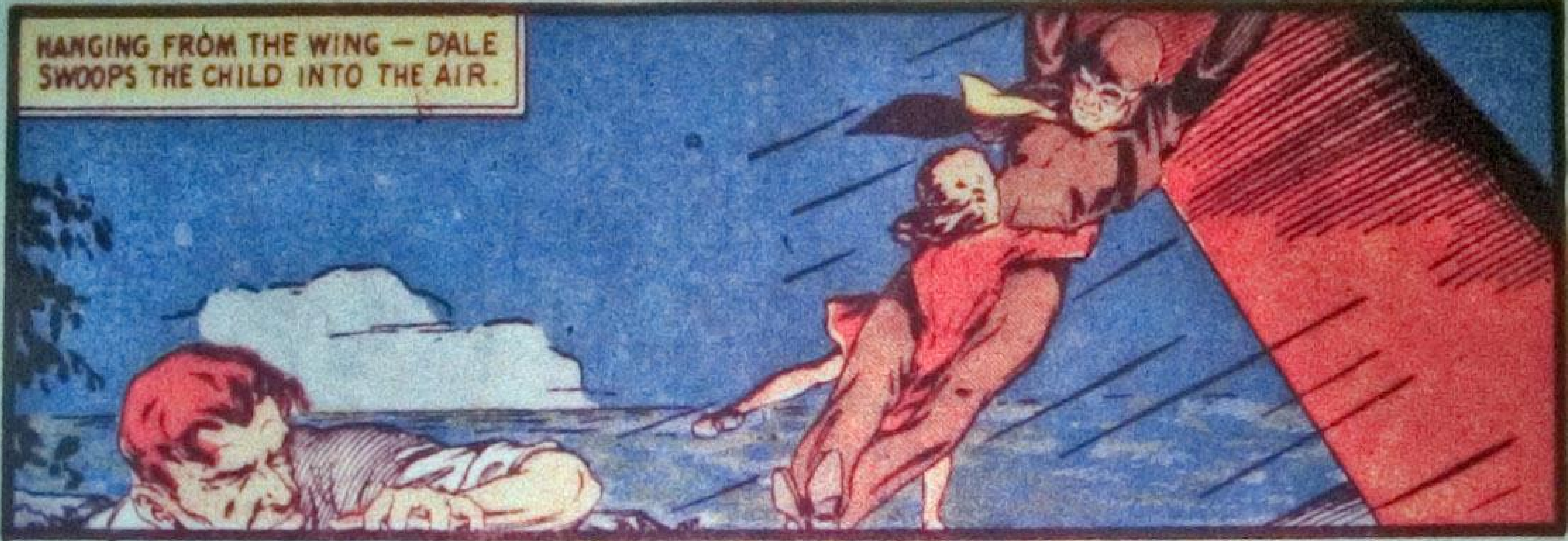

CORKER'S MEN DEFY BULLETS AND CARRY OUT RED'S ORDERS.
WITH THE LOOT THEY RACE BACK TO THE HIDEOUT.
"SEND DALE IN, RIGHT AWAY."
"YES, SIR."
THE CHIEF OF THE F.B.I. GETS THE NEWS OF THE BANK ROBBERY ON HIS TELETYPE MACHINE.
"DALE, THIS BANK ROBBERY IS YOUR CASE. BETTER LEAVE FOR FRISCO RIGHT AWAY."
"SOON AS I'M PACKED - MY PLANE IS ALWAYS READY."
DALE, ACE INVESTIGATOR OF THE F.B.I., FLIES TO SAN FRANCISCO.
"WOW! THAT'S DALE, THE G-MAN."
"RED WON'T LIKE TO HEAR THIS."
TWO OF CORKER'S MEN SPOT THE G-MAN AT THE AIRPORT.
"WE'LL TRAIL HIM AND FIND OUT WHERE HE'S GOIN'."
DALE RUSHES TO THE BANK IN A CAR PROVIDED HIM BY THE SAN FRANCISCO G-MEN - UNAWARE THAT HE'S BEING FOLLOWED.

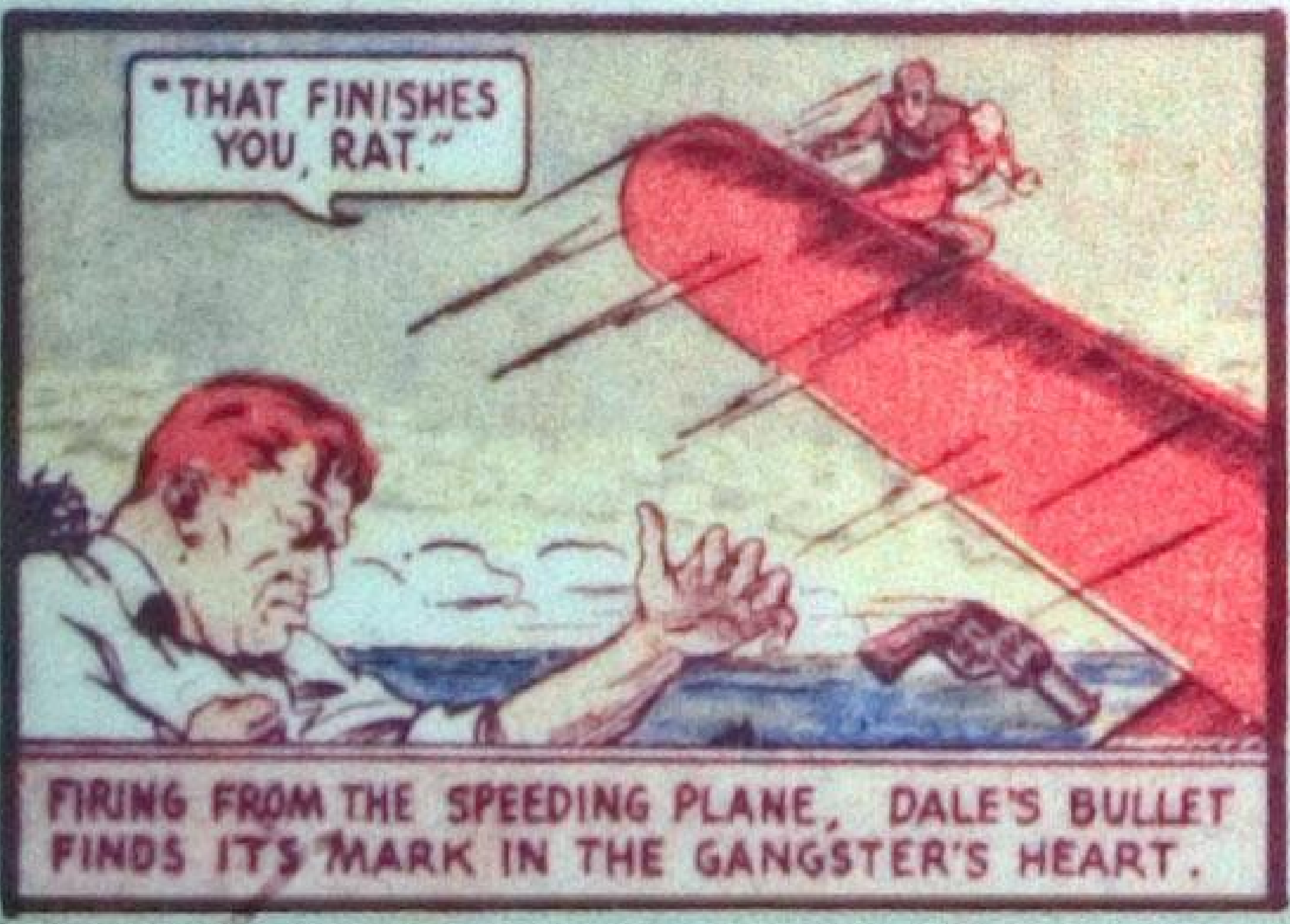

"HE'S INVESTIGATING ALREADY. HOP OUT, JOE, AND PHONE RED."
"OKAY!"
THE GANGSTER GETS HIS ORDERS FROM CORKER.
"SURE, RED, WE'LL DO THAT FOR YUH."
"RED SAYS TO GET RID OF HIM AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT."
"CAN'T LEARN MUCH FROM THEM."
"WHAT'S THIS ?"
"A SURPRISE PARTY, G-MAN!"
DALE'S KEEN EYE RECOGNIZES THE CROOK AS ONE OF CORKER'S LIEUTENANTS
"I GOT IT- YOU'RE JOE BURNS, ONE OF RED CORKER'S MEN. SO HE'S AT THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL!"
"SO WHAT! YOU WON'T LIVE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT."
THE GANGSTERS SPEED TO THE MOUNTAIN TOP TO DO THEIR DIRTY WORK.
TO DISTRACT THE GANGSTERS' ATTENTION, THE G-MAN ATTEMPTS A RUSE.
"LOOK OUT! THE CAR IN BACK IS FORCING US OFF THE ROAD."

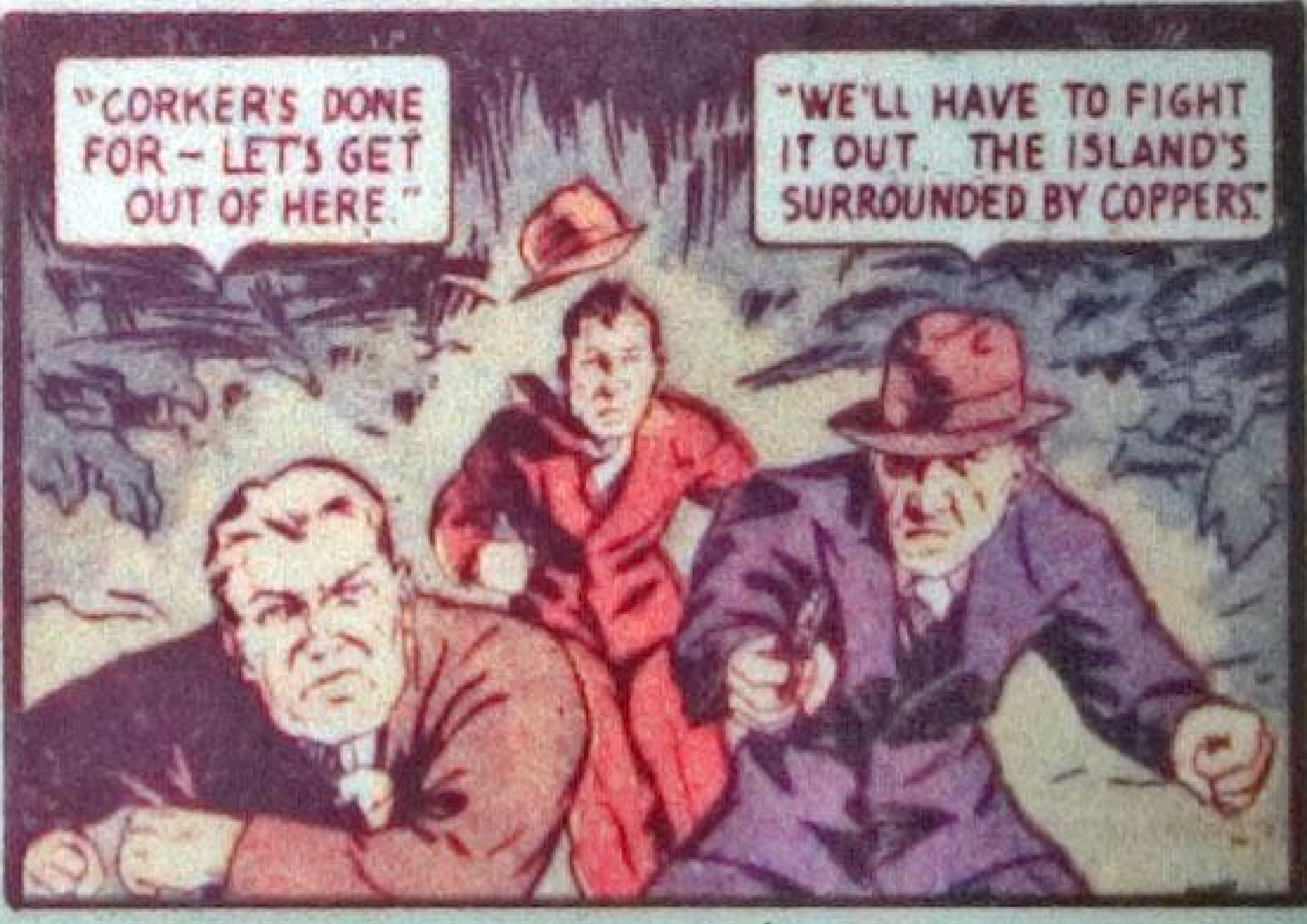

AS ONE OF THE GANGSTERS TURNS TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW–DALE'S FIST SHOOTS UPWARD WITH GREAT FORCE.
"THAT'LL HOLD YOU."
"THE FUN'S ONLY STARTING."
SEEING HIS PARTNER SLUMP DOWN, THE OTHER GANGSTER LET'S GO OF THE WHEEL TO MIX WITH DALE.
"THE PARTY'S OVER."
THE CAR OUT OF CONTROL, HEADS FOR THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF.
BUT THE G-MAN LEAPS TO SAFETY!
THAT EVENING–DALE HEARS NEWSBOYS SHOUTING AN EXTRA.
"WUXTRY! G-MAN'S CAR WASHED ASHORE."
"BOY! – A PAPER!
JOURNAL
G-MAN'S CAR WASHED ASHORE
G-MAN VICTIM OF DEATH PLUNGE
AUTOMOBILE BELONGING TO DALE, ACE G-MAN, FOUND
POLICE BELIEVE G-MAN'S CAR WENT OFF ROAD WHILE RIDING ALONG ROCKY CLIFF.

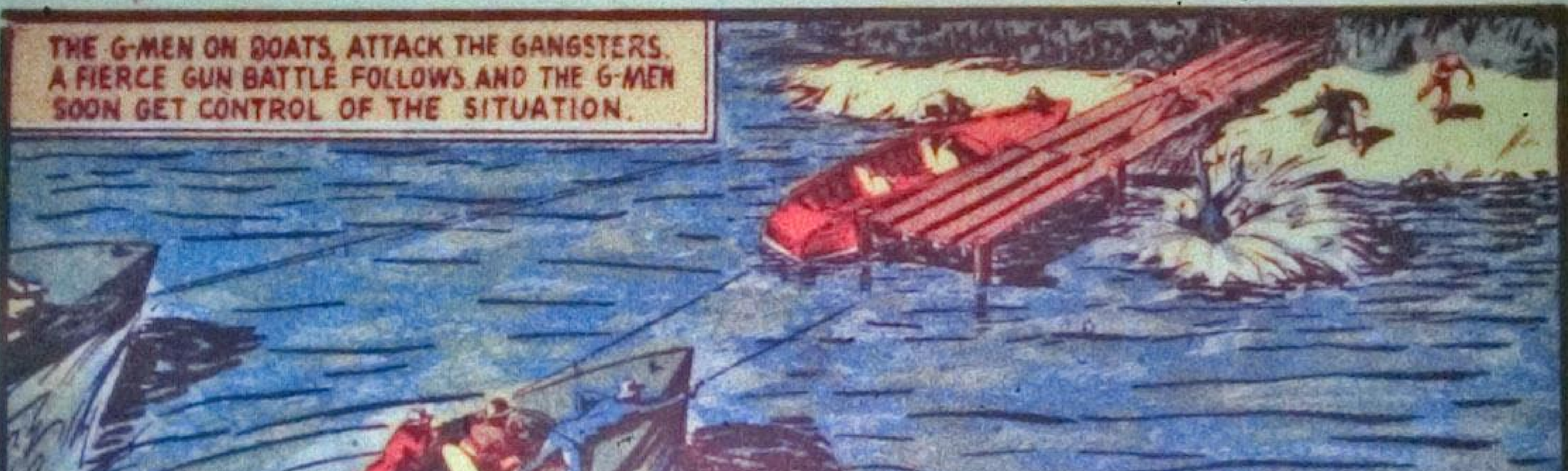

"... AND WHEN THE CAR GOT TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF, THEY WENT OVER. THEY WERE SENT BY RED CORKER, CHIEF."
DALE CALLS WASHINGTON AND TELLS THE CHIEF ABOUT THE INCIDENT.
"PLAY DEAD AND LAY LOW FOR AWHILE UNTIL SOMETHING BREAKS."
"JOE AND WHITEY DIDN'T COME BACK, EITHER."
"THE G-MAN PUT UP A FIGHT, AND I GUESS THE THREE WENT OVER THE CLIFF."
AT THE GANGSTER'S HIDEOUT ON DREAM ISLAND.
"ROUND UP THE REST OF THE GANG AND REMEMBER, DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT THE KID."
RED ISSUES NEW ORDERS TO HIS MEN.
THAT NIGHT—AT THE HOME OF GEORGE DEAN, WEALTHY SAN FRANCISCO OIL MAGNATE—THE THUGS KIDNAP THE MILLIONAIRE'S CHILD.
"HELEN IS GONE—I FOUND THIS NOTE ON THE BED!"
INSIDE THE DEAN HOME—A SHORT WHILE LATER.
Call the police and girl will die. Get $500,000 in unmarked bills and wait in front of Brandt's warehouse tomorrow at 5 o'clock - car will pick you up. Be alone or else...

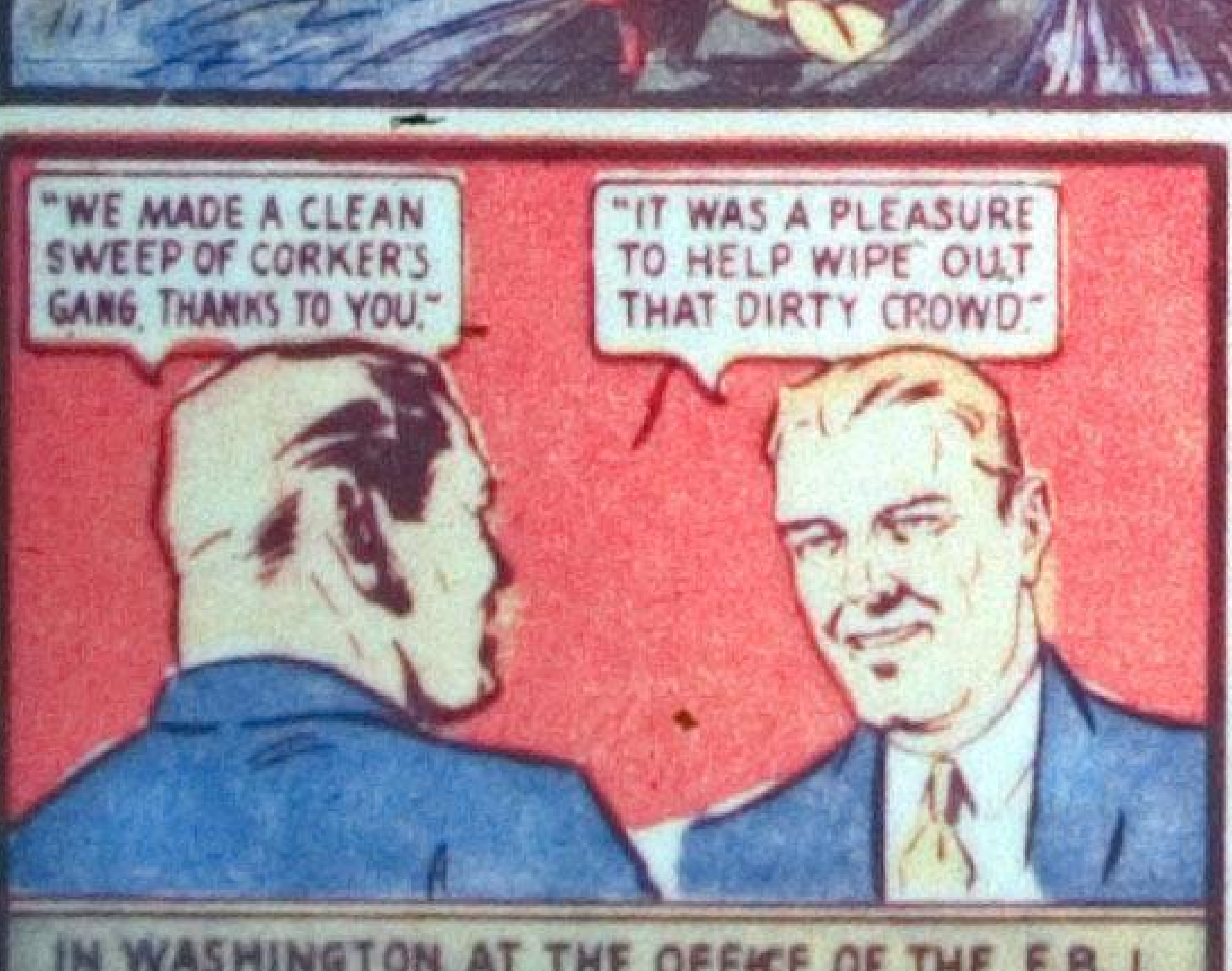

"THIS IS A CASE FOR THE F. B. I. I'LL GO TO THEIR OFFICE TOMORROW MORNING."
"I'VE TRIED EVERY DIVE IN TOWN AND CAN'T GET A LINE ON CORKER OR HIS MEN."
"THEY MUST BE IN SOME MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT, OR ELSE THEY SKIPPED."
DISTRICT OFFICE F.B.I.
AT THE SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE OF THE F. B. I.
"I ALSO HAVE A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CHILD."
"I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT'S CORKER'S WORK. I'LL TAKE THIS PICTURE WITH ME."
DEAN ENTERS AND TELLS HIS STORY.
WITH FRANK STRONG, CRACK MAIL PILOT, WHO KNOWS THE MOUNTAIN AREAS OF SAN FRANCISCO—DALE SCOURS THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR HIDDEN MOUNTAIN RETREATS BUT MEETS WITH NO SUCCESS. WINGING HOMEWARD, THE PLANE PASSES OVER THE DESERTED DREAM ISLAND AND......
..DALE SEES ON THE GROUND BELOW..
..RED CORKER AND THE KIDNAPED GIRL.
"CORKER'S MOB AND THE DEAN KID ON DREAM ISLAND. HAVE MEN SURROUND THE ISLAND. OPEN FIRE IF THE GANG TRIES TO LEAVE."
DALE INFORMS THE DISTRICT OFFICE OF THE F.B.I.
DALE, RISKING HIS LIFE, CREEPS OUT ON THE WING OF THE SPEEDING PLANE.
"WHAT THE DEVIL IS THAT?"

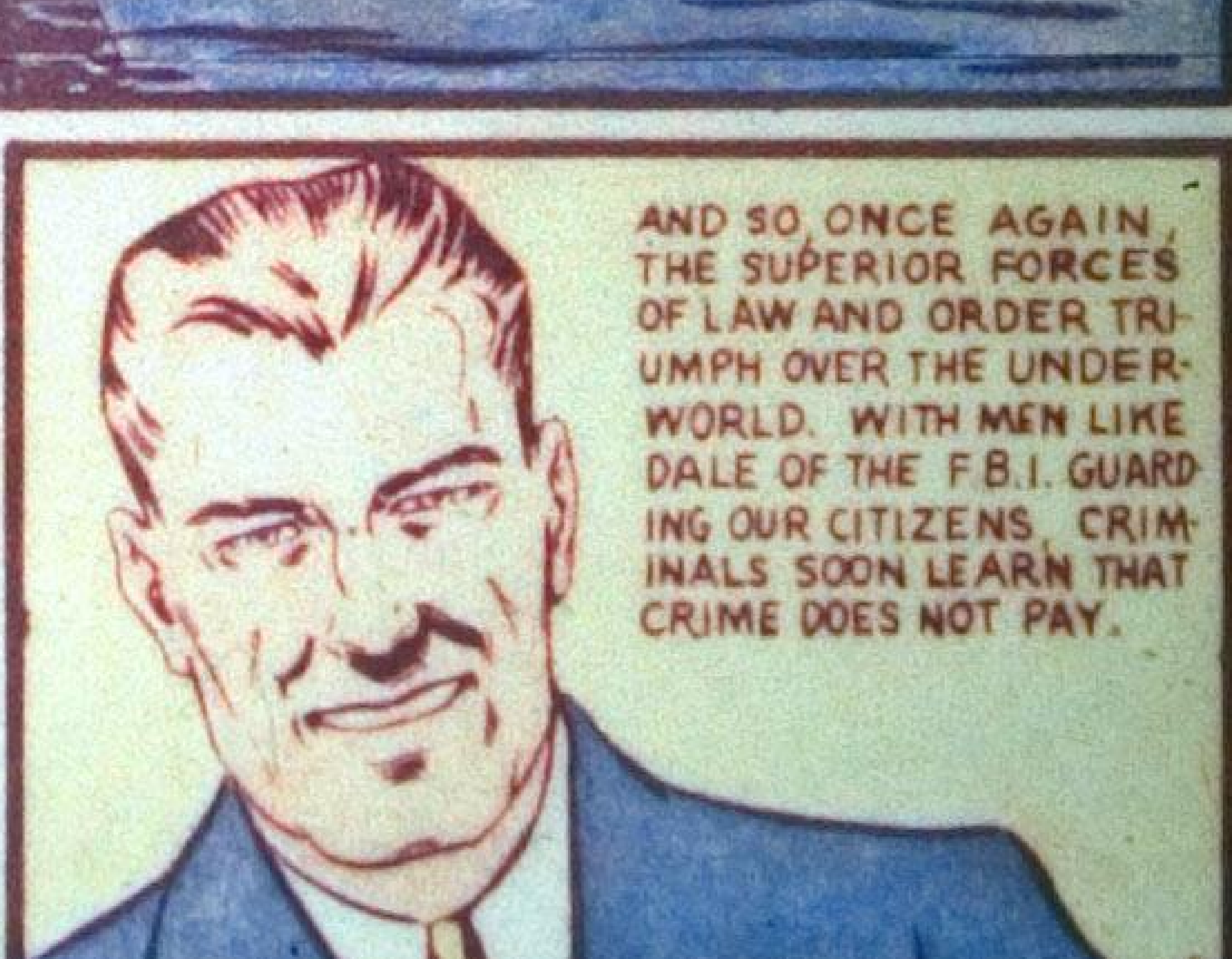

HANGING FROM THE WING — DALE SWOOPS THE CHILD INTO THE AIR.

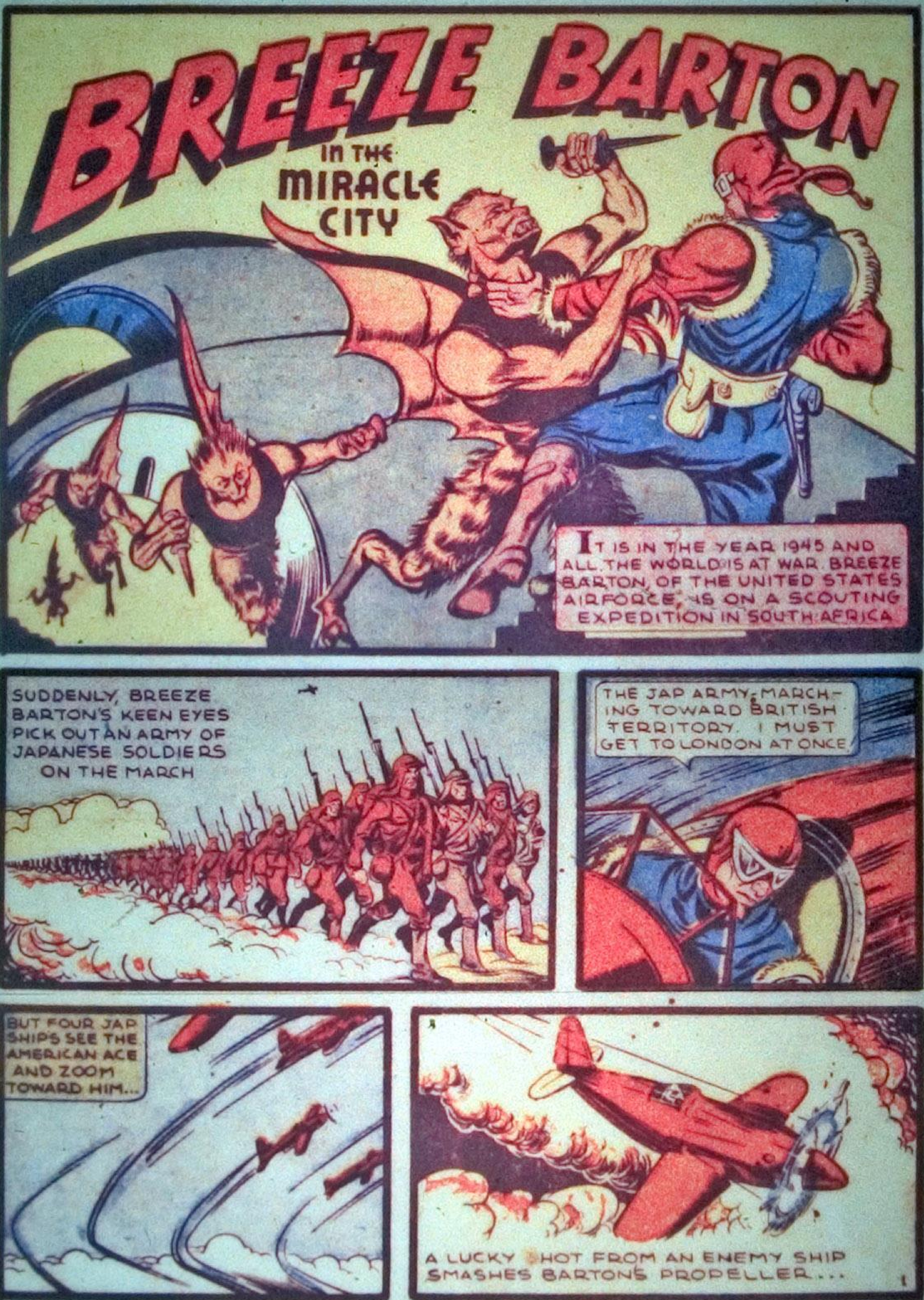

"THAT FINISHES YOU, RAT."
FIRING FROM THE SPEEDING PLANE, DALE'S BULLET FINDS ITS MARK IN THE GANGSTER'S HEART.

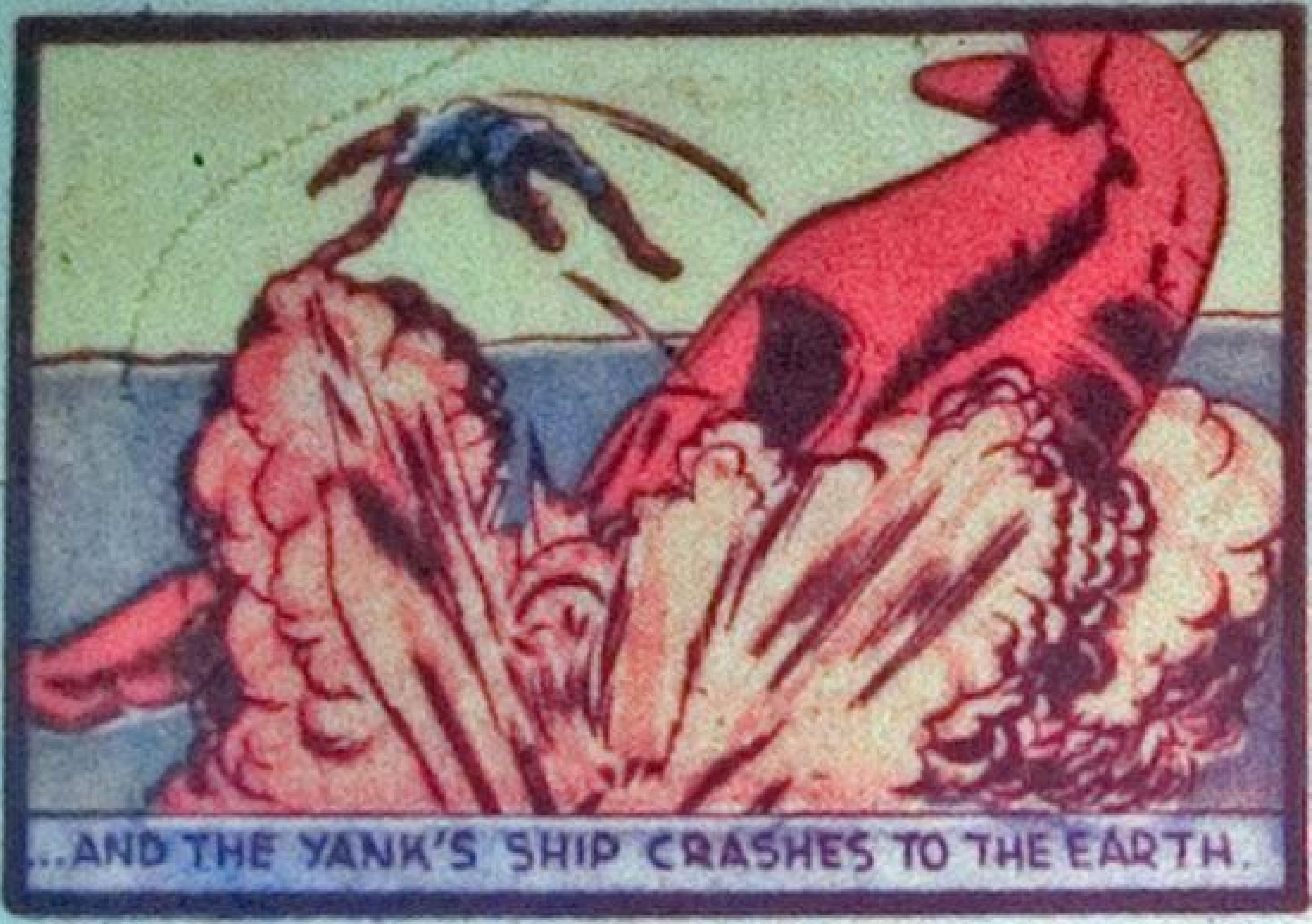

"CORKER'S DONE FOR — LET'S GET OUT OF HERE."
"WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT IT OUT. THE ISLAND'S SURROUNDED BY COPPERS."

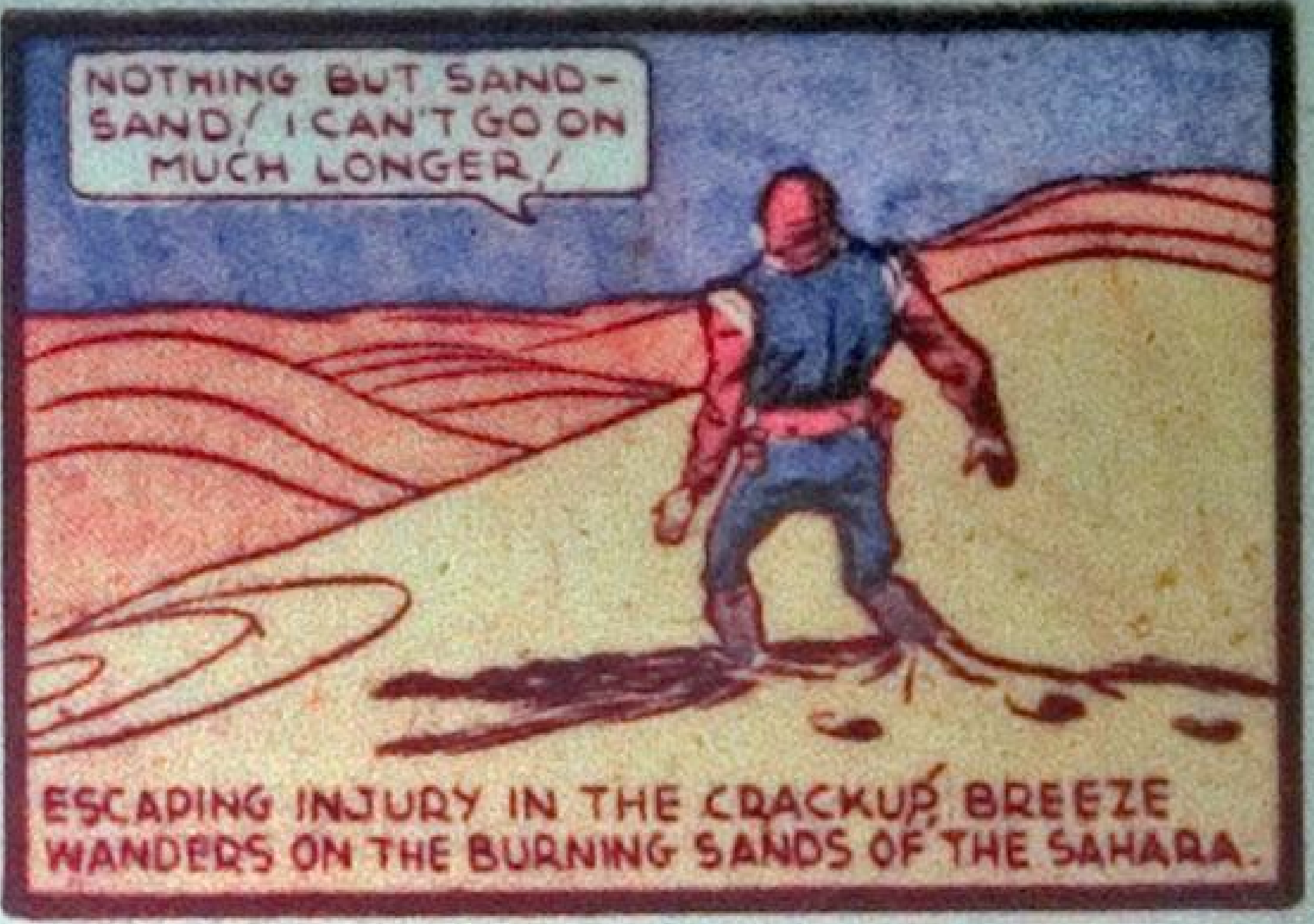

THE G-MEN ON BOATS, ATTACK THE GANGSTERS. A FIERCE GUN BATTLE FOLLOWS AND THE G-MEN SOON GET CONTROL OF THE SITUATION.

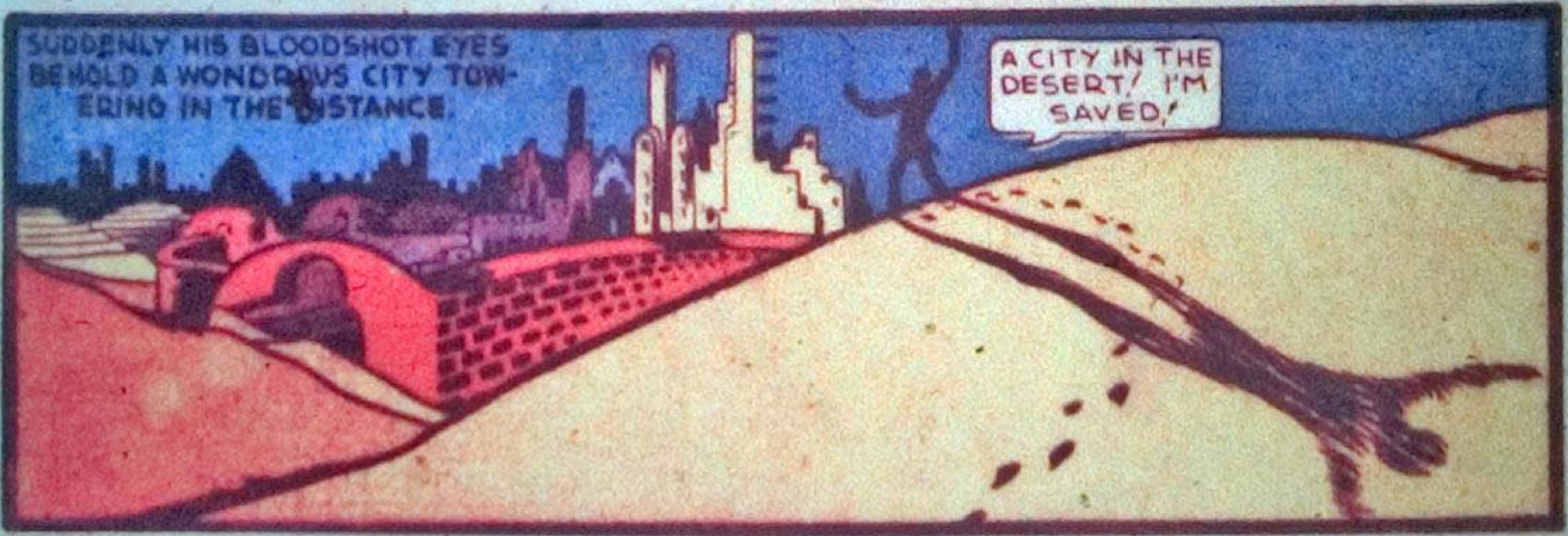

"WE MADE A CLEAN SWEEP OF CORKER'S GANG, THANKS TO YOU."
"IT WAS A PLEASURE TO HELP WIPE OUT THAT DIRTY CROWD."
IN WASHINGTON, AT THE OFFICE OF THE F.B.I.

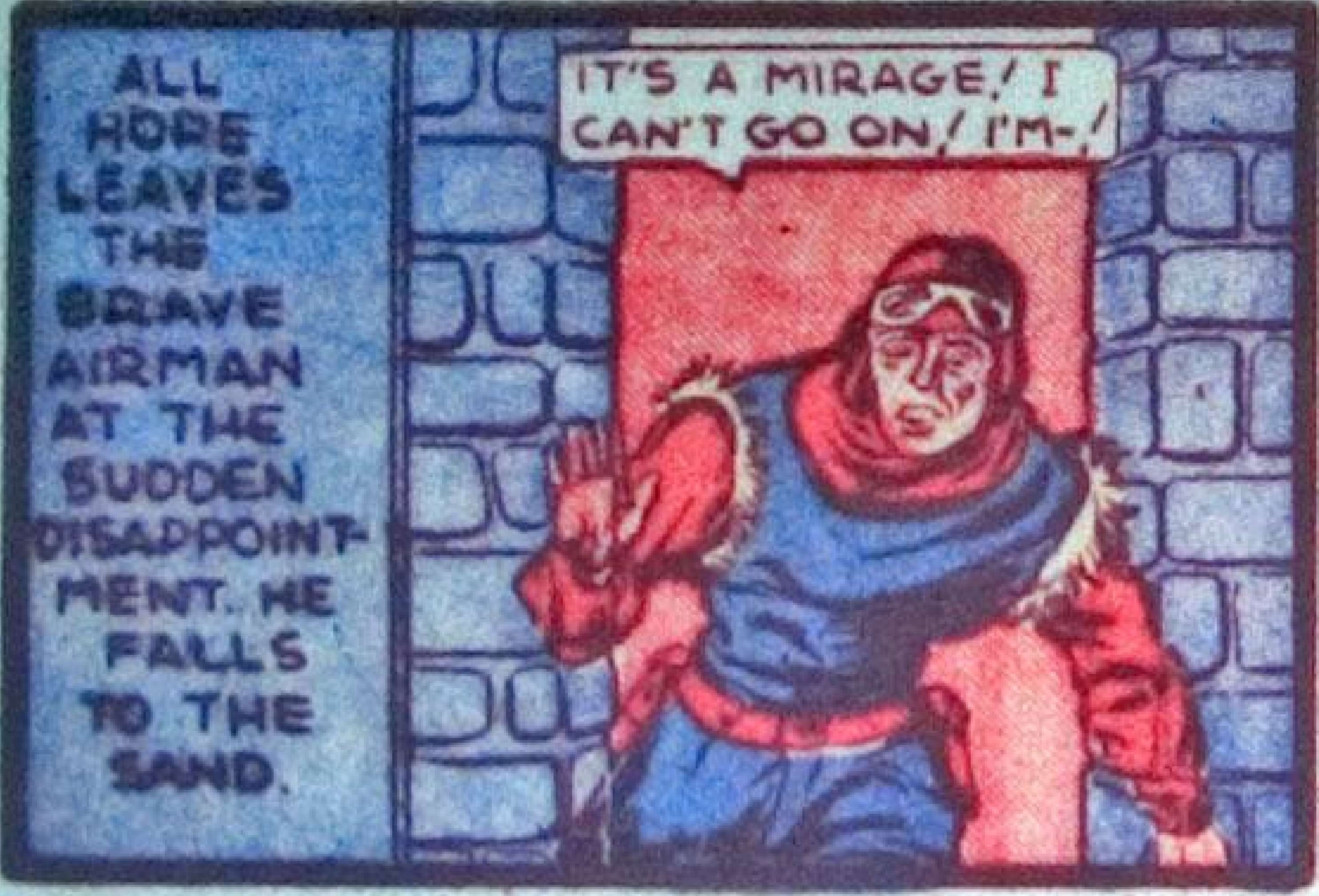

AND SO ONCE AGAIN, THE SUPERIOR FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER TRIUMPH OVER THE UNDERWORLD. WITH MEN LIKE DALE OF THE F.B.I. GUARDING OUR CITIZENS, CRIMINALS SOON LEARN THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

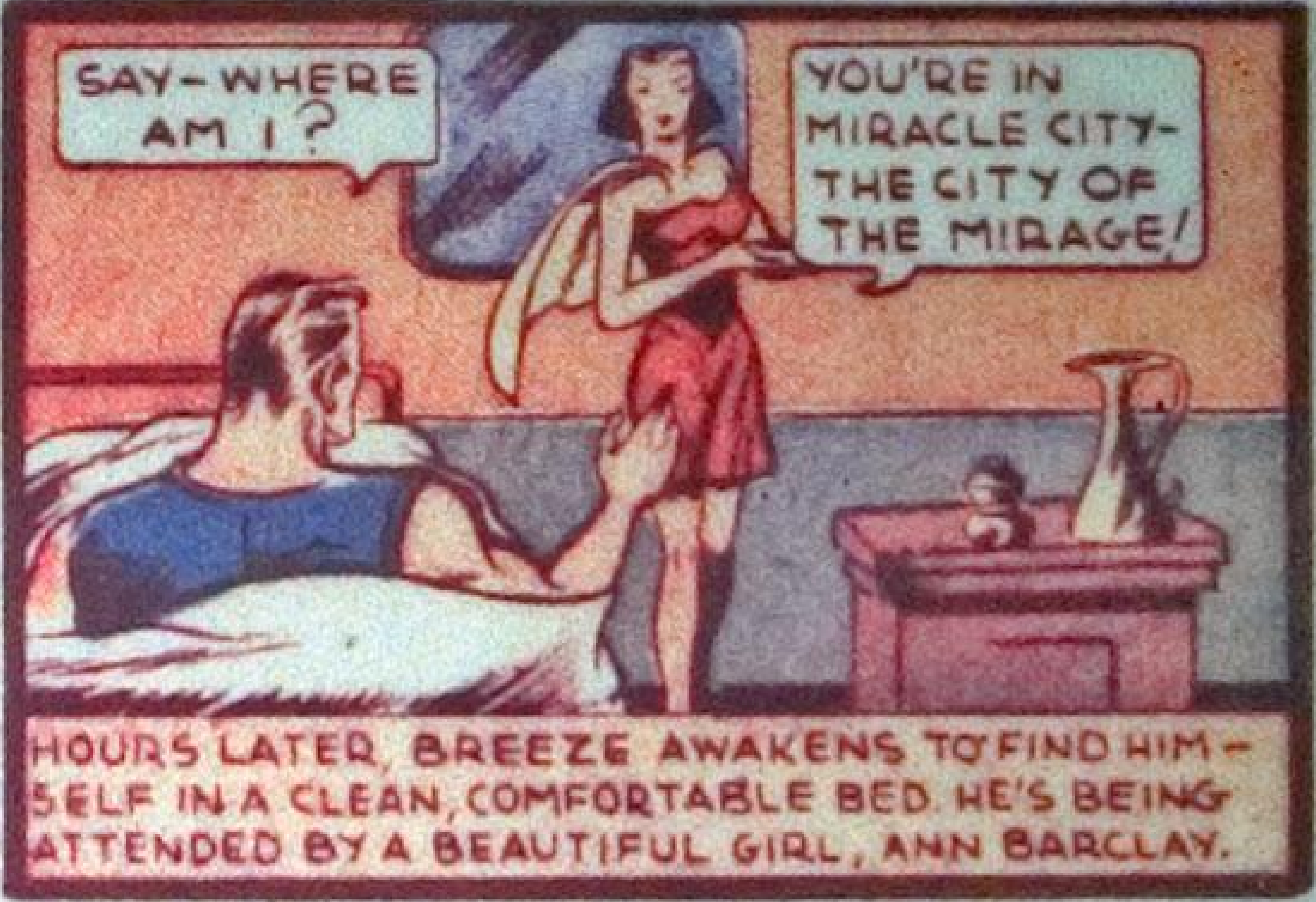

BREEZE BARTON
IN THE MIRACLE CITY
IT IS IN THE YEAR 1945 AND ALL THE WORLD IS AT WAR. BREEZE BARTON, OF THE UNITED STATES AIRFORCE, IS ON A SCOUTING EXPEDITION IN SOUTH AFRICA
SUDDENLY, BREEZE BARTON'S KEEN EYES PICK OUT AN ARMY OF JAPANESE SOLDIERS ON THE MARCH
THE JAP ARMY-MARCHING TOWARD BRITISH TERRITORY. I MUST GET TO LONDON AT ONCE
BUT FOUR JAP SHIPS SEE THE AMERICAN ACE AND ZOOM TOWARD HIM...
A LUCKY SHOT FROM AN ENEMY SHIP SMASHES BARTON'S PROPELLER...

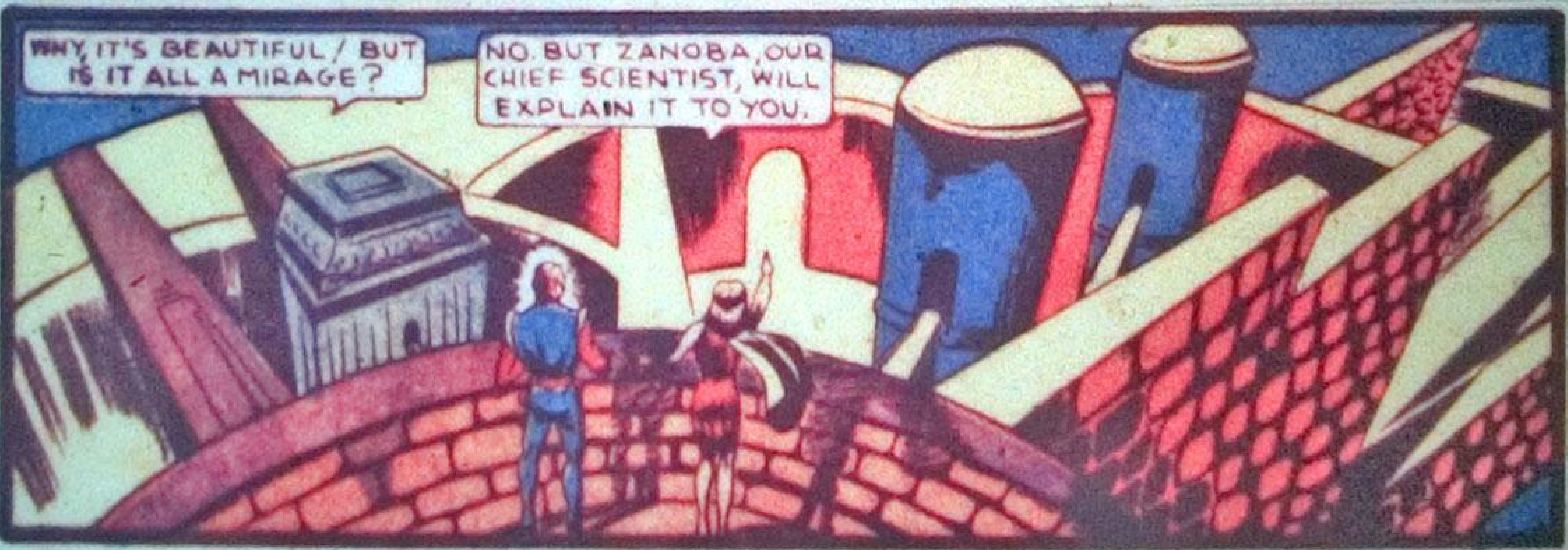

...AND THE YANK'S SHIP CRASHES TO THE EARTH.

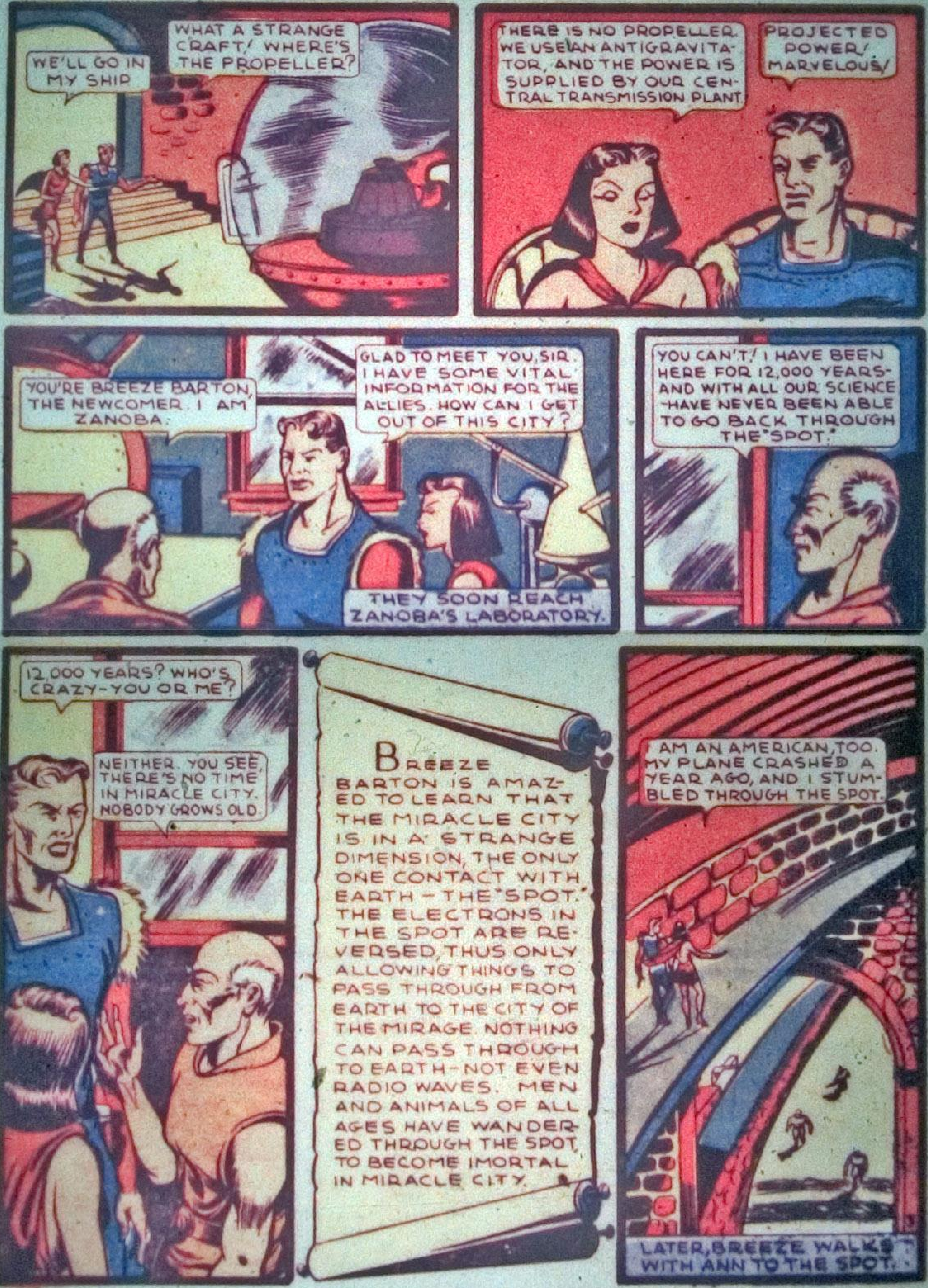

NOTHING BUT SAND-SAND! I CAN'T GO ON MUCH LONGER!
ESCAPING INJURY IN THE CRACKUP, BREEZE WANDERS ON THE BURNING SANDS OF THE SAHARA.

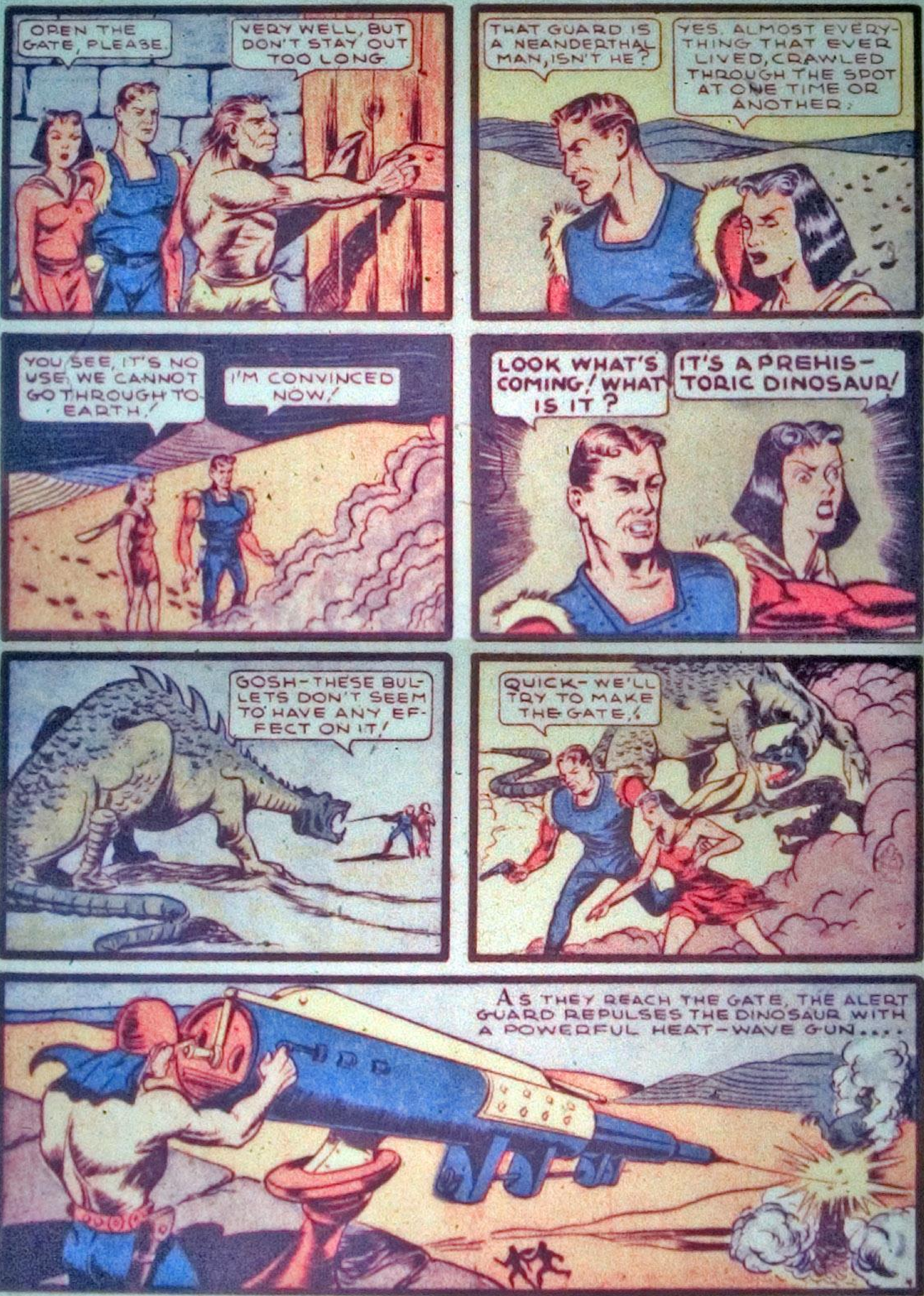

SUDDENLY HIS BLOODSHOT EYES BEHOLD A WONDROUS CITY TOWERING IN THE DISTANCE.
A CITY IN THE DESERT! I'M SAVED!

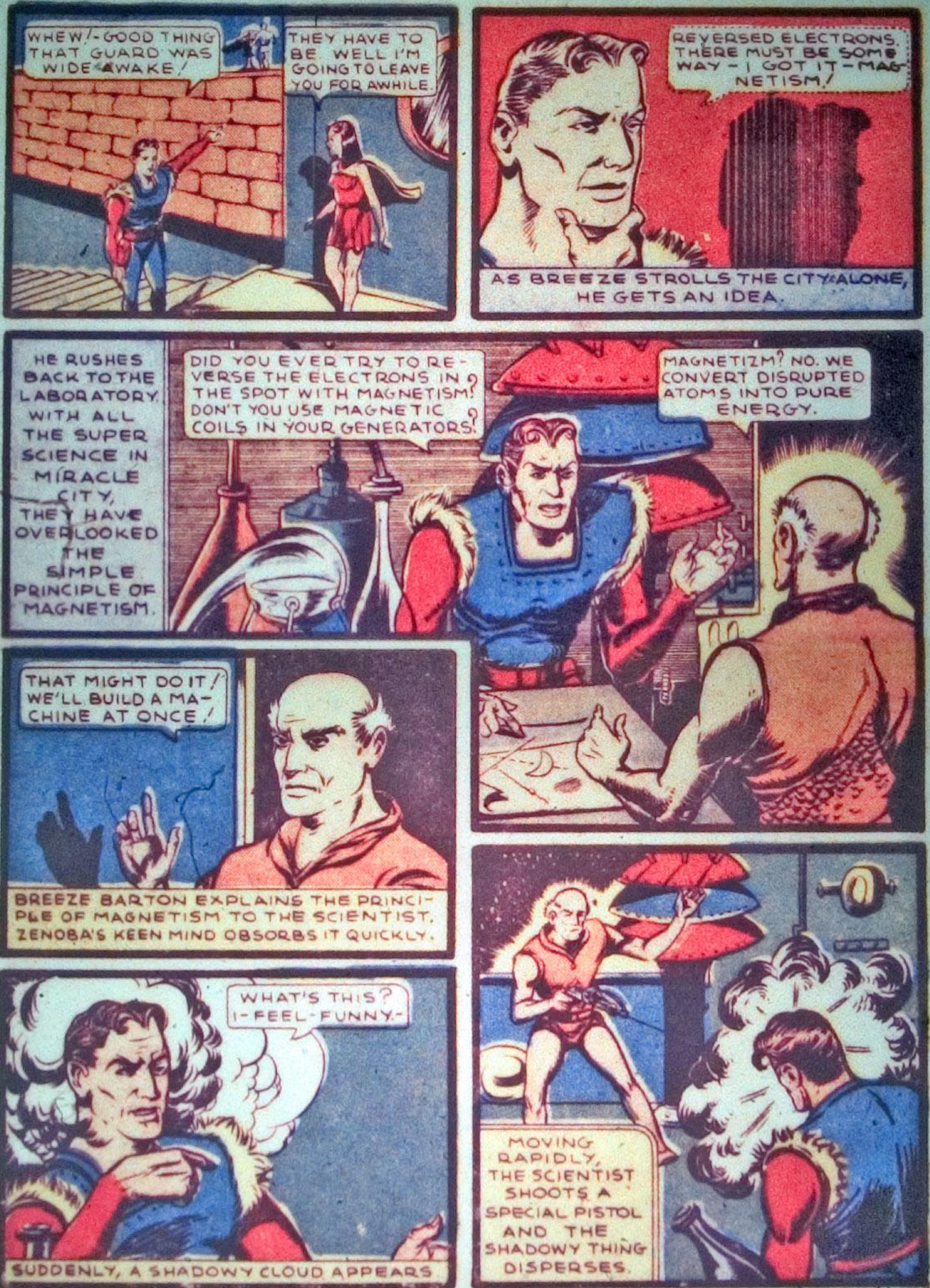

ALL HOPE LEAVES THE BRAVE AIRMAN AT THE SUDDEN DISAPPOINTMENT. HE FALLS TO THE SAND.
IT'S A MIRAGE! I CAN'T GO ON! I'M-!

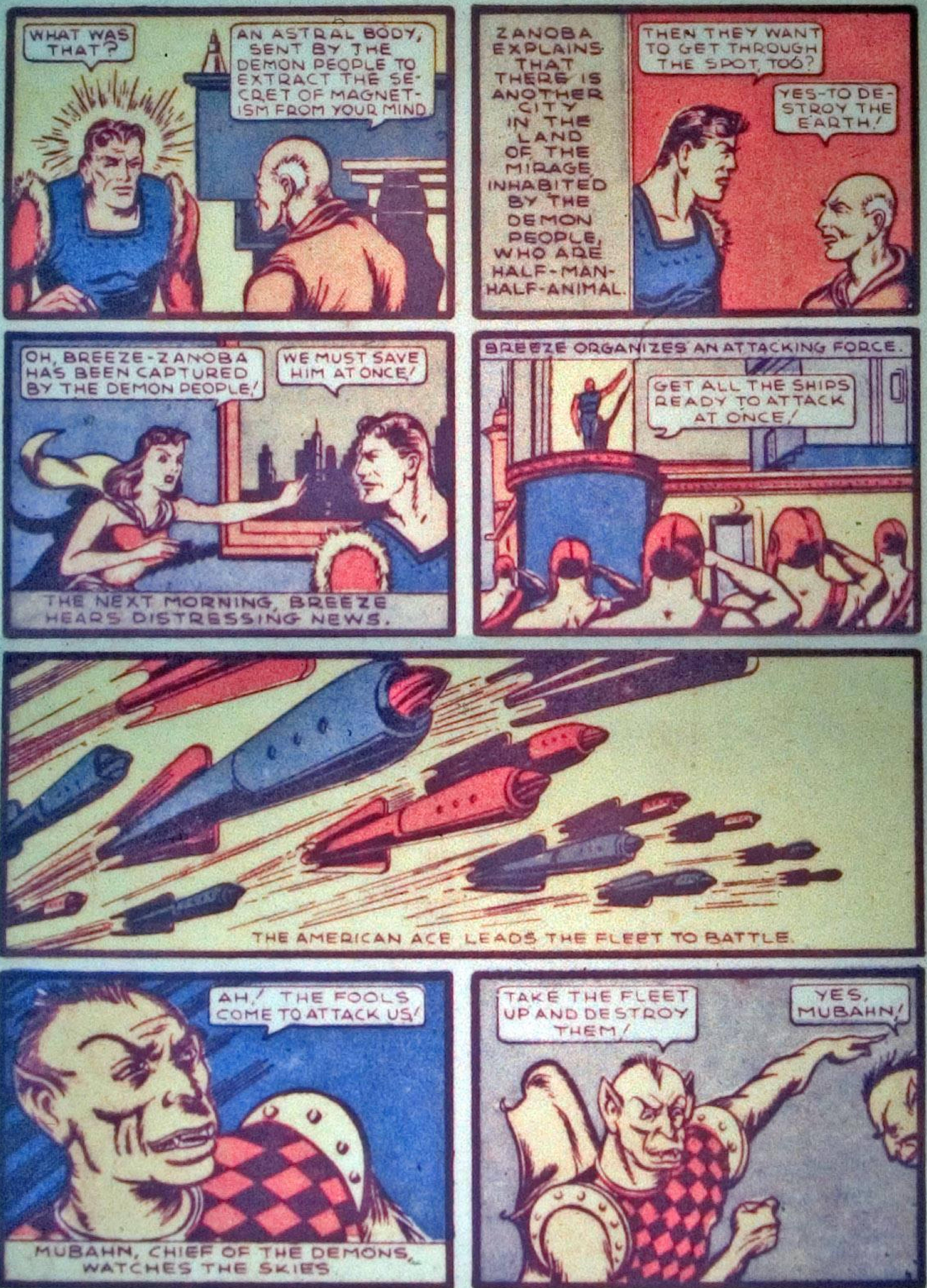

SAY-WHERE AM I?
YOU'RE IN MIRACLE CITY-THE CITY OF THE MIRAGE!
HOURS LATER, BREEZE AWAKENS TO FIND HIMSELF IN A CLEAN, COMFORTABLE BED. HE'S BEING ATTENDED BY A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, ANN BARCLAY.

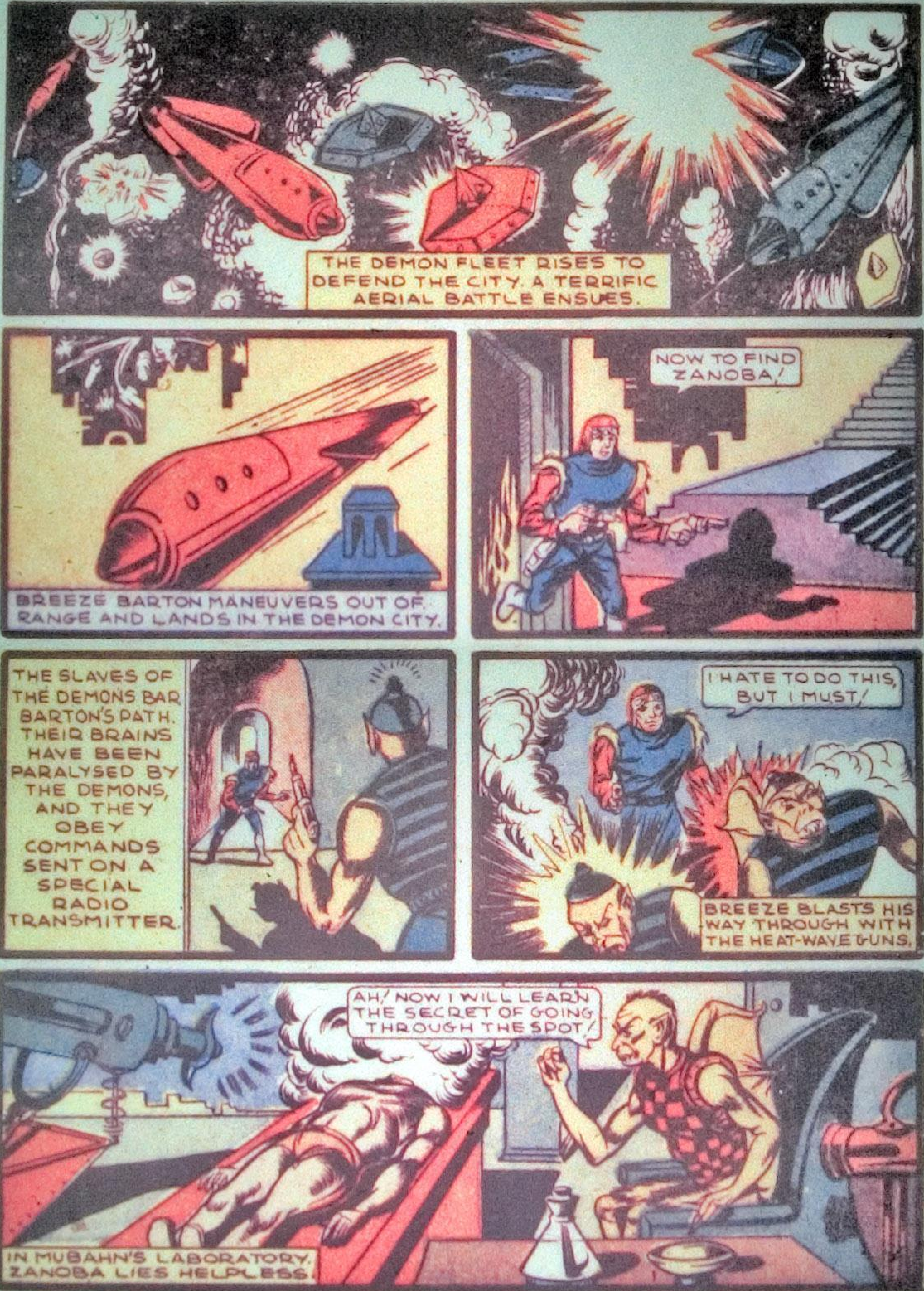

WHY, IT'S BEAUTIFUL! BUT IS IT ALL A MIRAGE?
NO. BUT ZANOBA, OUR CHIEF SCIENTIST, WILL EXPLAIN IT TO YOU.

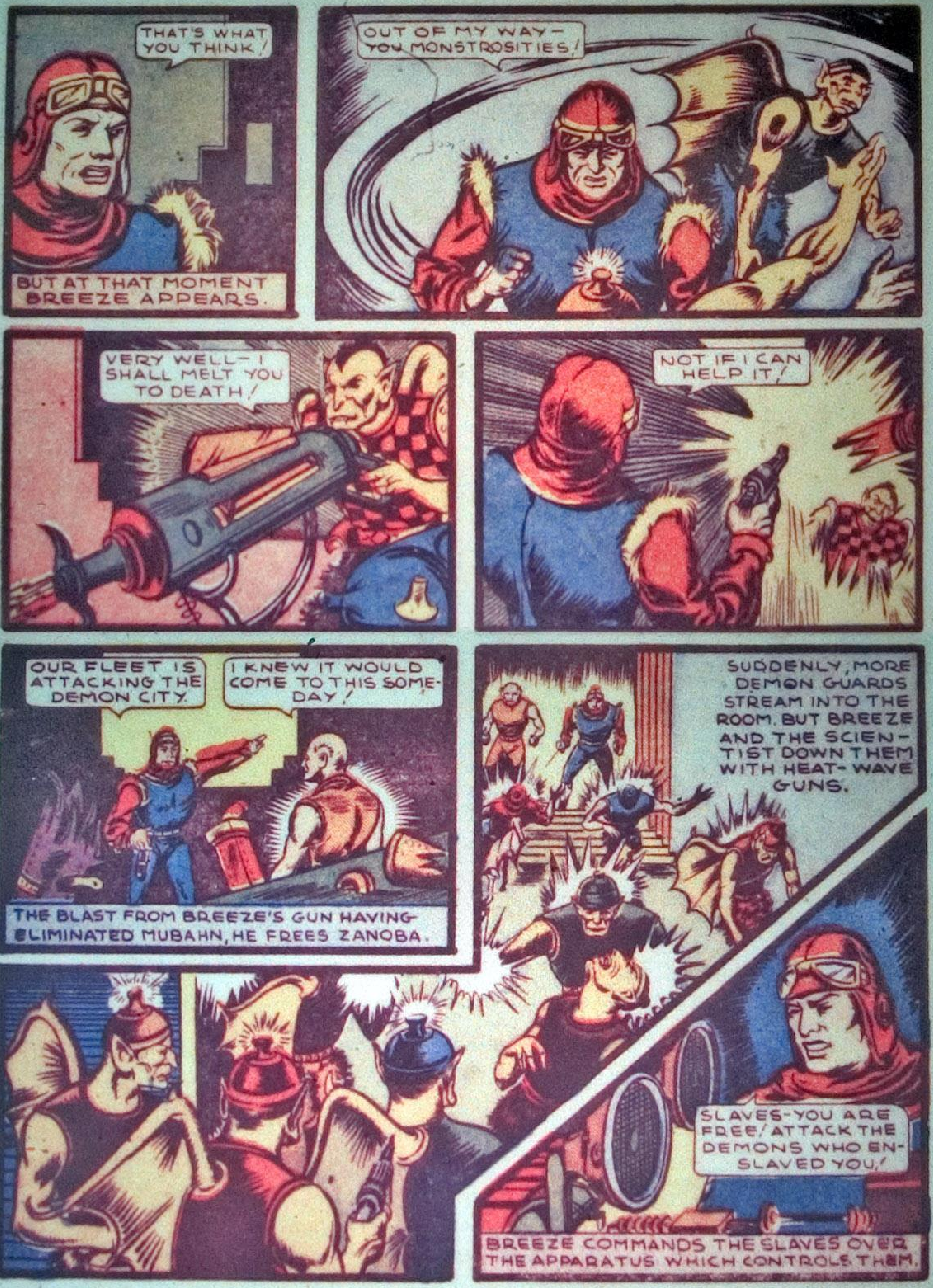

WE'LL GO IN MY SHIP
WHAT A STRANGE CRAFT! WHERE'S THE PROPELLER?
THERE IS NO PROPELLER. WE USE AN ANTIGRAVITATOR, AND THE POWER IS SUPPLIED BY OUR CENTRAL TRANSMISSION PLANT
PROJECTED POWER! MARVELOUS!
YOU'RE BREEZE BARTON, THE NEWCOMER. I AM ZANOBA.
GLAD TO MEET YOU, SIR. I HAVE SOME VITAL INFORMATION FOR THE ALLIES. HOW CAN I GET OUT OF THIS CITY?
THEY SOON REACH ZANOBA'S LABORATORY.
YOU CAN'T! I HAVE BEEN HERE FOR 12,000 YEARS - AND WITH ALL OUR SCIENCE - HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO GO BACK THROUGH THE "SPOT."
12,000 YEARS? WHO'S CRAZY - YOU OR ME?
NEITHER. YOU SEE, THERE'S NO TIME IN MIRACLE CITY. NOBODY GROWS OLD.
BREEZE BARTON IS AMAZED TO LEARN THAT THE MIRACLE CITY IS IN A STRANGE DIMENSION, THE ONLY ONE CONTACT WITH EARTH - THE "SPOT." THE ELECTRONS IN THE SPOT ARE REVERSED, THUS ONLY ALLOWING THINGS TO PASS THROUGH FROM EARTH TO THE CITY OF THE MIRAGE. NOTHING CAN PASS THROUGH TO EARTH - NOT EVEN RADIO WAVES. MEN AND ANIMALS OF ALL AGES HAVE WANDERED THROUGH THE SPOT, TO BECOME IMORTAL IN MIRACLE CITY.
I AM AN AMERICAN, TOO. MY PLANE CRASHED A YEAR AGO, AND I STUMBLED THROUGH THE SPOT.
LATER, BREEZE WALKS WITH ANN TO THE SPOT.

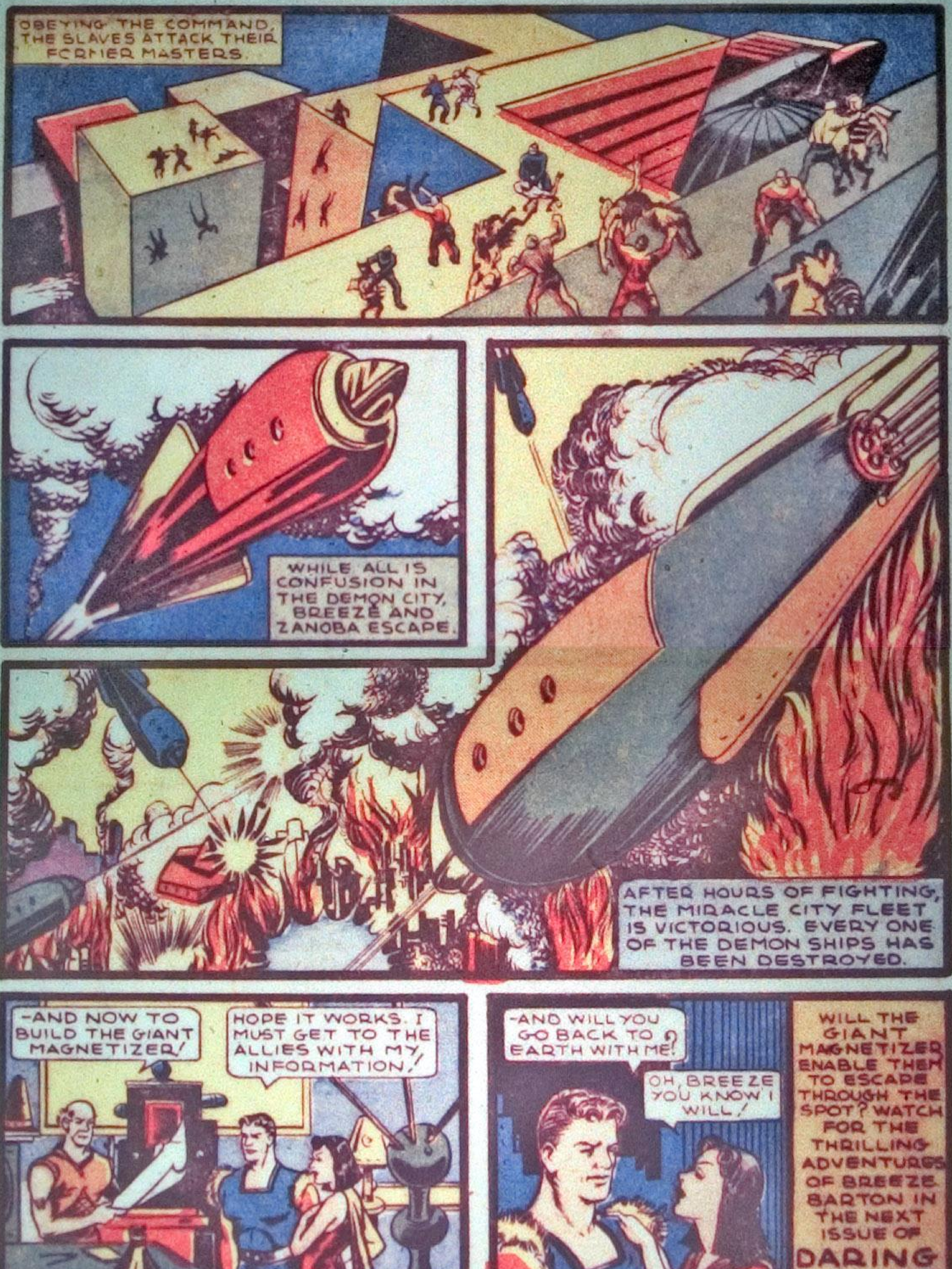

OPEN THE GATE, PLEASE.
VERY WELL, BUT DON'T STAY OUT TOO LONG.
THAT GUARD IS A NEANDERTHAL MAN, ISN'T HE?
YES. ALMOST EVERYTHING THAT EVER LIVED, CRAWLED THROUGH THE SPOT AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER.
YOU SEE, IT'S NO USE WE CANNOT GO THROUGH TO EARTH!
I'M CONVINCED NOW!
LOOK WHAT'S COMING! WHAT IS IT?
IT'S A PREHISTORIC DINOSAUR!
GOSH—THESE BULLETS DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY EFFECT ON IT!
QUICK—WE'LL TRY TO MAKE THE GATE!
AS THEY REACH THE GATE, THE ALERT GUARD REPULSES THE DINOSAUR WITH A POWERFUL HEAT-WAVE GUN....

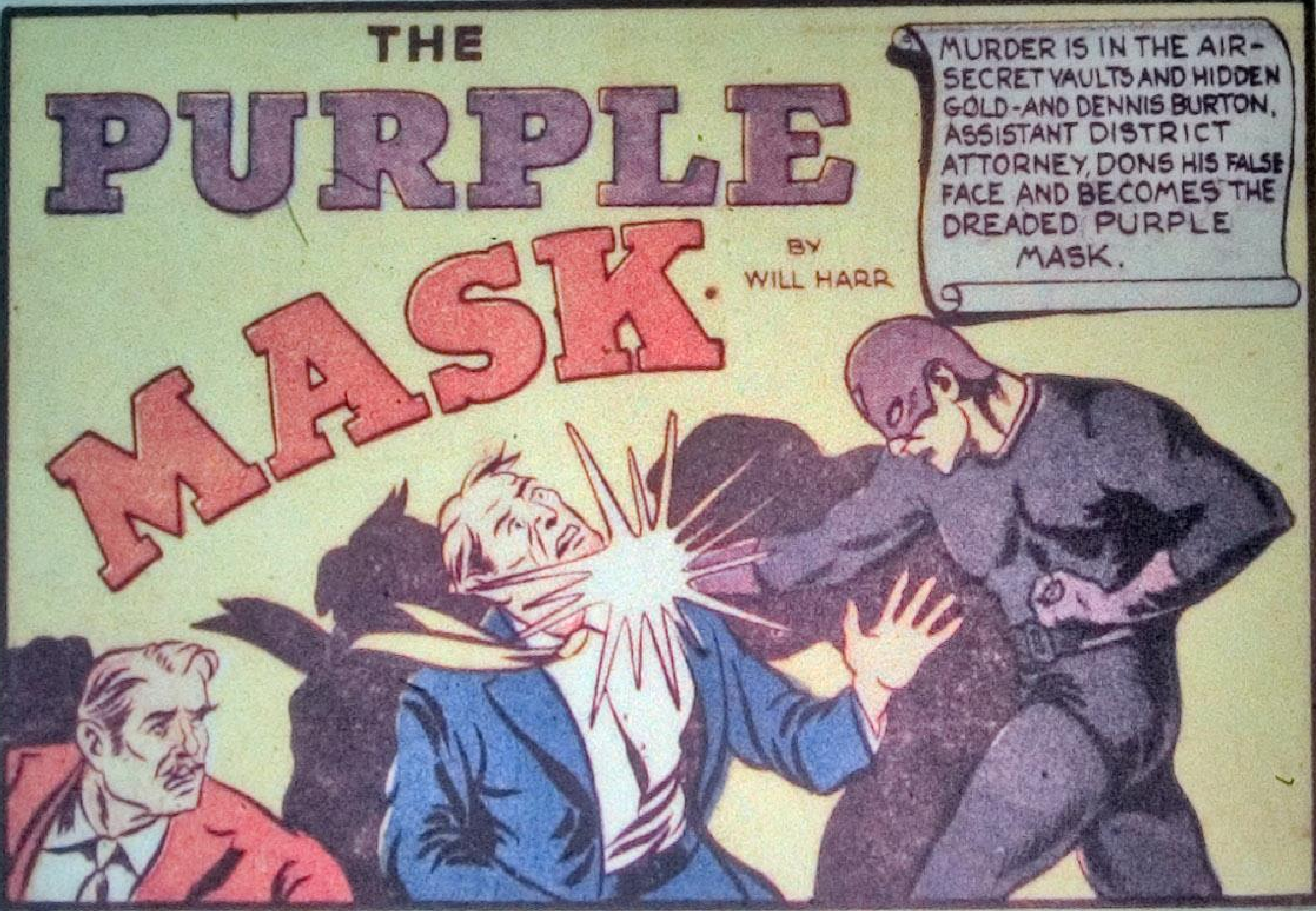

WHEW! - GOOD THING THAT GUARD WAS WIDE AWAKE!
THEY HAVE TO BE. WELL I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU FOR AWHILE.
REVERSED ELECTRONS. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY - I GOT IT - MAGNETISM!
AS BREEZE STROLLS THE CITY ALONE, HE GETS AN IDEA.
HE RUSHES BACK TO THE LABORATORY. WITH ALL THE SUPER SCIENCE IN MIRACLE CITY, THEY HAVE OVERLOOKED THE SIMPLE PRINCIPLE OF MAGNETISM.
DID YOU EVER TRY TO REVERSE THE ELECTRONS IN THE SPOT WITH MAGNETISM? DON'T YOU USE MAGNETIC COILS IN YOUR GENERATORS?
MAGNETIZM? NO. WE CONVERT DISRUPTED ATOMS INTO PURE ENERGY.
THAT MIGHT DO IT! WE'LL BUILD A MACHINE AT ONCE!
BREEZE BARTON EXPLAINS THE PRINCIPLE OF MAGNETISM TO THE SCIENTIST. ZENOBA'S KEEN MIND OBSORBS IT QUICKLY.
WHAT'S THIS? I-FEEL-FUNNY.-
SUDDENLY, A SHADOWY CLOUD APPEARS
MOVING RAPIDLY, THE SCIENTIST SHOOTS A SPECIAL PISTOL AND THE SHADOWY THING DISPERSES.

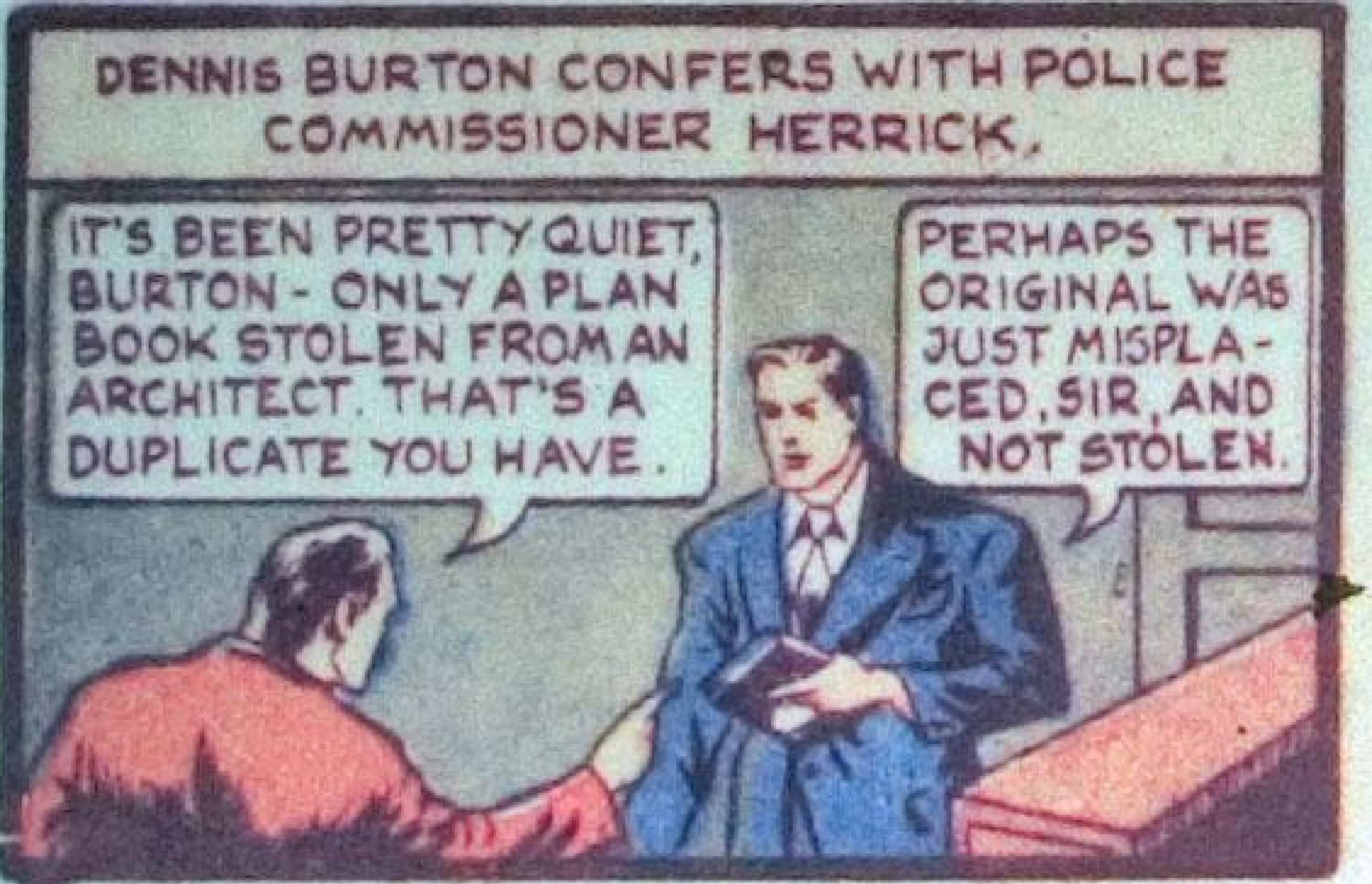

WHAT WAS THAT?
AN ASTRAL BODY, SENT BY THE DEMON PEOPLE TO EXTRACT THE SECRET OF MAGNETISM FROM YOUR MIND
ZANOBA EXPLAINS THAT THERE IS ANOTHER CITY IN THE LAND OF THE MIRAGE, INHABITED BY THE DEMON PEOPLE, WHO ARE HALF-MAN-HALF-ANIMAL.
THEN THEY WANT TO GET THROUGH THE SPOT, TOO?
YES-TO DESTROY THE EARTH!
OH, BREEZE-ZANOBA HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE DEMON PEOPLE!
WE MUST SAVE HIM AT ONCE!
THE NEXT MORNING, BREEZE HEARS DISTRESSING NEWS.
BREEZE ORGANIZES AN ATTACKING FORCE.
GET ALL THE SHIPS READY TO ATTACK AT ONCE!
THE AMERICAN ACE LEADS THE FLEET TO BATTLE.
AH! THE FOOLS COME TO ATTACK US!
MUBAHN, CHIEF OF THE DEMONS, WATCHES THE SKIES.
TAKE THE FLEET UP AND DESTROY THEM!
YES, MUBAHN!

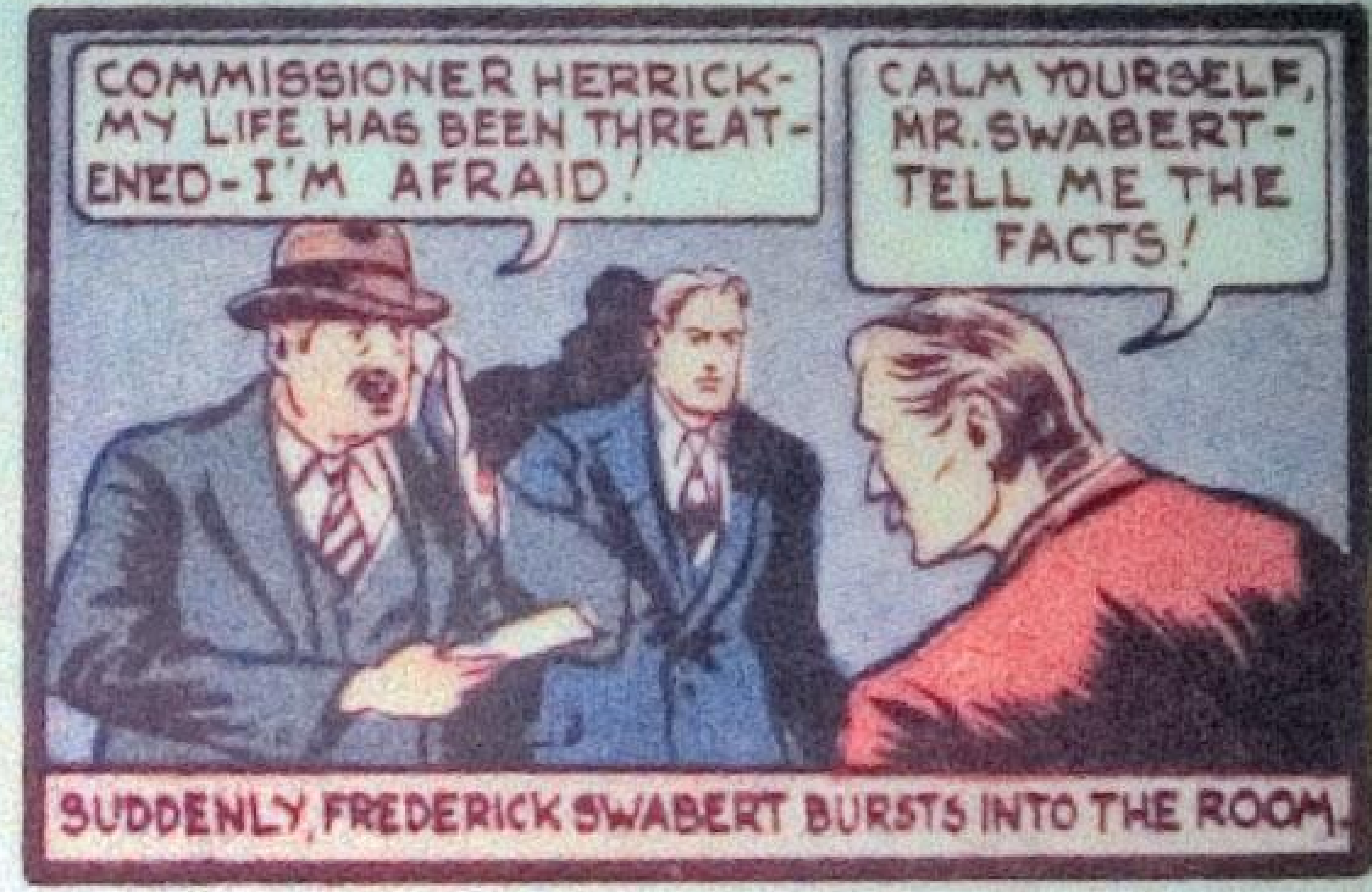

THE DEMON FLEET RISES TO DEFEND THE CITY. A TERRIFIC AERIAL BATTLE ENSUES.
BREEZE BARTON MANEUVERS OUT OF RANGE AND LANDS IN THE DEMON CITY.
NOW TO FIND ZANOBA!
THE SLAVES OF THE DEMONS BAR BARTON'S PATH. THEIR BRAINS HAVE BEEN PARALYSED BY THE DEMONS, AND THEY OBEY COMMANDS SENT ON A SPECIAL RADIO TRANSMITTER.
I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT I MUST!
BREEZE BLASTS HIS WAY THROUGH WITH THE HEAT-WAVE GUNS.
AH! NOW I WILL LEARN THE SECRET OF GOING THROUGH THE SPOT!
IN MUBAHN'S LABORATORY, ZANOBA LIES HELPLESS.

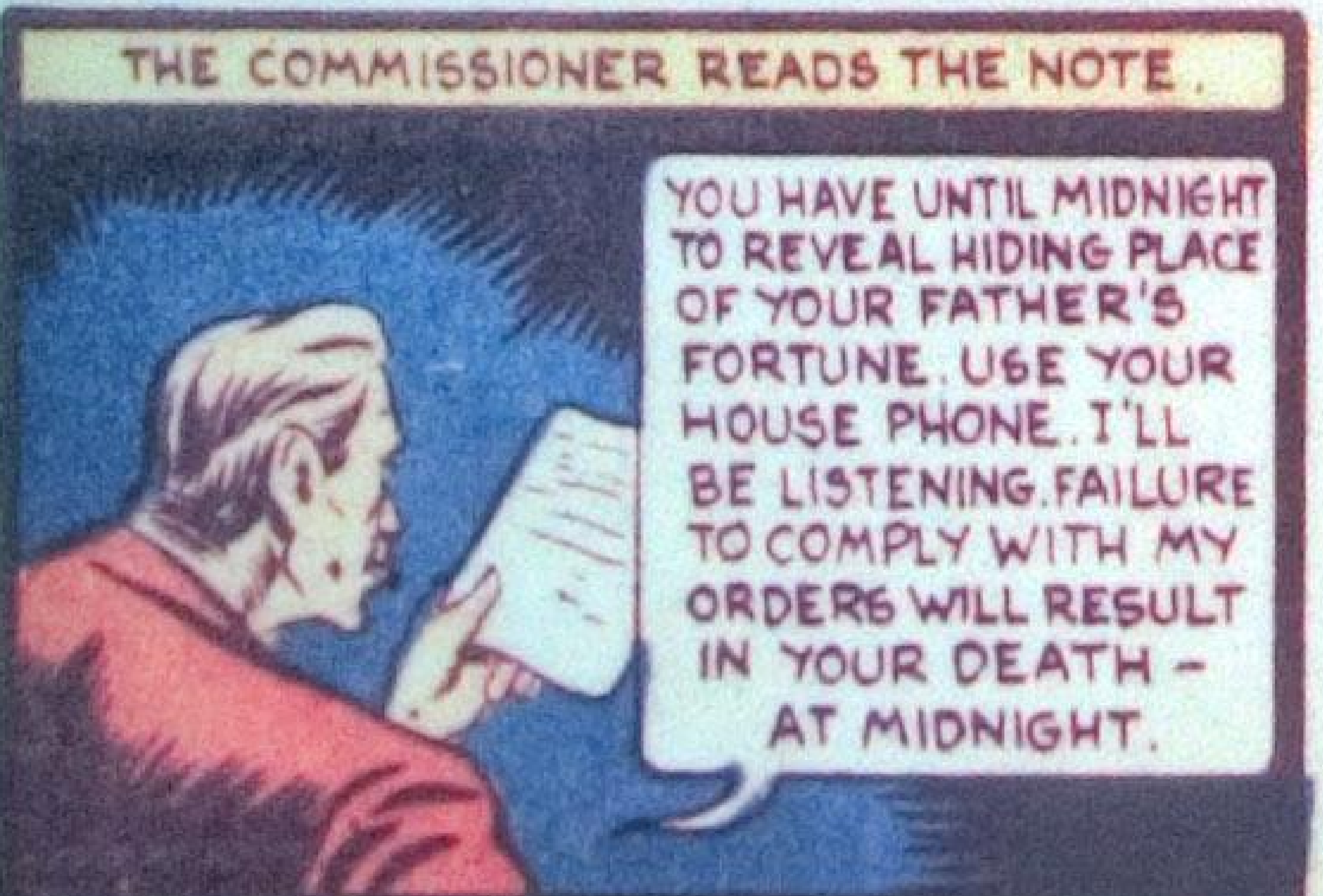

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT BREEZE APPEARS.
OUT OF MY WAY— YOU MONSTROSITIES!
VERY WELL—I SHALL MELT YOU TO DEATH!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
OUR FLEET IS ATTACKING THE DEMON CITY.
I KNEW IT WOULD COME TO THIS SOMEDAY!
THE BLAST FROM BREEZE'S GUN HAVING ELIMINATED MUBAHN, HE FREES ZANOBA.
SUDDENLY, MORE DEMON GUARDS STREAM INTO THE ROOM. BUT BREEZE AND THE SCIENTIST DOWN THEM WITH HEAT-WAVE GUNS.
SLAVES—YOU ARE FREE! ATTACK THE DEMONS WHO ENSLAVED YOU!
BREEZE COMMANDS THE SLAVES OVER THE APPARATUS WHICH CONTROLS THEM.

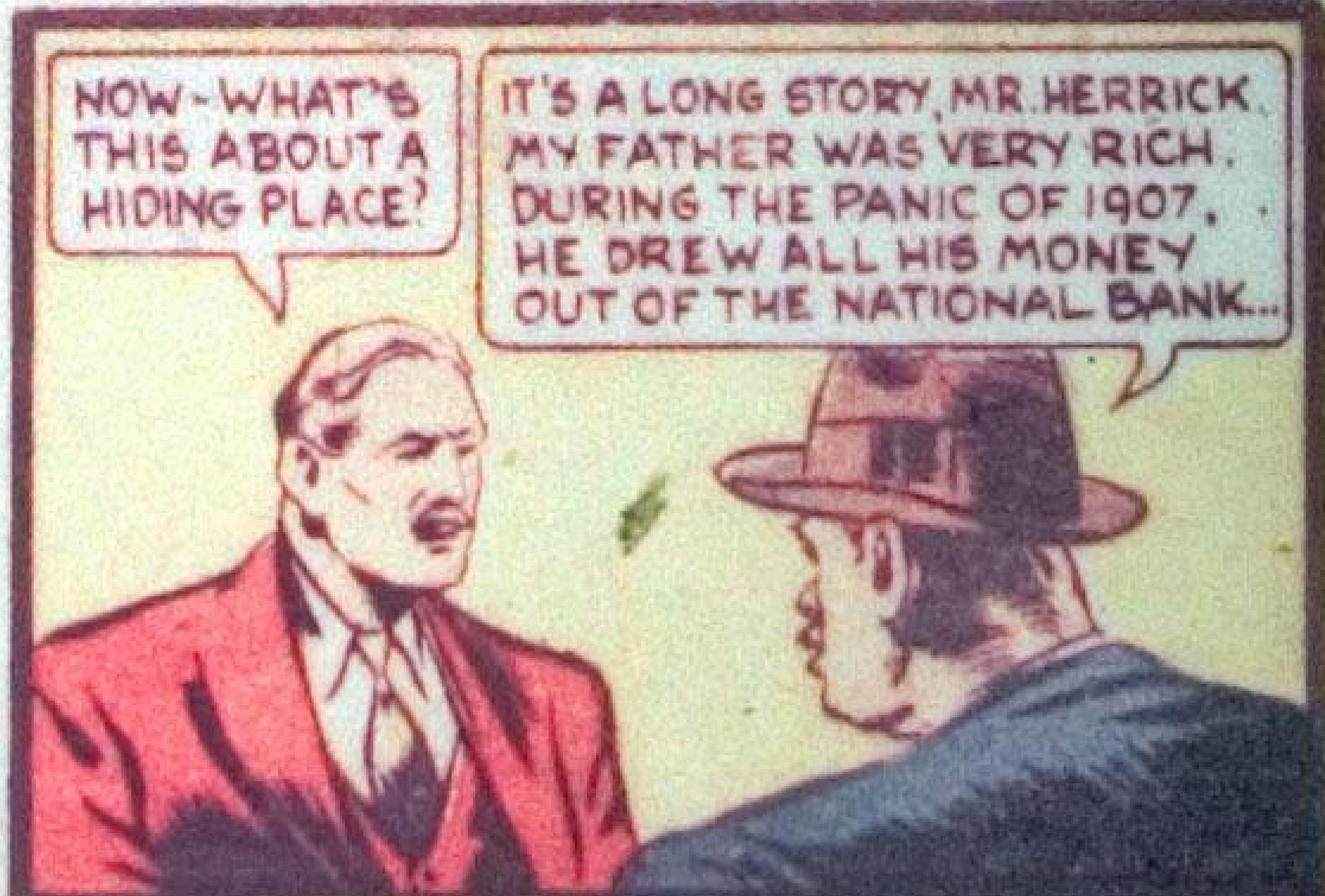

OBEYING THE COMMAND, THE SLAVES ATTACK THEIR FORMER MASTERS.
WHILE ALL IS CONFUSION IN THE DEMON CITY, BREEZE AND ZANOBA ESCAPE.
AFTER HOURS OF FIGHTING, THE MIRACLE CITY FLEET IS VICTORIOUS. EVERY ONE OF THE DEMON SHIPS HAS BEEN DESTROYED.
-AND NOW TO BUILD THE GIANT MAGNETIZER!
HOPE IT WORKS. I MUST GET TO THE ALLIES WITH MY INFORMATION!
LATER- BACK IN MIRACLE CITY....
-AND WILL YOU GO BACK TO EARTH WITH ME?
OH, BREEZE YOU KNOW I WILL!
WILL THE GIANT MAGNETIZER ENABLE THEM TO ESCAPE THROUGH THE SPOT? WATCH FOR THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF BREEZE BARTON IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF DARING COMICS.

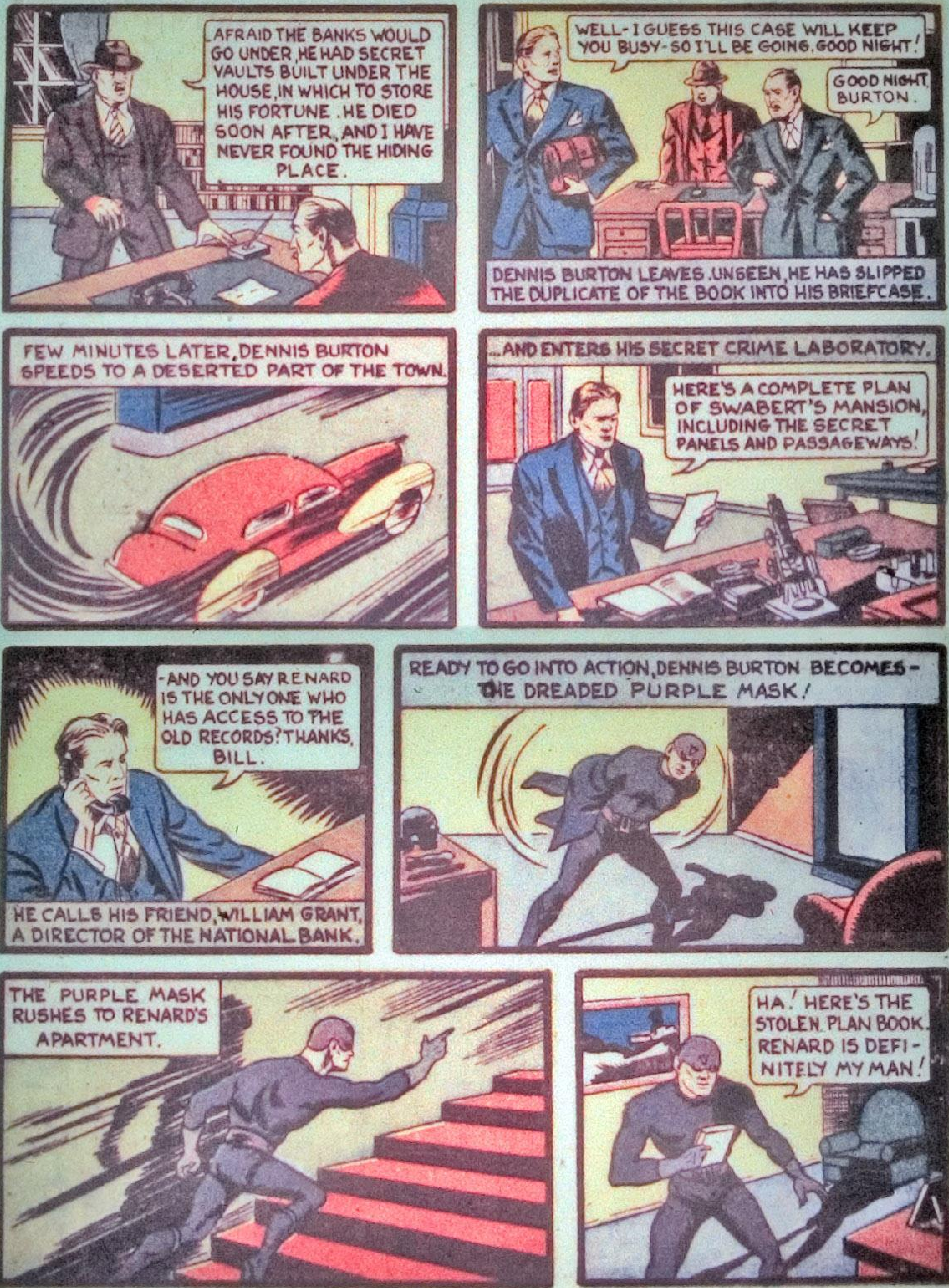

THE PURPLE MASK
BY WILL HARR
MURDER IS IN THE AIR - SECRET VAULTS AND HIDDEN GOLD - AND DENNIS BURTON, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY, DONS HIS FALSE FACE AND BECOMES THE DREADED PURPLE MASK.

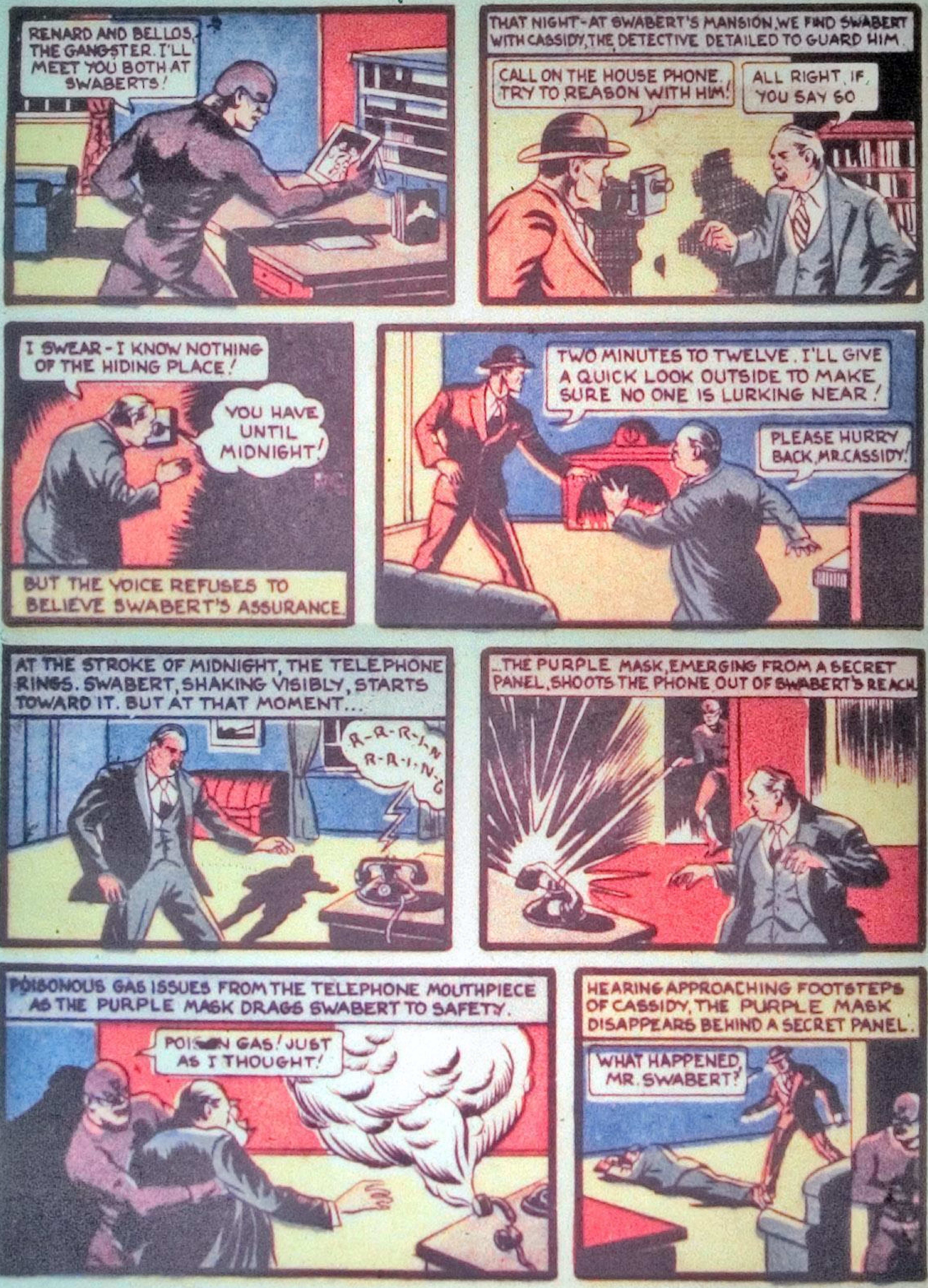

DENNIS BURTON CONFERS WITH POLICE COMMISSIONER HERRICK.
IT'S BEEN PRETTY QUIET, BURTON - ONLY A PLAN BOOK STOLEN FROM AN ARCHITECT. THAT'S A DUPLICATE YOU HAVE.
PERHAPS THE ORIGINAL WAS JUST MISPLACED, SIR, AND NOT STOLEN.

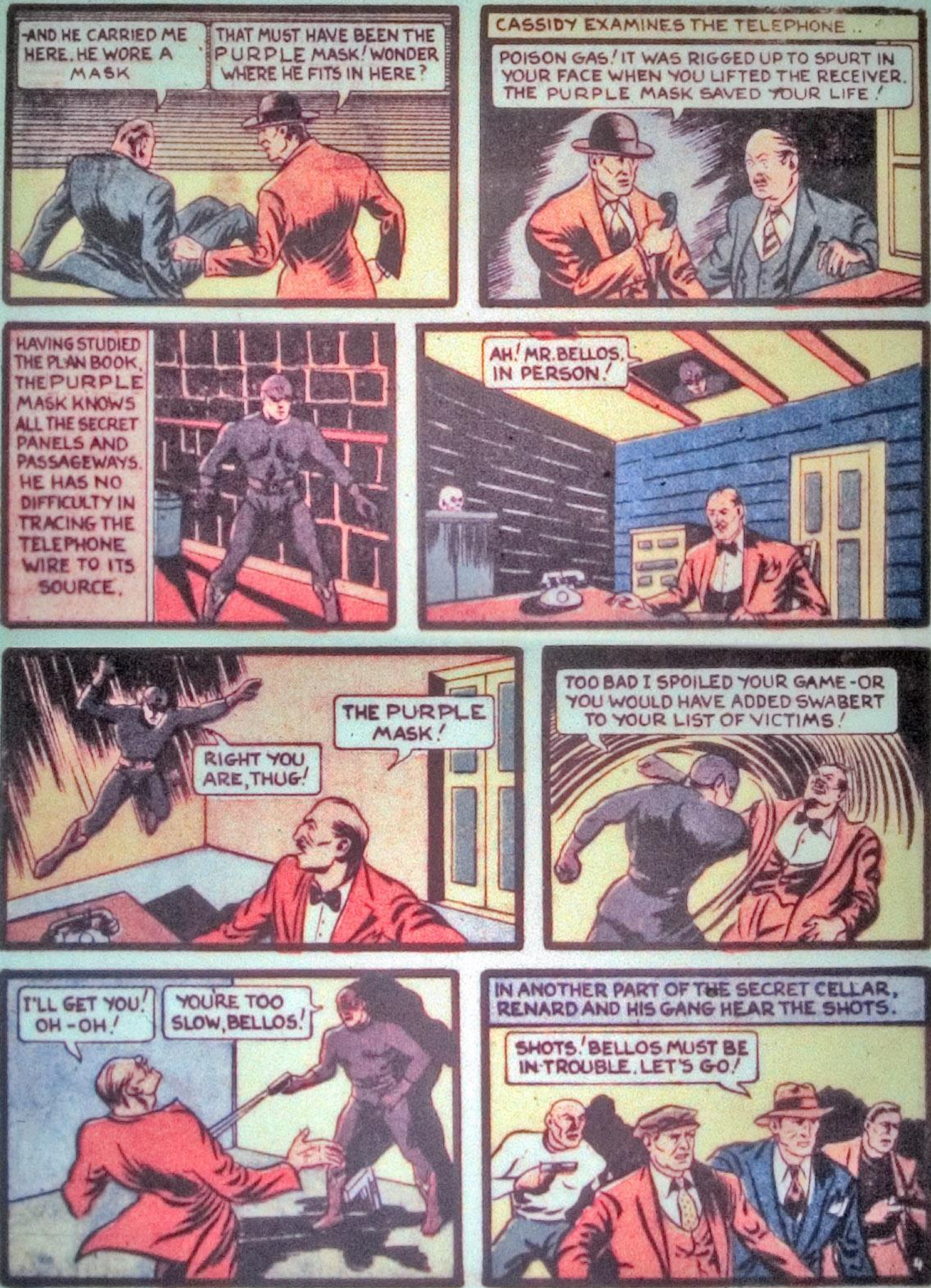

COMMISSIONER HERRICK - MY LIFE HAS BEEN THREATENED - I'M AFRAID!
CALM YOURSELF, MR. SWABERT - TELL ME THE FACTS!
SUDDENLY, FREDERICK SWABERT BURSTS INTO THE ROOM.

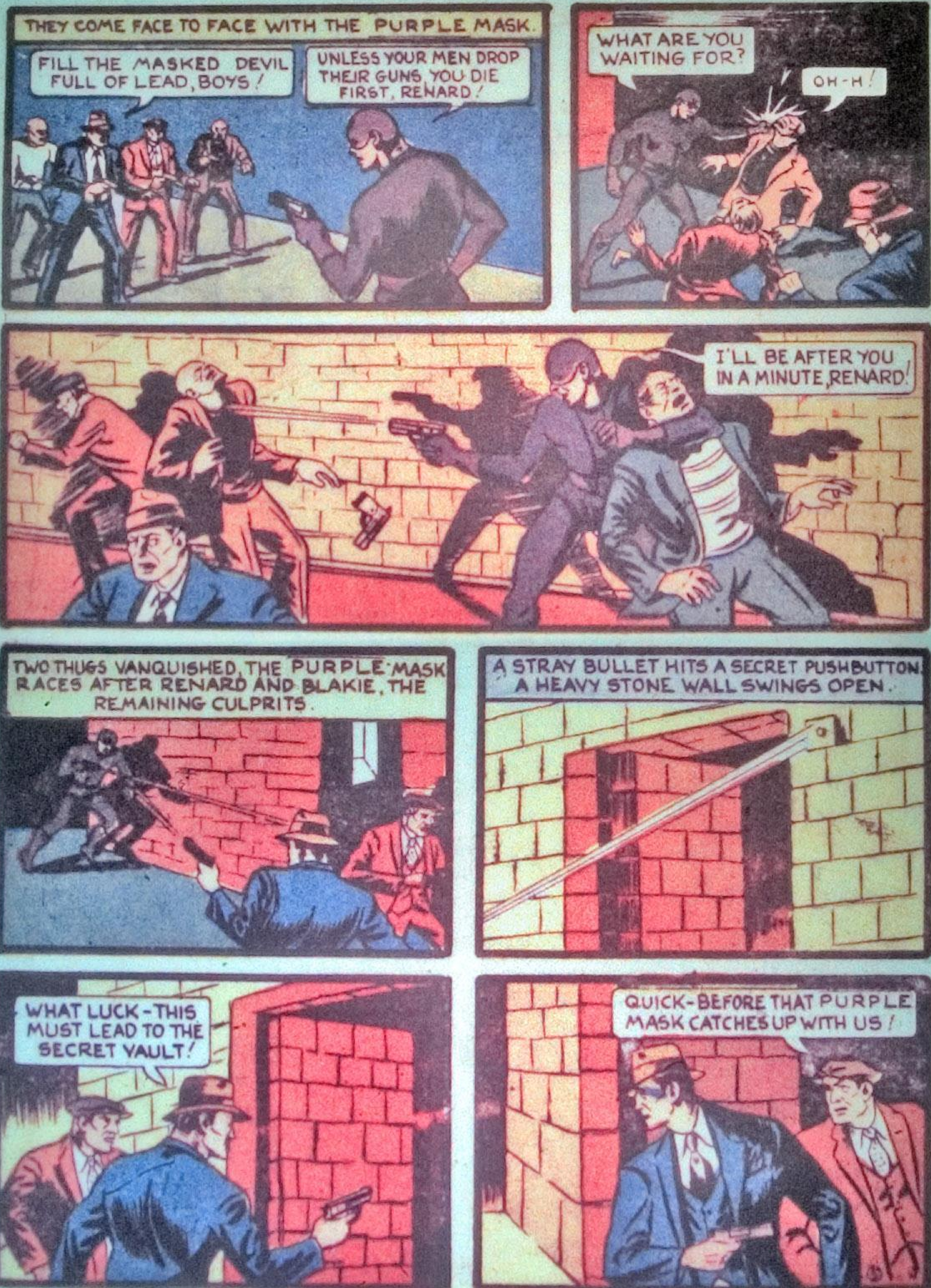

THE COMMISSIONER READS THE NOTE.
YOU HAVE UNTIL MIDNIGHT TO REVEAL HIDING PLACE OF YOUR FATHER'S FORTUNE. USE YOUR HOUSE PHONE. I'LL BE LISTENING. FAILURE TO COMPLY WITH MY ORDERS WILL RESULT IN YOUR DEATH - AT MIDNIGHT.

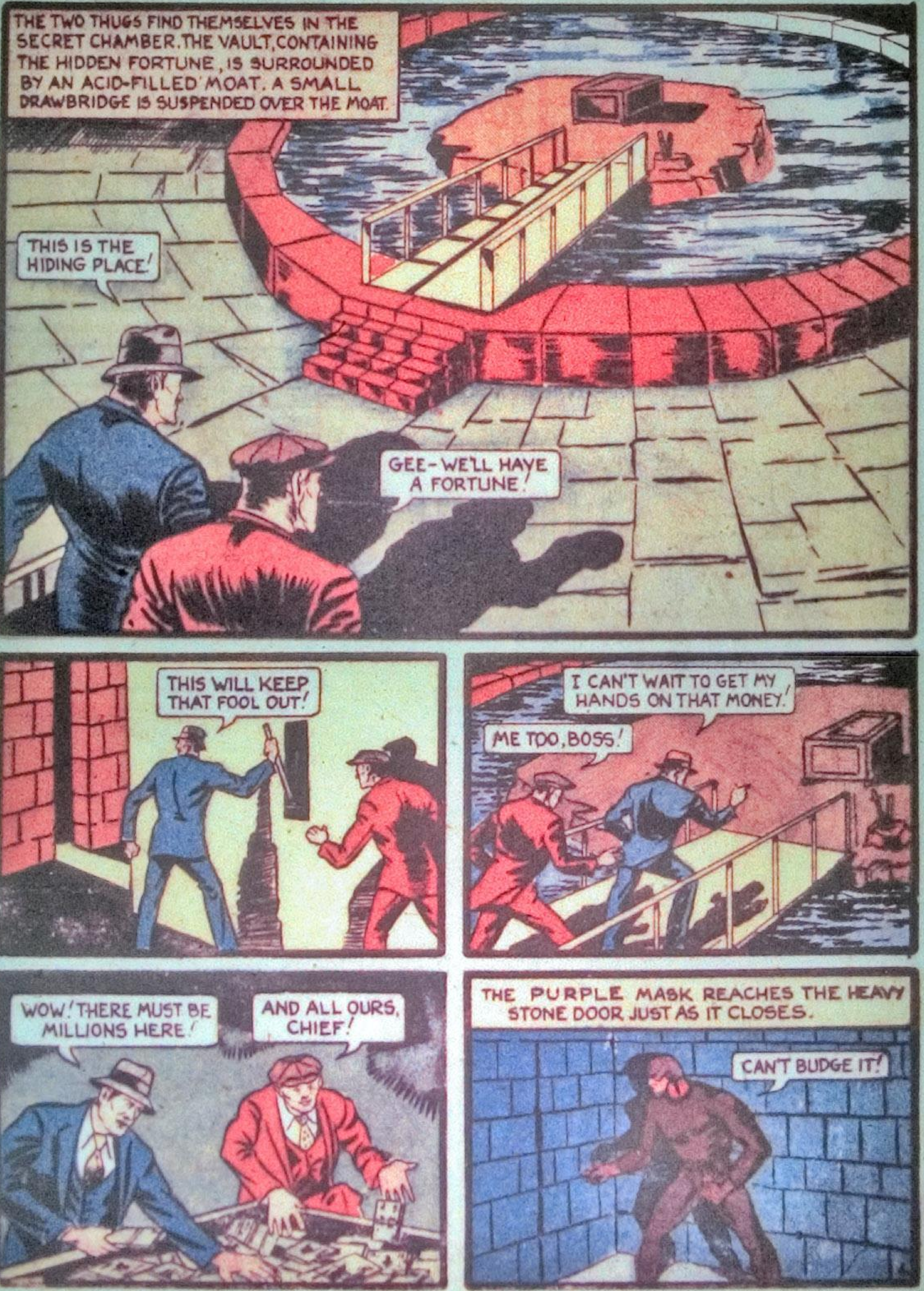

NOW - WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A HIDING PLACE?
IT'S A LONG STORY, MR. HERRICK. MY FATHER WAS VERY RICH. DURING THE PANIC OF 1907, HE DREW ALL HIS MONEY OUT OF THE NATIONAL BANK...

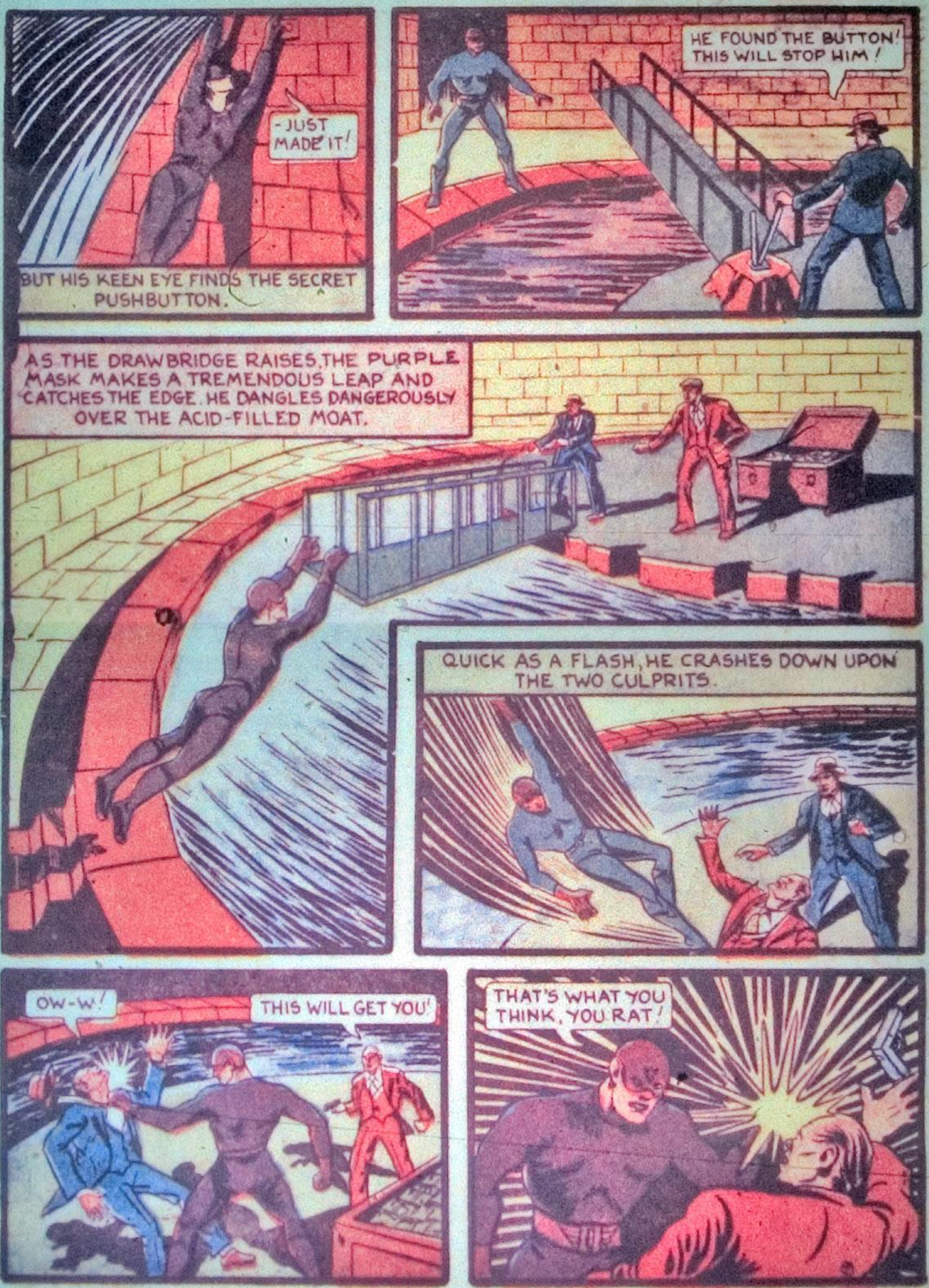

AFRAID THE BANKS WOULD GO UNDER, HE HAD SECRET VAULTS BUILT UNDER THE HOUSE, IN WHICH TO STORE HIS FORTUNE. HE DIED SOON AFTER, AND I HAVE NEVER FOUND THE HIDING PLACE.
WELL- I GUESS THIS CASE WILL KEEP YOU BUSY- SO I'LL BE GOING. GOOD NIGHT!
GOOD NIGHT, BURTON.
DENNIS BURTON LEAVES. UNSEEN, HE HAS SLIPPED THE DUPLICATE OF THE BOOK INTO HIS BRIEFCASE.
FEW MINUTES LATER, DENNIS BURTON SPEEDS TO A DESERTED PART OF THE TOWN.
...AND ENTERS HIS SECRET CRIME LABORATORY.
HERE'S A COMPLETE PLAN OF SWABERT'S MANSION, INCLUDING THE SECRET PANELS AND PASSAGEWAYS!
-AND YOU SAY RENARD IS THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS ACCESS TO THE OLD RECORDS? THANKS, BILL.
HE CALLS HIS FRIEND, WILLIAM GRANT, A DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL BANK.
READY TO GO INTO ACTION, DENNIS BURTON BECOMES - THE DREADED PURPLE MASK!
THE PURPLE MASK RUSHES TO RENARD'S APARTMENT.
HA! HERE'S THE STOLEN PLAN BOOK. RENARD IS DEFINITELY MY MAN!

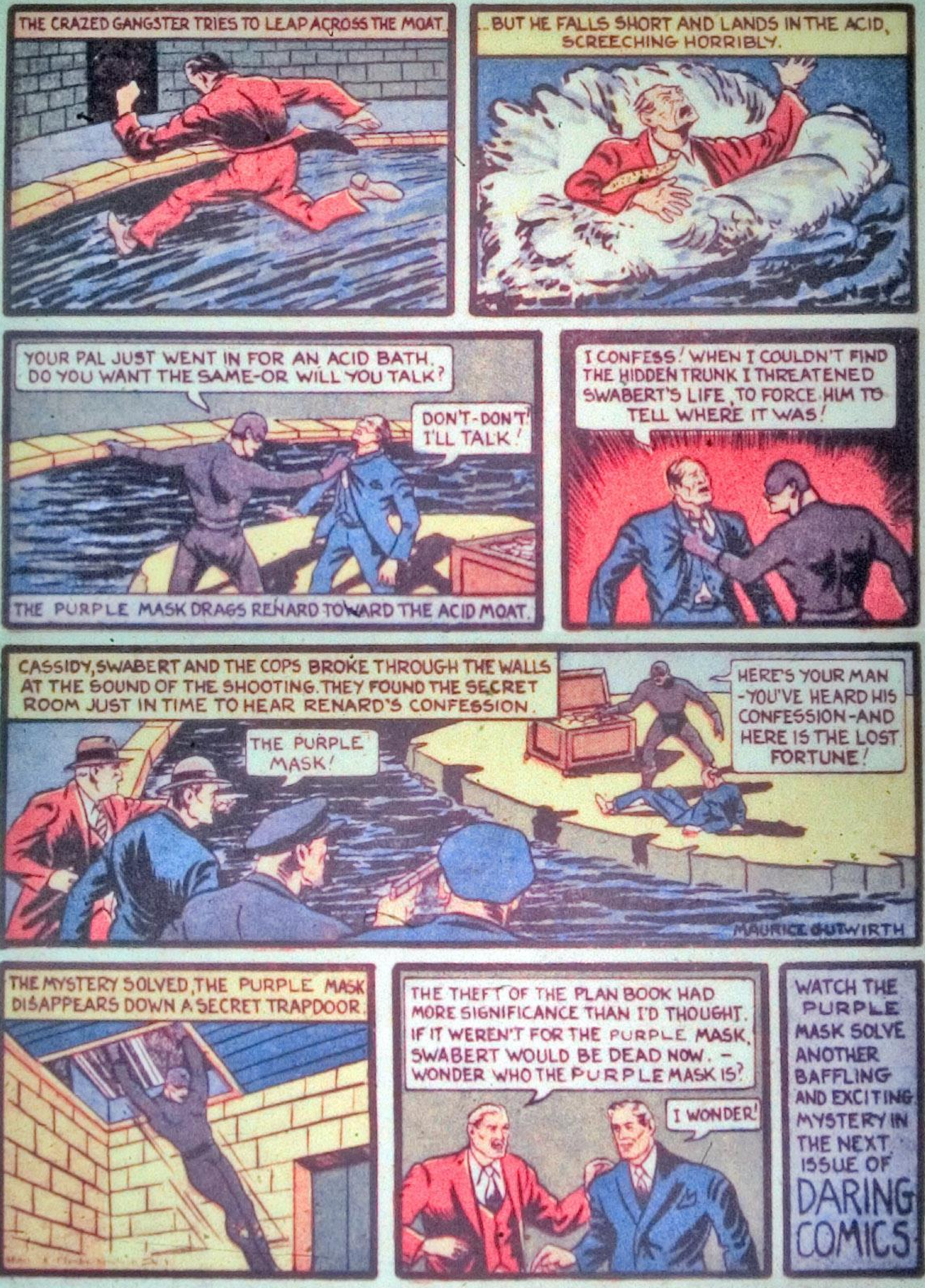

RENARD AND BELLOS, THE GANGSTER. I'LL MEET YOU BOTH AT SWABERTS!
THAT NIGHT-AT SWABERT'S MANSION, WE FIND SWABERT WITH CASSIDY, THE DETECTIVE DETAILED TO GUARD HIM.
CALL ON THE HOUSE PHONE. TRY TO REASON WITH HIM!
ALL RIGHT, IF YOU SAY SO.
I SWEAR - I KNOW NOTHING OF THE HIDING PLACE!
YOU HAVE UNTIL MIDNIGHT!
BUT THE VOICE REFUSES TO BELIEVE SWABERT'S ASSURANCE.
TWO MINUTES TO TWELVE. I'LL GIVE A QUICK LOOK OUTSIDE TO MAKE SURE NO ONE IS LURKING NEAR!
PLEASE HURRY BACK, MR.CASSIDY!
AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT, THE TELEPHONE RINGS. SWABERT, SHAKING VISIBLY, STARTS TOWARD IT. BUT AT THAT MOMENT...
R-R-R-I-N R-R-I-N-G
...THE PURPLE MASK, EMERGING FROM A SECRET PANEL, SHOOTS THE PHONE OUT OF SWABERT'S REACH.
POISONOUS GAS ISSUES FROM THE TELEPHONE MOUTHPIECE AS THE PURPLE MASK DRAGS SWABERT TO SAFETY.
POISON GAS! JUST AS I THOUGHT!
HEARING APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS OF CASSIDY, THE PURPLE MASK DISAPPEARS BEHIND A SECRET PANEL.
WHAT HAPPENED, MR. SWABERT?

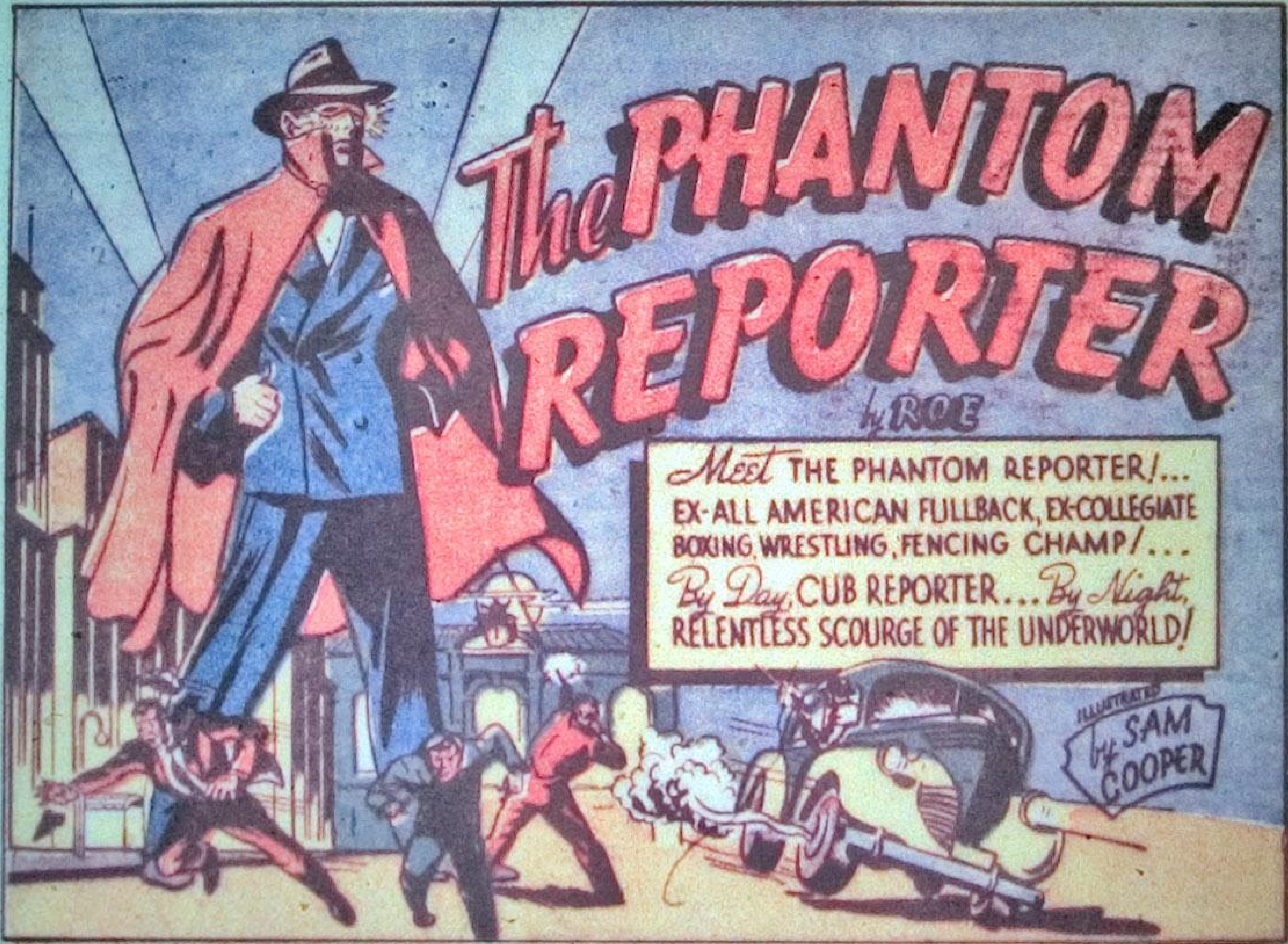

-AND HE CARRIED ME HERE. HE WORE A MASK
THAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE PURPLE MASK! WONDER WHERE HE FITS IN HERE?
CASSIDY EXAMINES THE TELEPHONE..
POISON GAS! IT WAS RIGGED UP TO SPURT IN YOUR FACE WHEN YOU LIFTED THE RECEIVER. THE PURPLE MASK SAVED YOUR LIFE!
HAVING STUDIED THE PLAN BOOK, THE PURPLE MASK KNOWS ALL THE SECRET PANELS AND PASSAGEWAYS. HE HAS NO DIFFICULTY IN TRACING THE TELEPHONE WIRE TO ITS SOURCE.
AH! MR. BELLOS, IN PERSON!
THE PURPLE MASK!
RIGHT YOU ARE, THUG!
TOO BAD I SPOILED YOUR GAME - OR YOU WOULD HAVE ADDED SWABERT TO YOUR LIST OF VICTIMS!
I'LL GET YOU! OH - OH!
YOU'RE TOO SLOW, BELLOS!
IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SECRET CELLAR, RENARD AND HIS GANG HEAR THE SHOTS.
SHOTS! BELLOS MUST BE IN TROUBLE. LET'S GO!

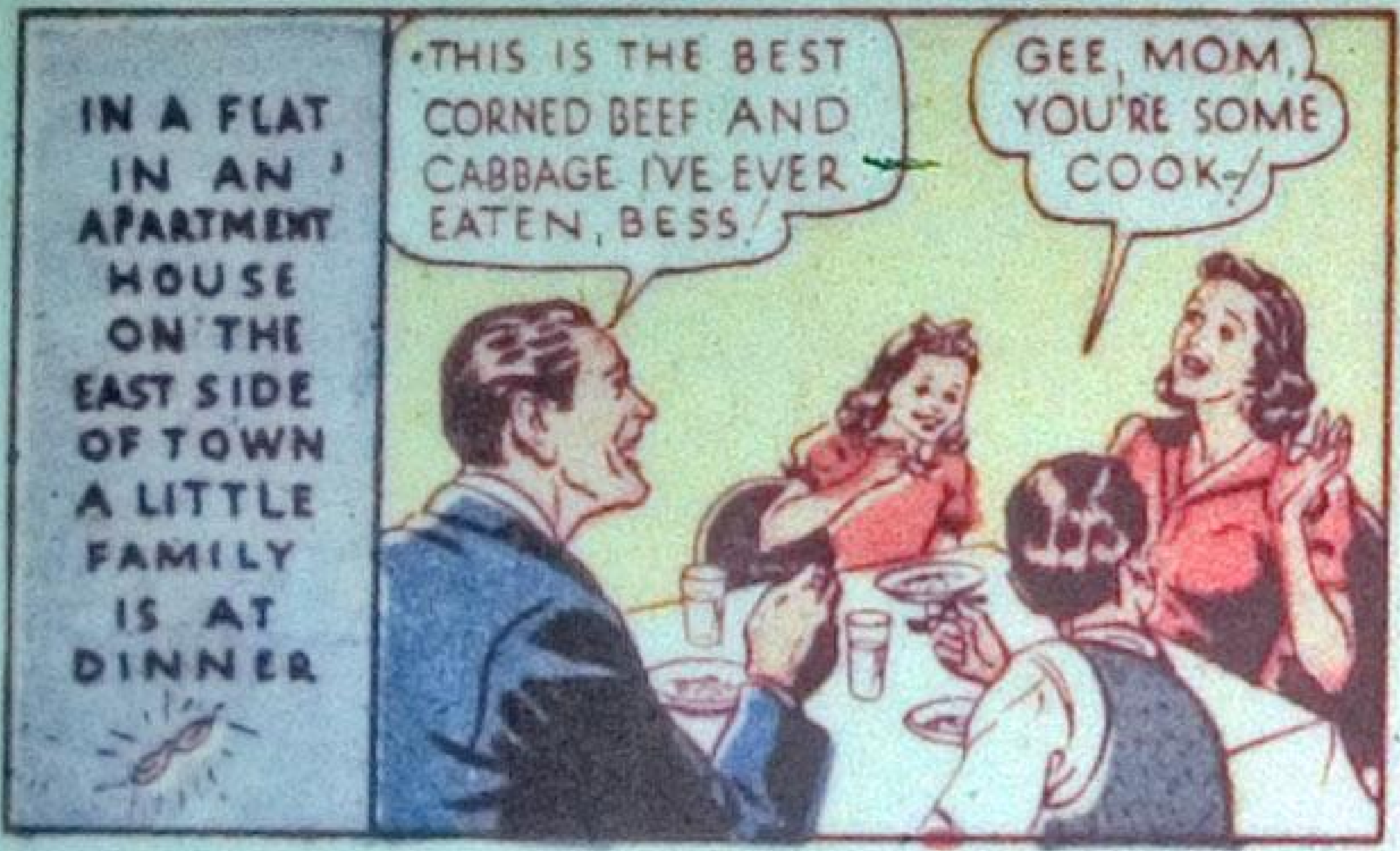

THEY COME FACE TO FACE WITH THE PURPLE MASK.
FILL THE MASKED DEVIL FULL OF LEAD, BOYS!
UNLESS YOUR MEN DROP THEIR GUNS YOU DIE FIRST, RENARD!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
OH-H!
I'LL BE AFTER YOU IN A MINUTE, RENARD!
TWO THUGS VANQUISHED, THE PURPLE MASK RACES AFTER RENARD AND BLAKIE, THE REMAINING CULPRITS.
A STRAY BULLET HITS A SECRET PUSHBUTTON. A HEAVY STONE WALL SWINGS OPEN.
WHAT LUCK - THIS MUST LEAD TO THE SECRET VAULT!
QUICK - BEFORE THAT PURPLE MASK CATCHES UP WITH US!

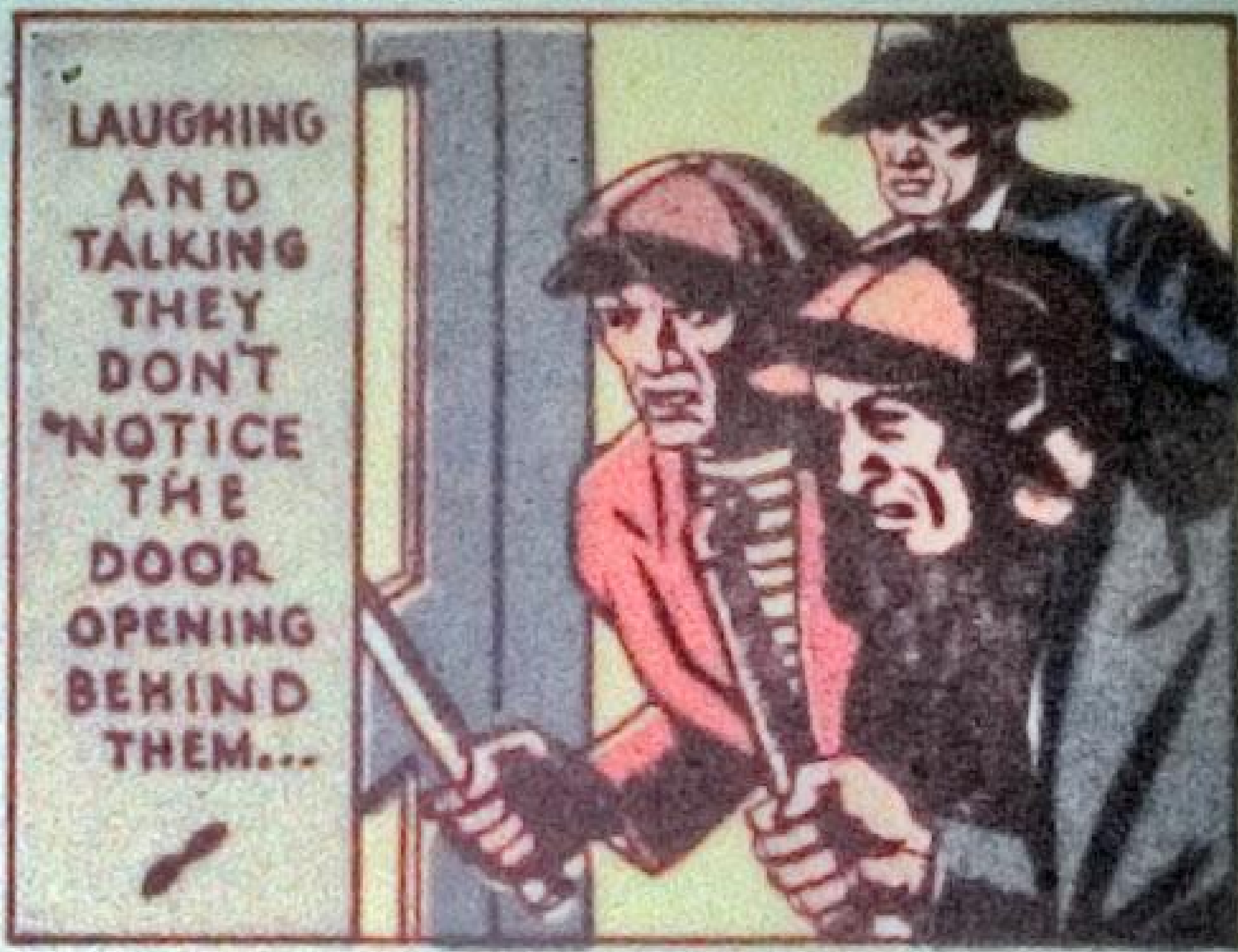

THE TWO THUGS FIND THEMSELVES IN THE SECRET CHAMBER. THE VAULT, CONTAINING THE HIDDEN FORTUNE, IS SURROUNDED BY AN ACID-FILLED MOAT. A SMALL DRAWBRIDGE IS SUSPENDED OVER THE MOAT.
THIS IS THE HIDING PLACE!
GEE-WE'LL HAVE A FORTUNE!
THIS WILL KEEP THAT FOOL OUT!
I CAN'T WAIT TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT MONEY!
ME TOO, BOSS!
WOW! THERE MUST BE MILLIONS HERE!
AND ALL OURS, CHIEF!
THE PURPLE MASK REACHES THE HEAVY STONE DOOR JUST AS IT CLOSES.
CAN'T BUDGE IT!

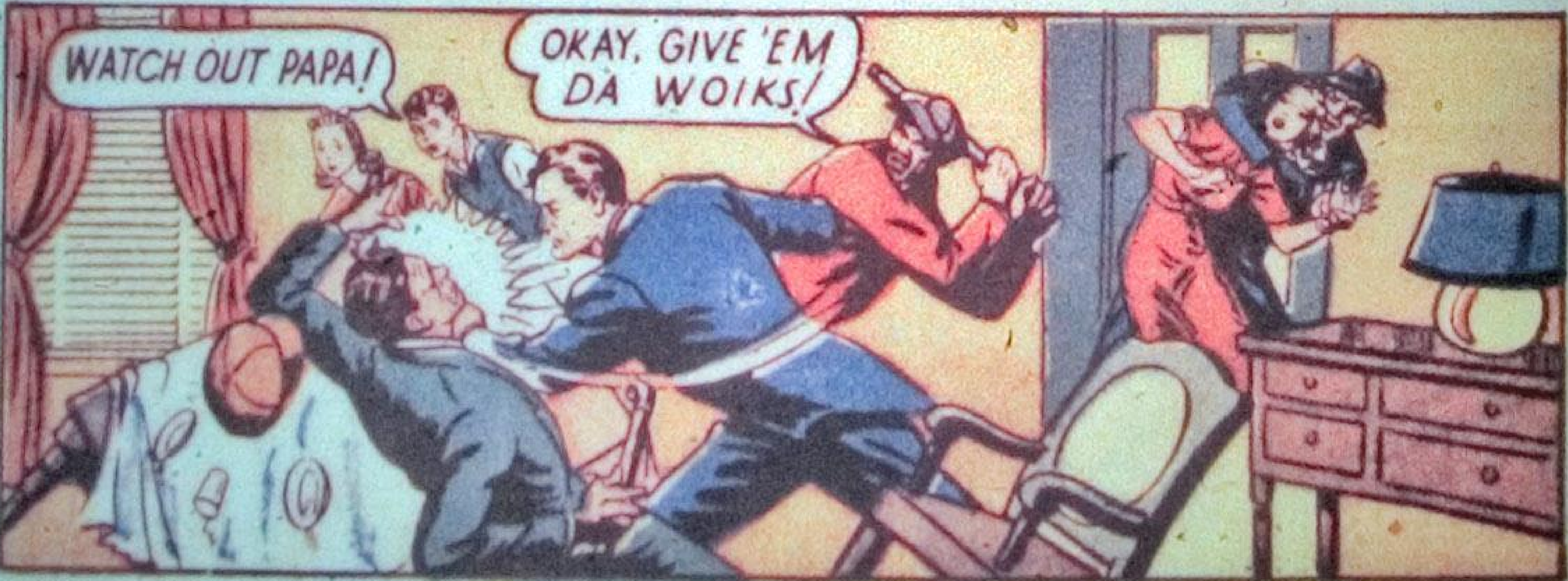

-JUST MADE IT!
BUT HIS KEEN EYE FINDS THE SECRET PUSHBUTTON.
HE FOUND THE BUTTON! THIS WILL STOP HIM!
AS THE DRAWBRIDGE RAISES, THE PURPLE MASK MAKES A TREMENDOUS LEAP AND CATCHES THE EDGE. HE DANGLES DANGEROUSLY OVER THE ACID-FILLED MOAT.
QUICK AS A FLASH, HE CRASHES DOWN UPON THE TWO CULPRITS.
OW-W!
THIS WILL GET YOU!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, YOU RAT!

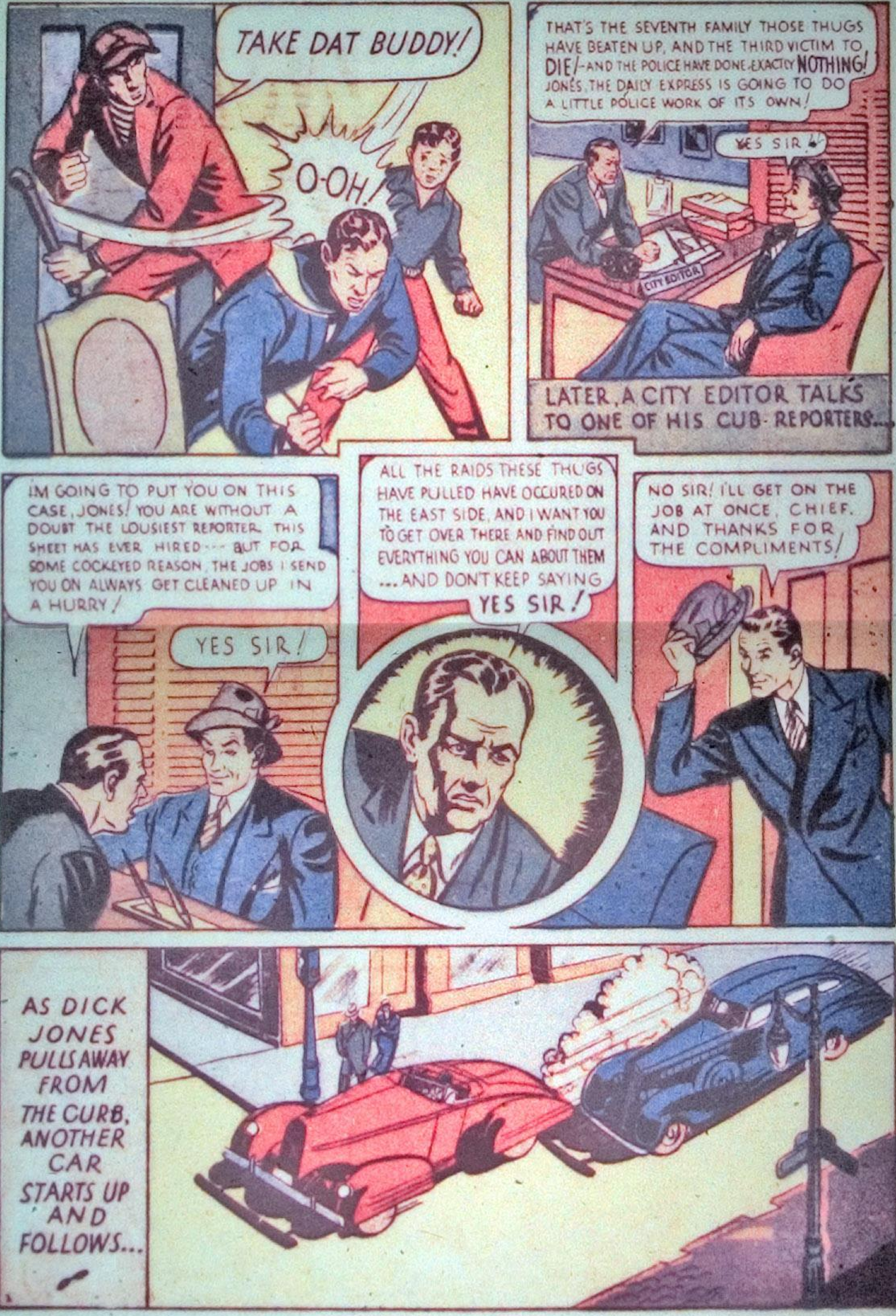

THE CRAZED GANGSTER TRIES TO LEAP ACROSS THE MOAT.
...BUT HE FALLS SHORT AND LANDS IN THE ACID, SCREECHING HORRIBLY.
YOUR PAL JUST WENT IN FOR AN ACID BATH. DO YOU WANT THE SAME-OR WILL YOU TALK?
DON'T-DON'T! I'LL TALK!
THE PURPLE MASK DRAGS RENARD TOWARD THE ACID MOAT.
I CONFESS! WHEN I COULDN'T FIND THE HIDDEN TRUNK I THREATENED SWABERT'S LIFE, TO FORCE HIM TO TELL WHERE IT WAS!
CASSIDY, SWABERT AND THE COPS BROKE THROUGH THE WALLS AT THE SOUND OF THE SHOOTING. THEY FOUND THE SECRET ROOM JUST IN TIME TO HEAR RENARD'S CONFESSION.
THE PURPLE MASK!
HERE'S YOUR MAN -YOU'VE HEARD HIS CONFESSION-AND HERE IS THE LOST FORTUNE!
MAURICE GUTWIRTH
THE MYSTERY SOLVED, THE PURPLE MASK DISAPPEARS DOWN A SECRET TRAPDOOR.
THE THEFT OF THE PLAN BOOK HAD MORE SIGNIFICANCE THAN I'D THOUGHT. IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE PURPLE MASK, SWABERT WOULD BE DEAD NOW. - WONDER WHO THE PURPLE MASK IS?
I WONDER!
WATCH THE PURPLE MASK SOLVE ANOTHER BAFFLING AND EXCITING MYSTERY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF DARING COMICS

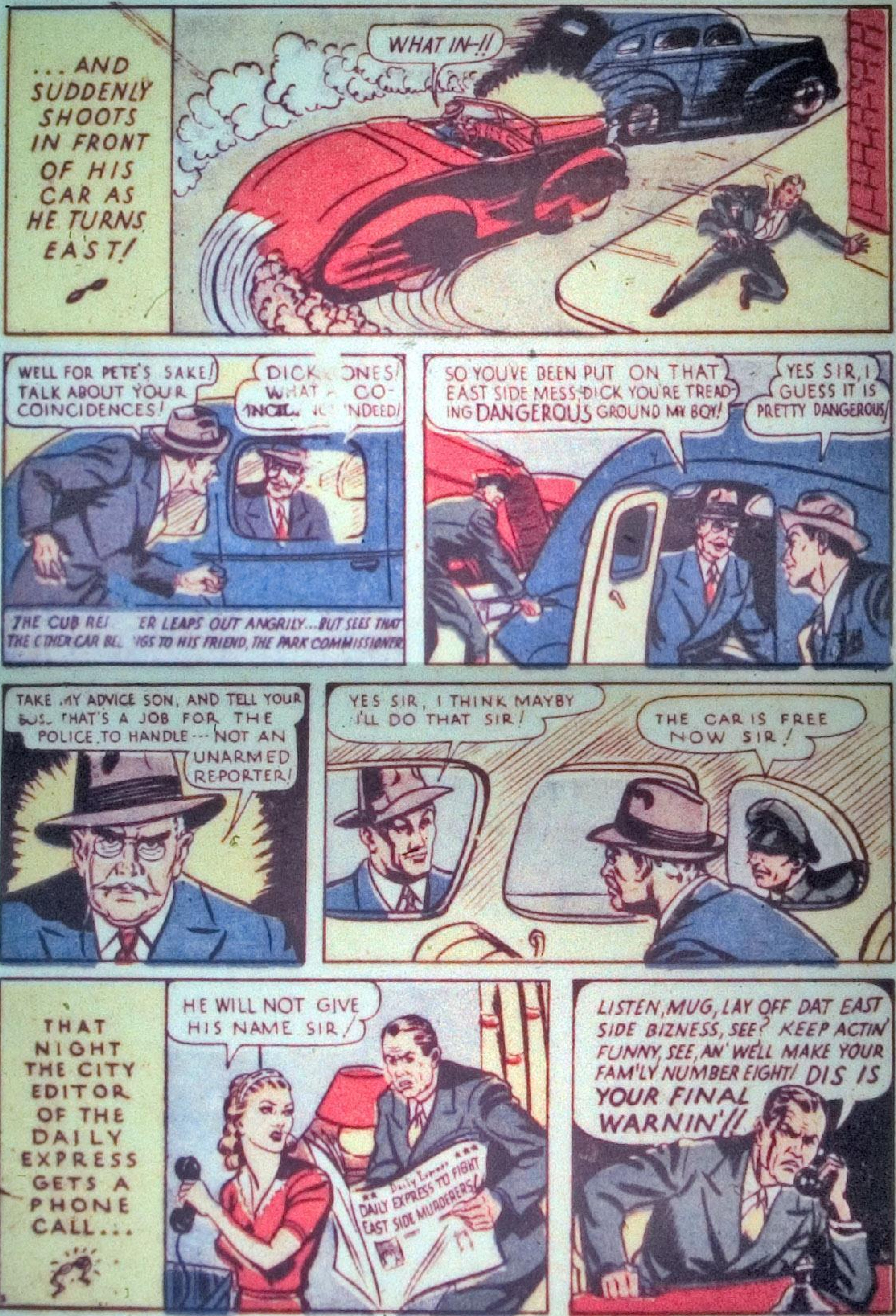

The PHANTOM REPORTER
by ROE
Meet THE PHANTOM REPORTER!... EX-ALL AMERICAN FULLBACK, EX-COLLEGIATE BOXING, WRESTLING, FENCING CHAMP!... By Day, CUB REPORTER... By Night, RELENTLESS SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD!
ILLUSTRATED by SAM COOPER

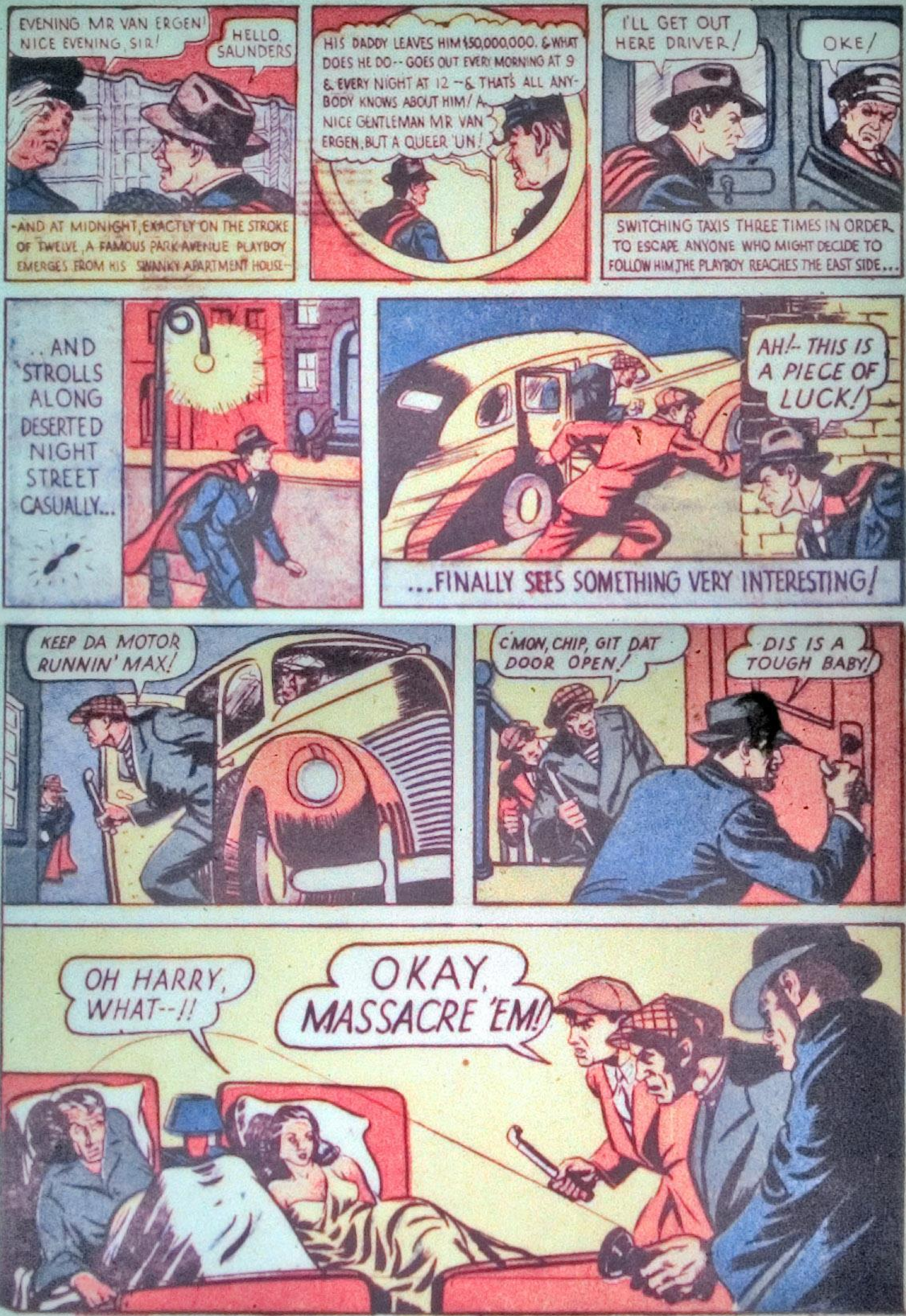

IN A FLAT IN AN APARTMENT HOUSE ON THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN A LITTLE FAMILY IS AT DINNER
THIS IS THE BEST CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE I'VE EVER EATEN, BESS!
GEE, MOM, YOU'RE SOME COOK-!

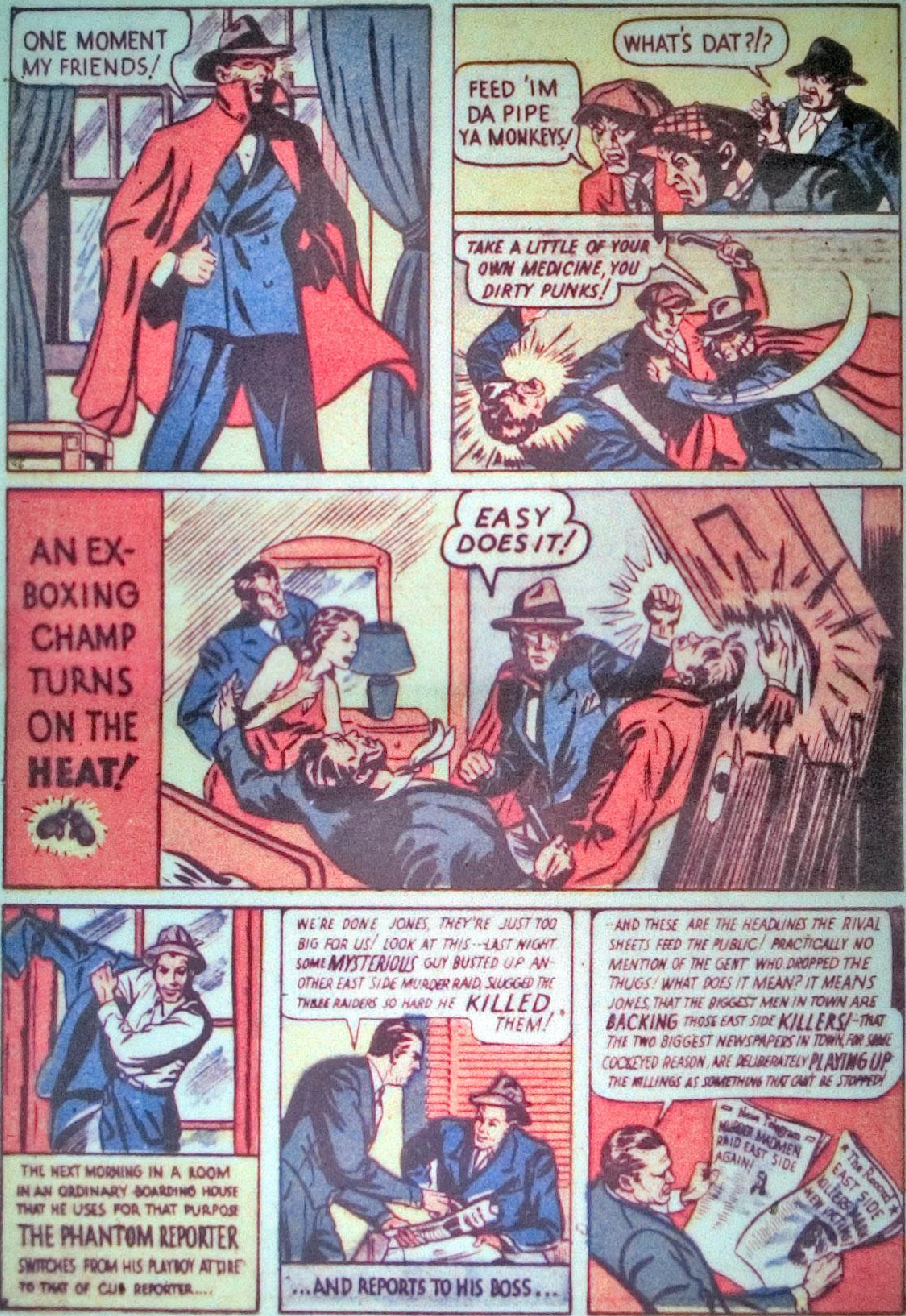

LAUGHING AND TALKING THEY DON'T NOTICE THE DOOR OPENING BEHIND THEM...

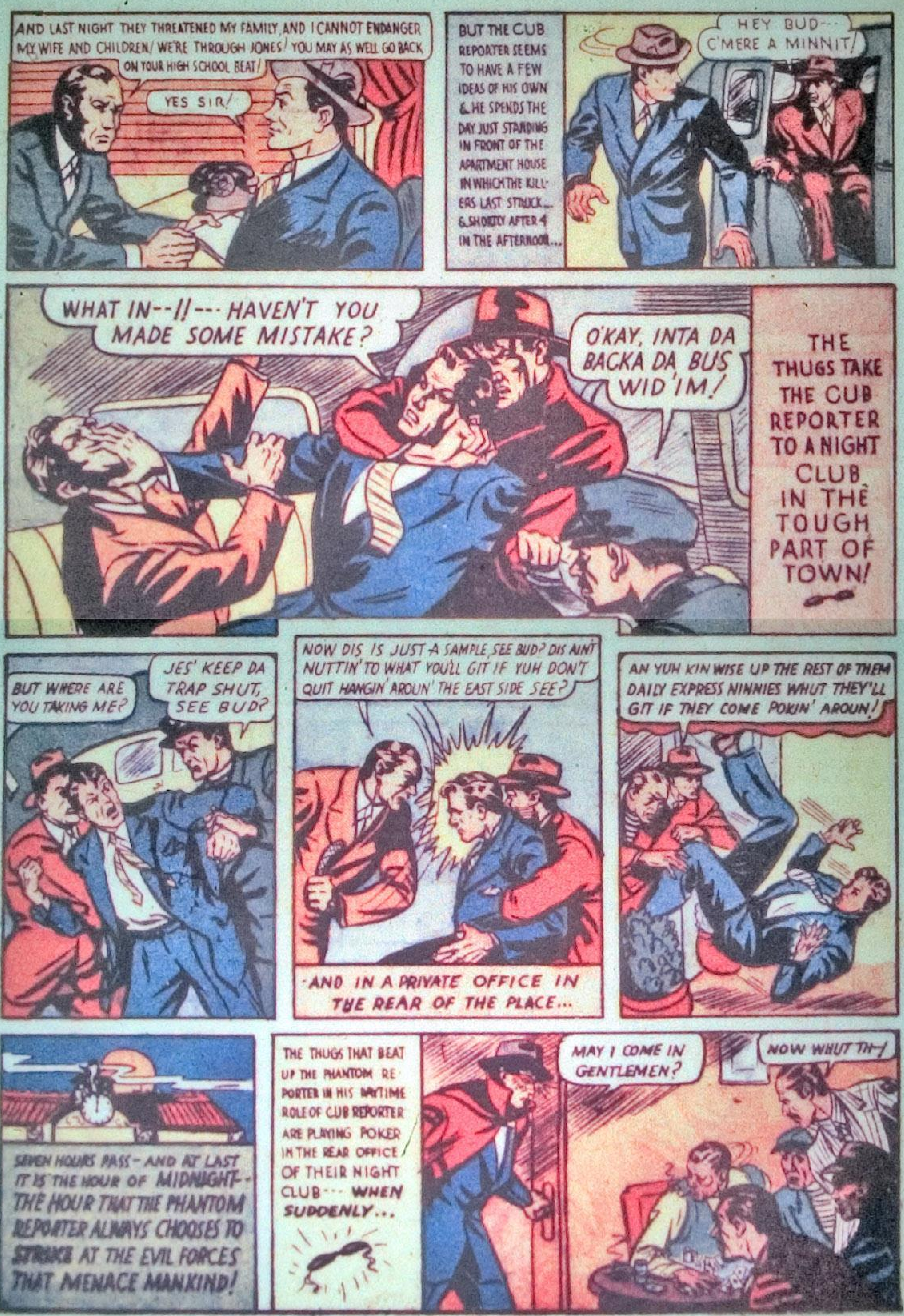

WATCH OUT PAPA!
OKAY, GIVE 'EM DA WOIKS!

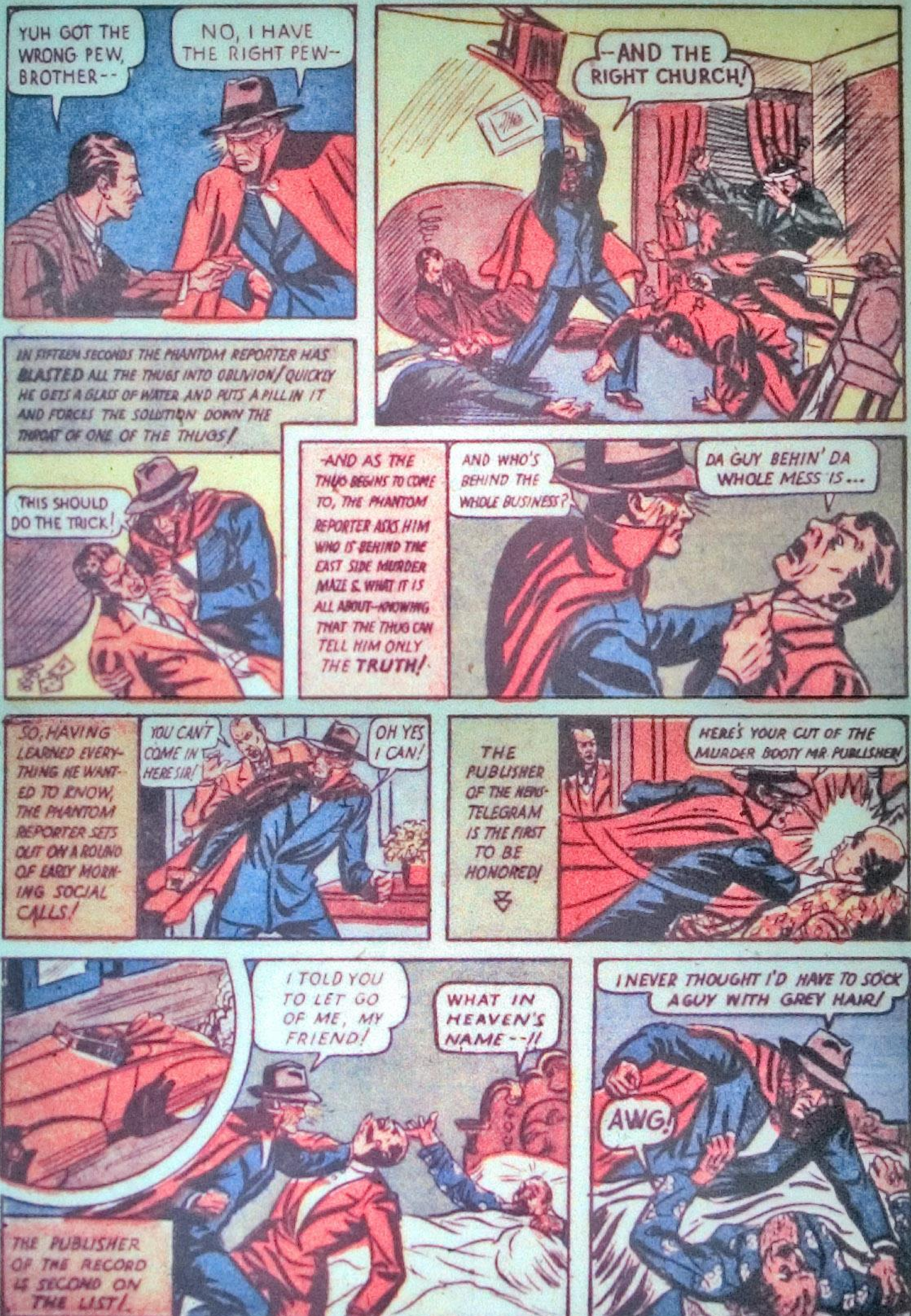

TAKE DAT BUDDY!
O-OH!
THAT'S THE SEVENTH FAMILY THOSE THUGS HAVE BEATEN UP, AND THE THIRD VICTIM TO DIE!-AND THE POLICE HAVE DONE EXACTLY NOTHING! JONES, THE DAILY EXPRESS IS GOING TO DO A LITTLE POLICE WORK OF ITS OWN!
YES SIR!
CITY EDITOR
LATER, A CITY EDITOR TALKS TO ONE OF HIS CUB-REPORTERS...
I'M GOING TO PUT YOU ON THIS CASE, JONES! YOU ARE WITHOUT A DOUBT THE LOUSIEST REPORTER THIS SHEET HAS EVER HIRED--- BUT FOR SOME COCKEYED REASON, THE JOBS I SEND YOU ON ALWAYS GET CLEANED UP IN A HURRY!
YES SIR!
ALL THE RAIDS THESE THUGS HAVE PULLED HAVE OCCURED ON THE EAST SIDE, AND I WANT YOU TO GET OVER THERE AND FIND OUT EVERYTHING YOU CAN ABOUT THEM ... AND DON'T KEEP SAYING YES SIR!
NO SIR! I'LL GET ON THE JOB AT ONCE, CHIEF. AND THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENTS!
AS DICK JONES PULLS AWAY FROM THE CURB, ANOTHER CAR STARTS UP AND FOLLOWS...

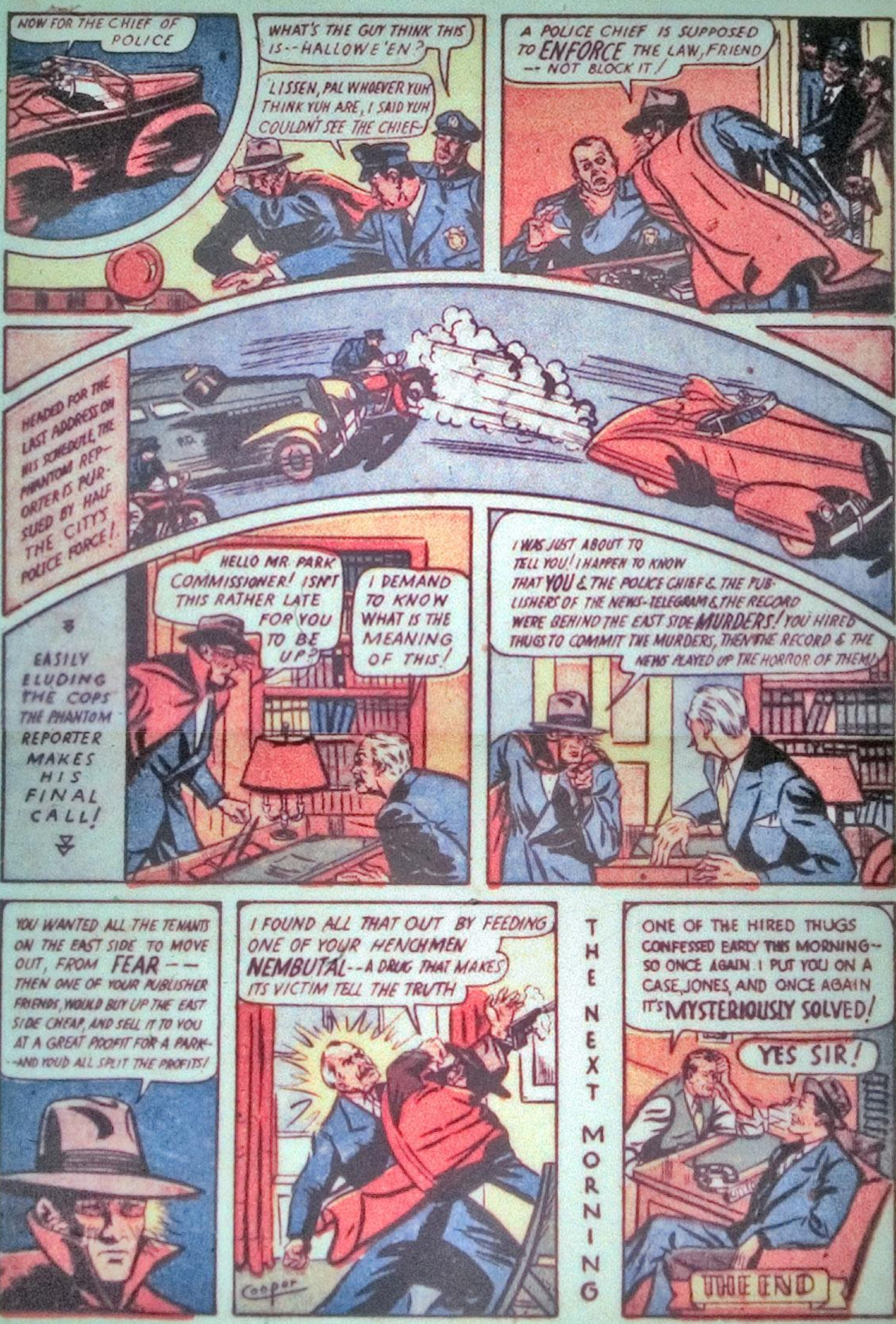

...AND SUDDENLY SHOOTS IN FRONT OF HIS CAR AS HE TURNS EAST!
WHAT IN-!!
WELL FOR PETE'S SAKE! TALK ABOUT YOUR COINCIDENCES!
DICK JONES! WHAT A CO-INCIDENCE INDEED!
THE CUB REPORTER LEAPS OUT ANGRILY...BUT SEES THAT THE OTHER CAR BELONGS TO HIS FRIEND, THE PARK COMMISSIONER
SO YOU'VE BEEN PUT ON THAT EAST SIDE MESS DICK YOU'RE TREADING DANGEROUS GROUND MY BOY!
YES SIR, I GUESS IT IS PRETTY DANGEROUS!
TAKE MY ADVICE SON, AND TELL YOUR BOSS THAT'S A JOB FOR THE POLICE TO HANDLE --- NOT AN UNARMED REPORTER!
YES SIR, I THINK MAYBY I'LL DO THAT SIR!
THE CAR IS FREE NOW SIR!
THAT NIGHT THE CITY EDITOR OF THE DAILY EXPRESS GETS A PHONE CALL...
HE WILL NOT GIVE HIS NAME SIR!
Daily Express
DAILY EXPRESS TO FIGHT EAST SIDE MURDERERS!
LISTEN, MUG, LAY OFF DAT EAST SIDE BIZNESS, SEE? KEEP ACTIN' FUNNY, SEE, AN' WE'LL MAKE YOUR FAM'LY NUMBER EIGHT! DIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNIN'!!

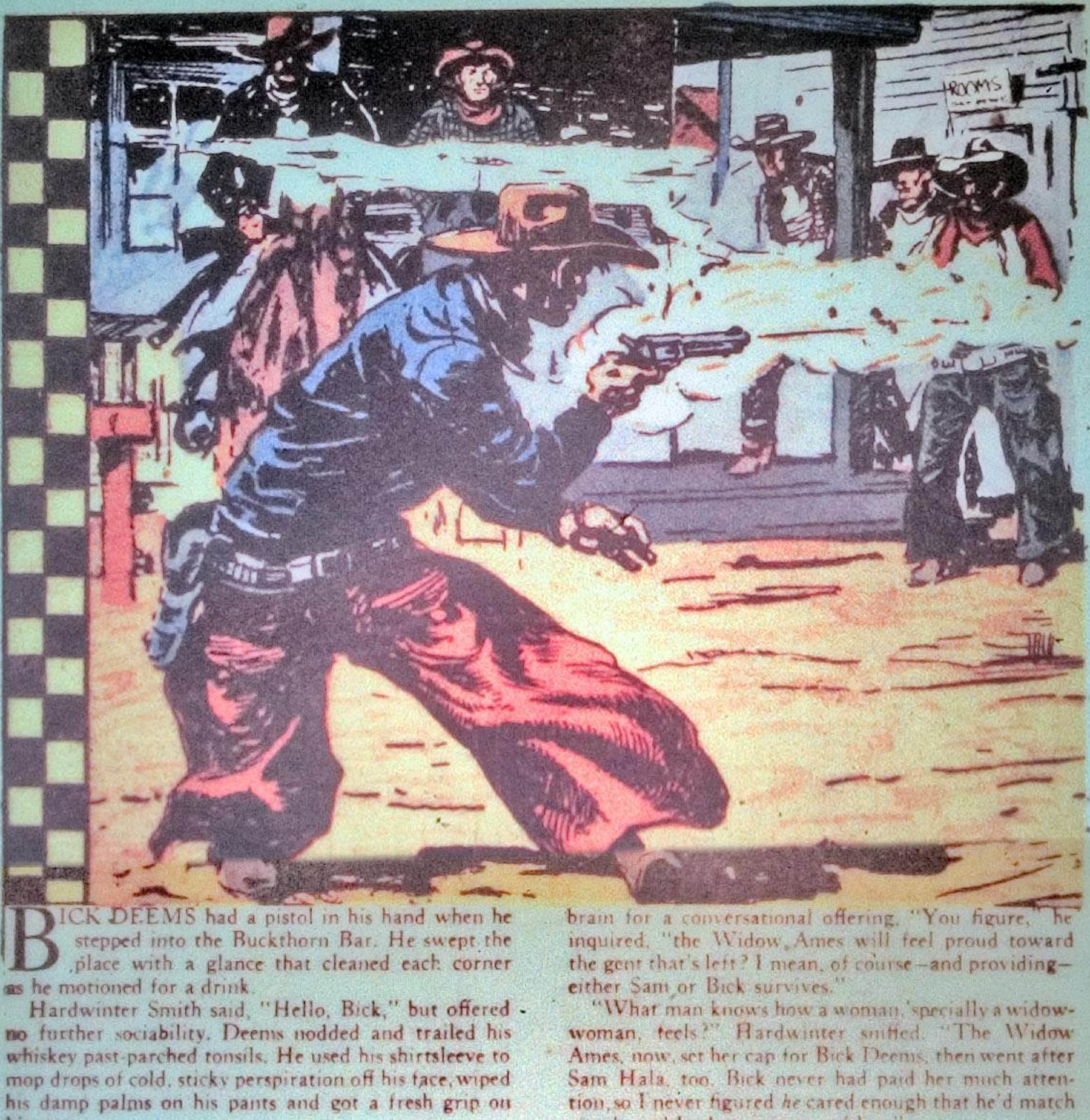

EVENING MR VAN ERGEN! NICE EVENING, SIR!
HELLO, SAUNDERS
-AND AT MIDNIGHT, EXACTLY ON THE STROKE OF TWELVE, A FAMOUS PARK AVENUE PLAYBOY EMERGES FROM HIS SWANKY APARTMENT HOUSE-
HIS DADDY LEAVES HIM $50,000,000. & WHAT DOES HE DO-- GOES OUT EVERY MORNING AT 9 & EVERY NIGHT AT 12 -- & THAT'S ALL ANYBODY KNOWS ABOUT HIM! A NICE GENTLEMAN MR VAN ERGEN, BUT A QUEER 'UN!
I'LL GET OUT HERE DRIVER!
OKE!
SWITCHING TAXIS THREE TIMES IN ORDER TO ESCAPE ANYONE WHO MIGHT DECIDE TO FOLLOW HIM, THE PLAYBOY REACHES THE EAST SIDE...
..AND STROLLS ALONG DESERTED NIGHT STREET CASUALLY...
AH!-- THIS IS A PIECE OF LUCK!
...FINALLY SEES SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING!
KEEP DA MOTOR RUNNIN' MAX!
C'MON, CHIP, GIT DAT DOOR OPEN!
DIS IS A TOUGH BABY!
OH HARRY, WHAT--!!
OKAY, MASSACRE 'EM!


ONE MOMENT MY FRIENDS!
WHAT'S DAT?!?
FEED 'IM DA PIPE YA MONKEYS!
TAKE A LITTLE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE, YOU DIRTY PUNKS!
AN EX-BOXING CHAMP TURNS ON THE HEAT!
EASY DOES IT!
THE NEXT MORNING IN A ROOM IN AN ORDINARY BOARDING HOUSE THAT HE USES FOR THAT PURPOSE THE PHANTOM REPORTER SWITCHES FROM HIS PLAYBOY ATTIRE TO THAT OF CUB REPORTER....
WE'RE DONE JONES, THEY'RE JUST TOO BIG FOR US! LOOK AT THIS--LAST NIGHT SOME MYSTERIOUS GUY BUSTED UP ANOTHER EAST SIDE MURDER RAID, SLUGGED THE THREE RAIDERS SO HARD HE KILLED THEM!
...AND REPORTS TO HIS BOSS...
--AND THESE ARE THE HEADLINES THE RIVAL SHEETS FEED THE PUBLIC! PRACTICALLY NO MENTION OF THE GENT WHO DROPPED THE THUGS! WHAT DOES IT MEAN? IT MEANS JONES, THAT THE BIGGEST MEN IN TOWN ARE BACKING THOSE EAST SIDE KILLERS!--THAT THE TWO BIGGEST NEWSPAPERS IN TOWN, FOR SOME COCKEYED REASON, ARE DELIBERATELY PLAYING UP THE KILLINGS AS SOMETHING THAT CAN'T BE STOPPED!
New Telegram
MURDER MADMEN RAID EAST SIDE AGAIN!
The Record
EAST SIDE KILLERS MARK NEW VICTIMS


AND LAST NIGHT THEY THREATENED MY FAMILY, AND I CANNOT ENDANGER MY WIFE AND CHILDREN! WE'RE THROUGH JONES! YOU MAY AS WELL GO BACK ON YOUR HIGH SCHOOL BEAT!
YES SIR!
BUT THE CUB REPORTER SEEMS TO HAVE A FEW IDEAS OF HIS OWN & HE SPENDS THE DAY JUST STANDING IN FRONT OF THE APARTMENT HOUSE IN WHICH THE KILLERS LAST STRUCK... & SHORTLY AFTER 4 IN THE AFTERNOON...
HEY BUD--- C'MERE A MINNIT!
WHAT IN--!!--- HAVEN'T YOU MADE SOME MISTAKE?
O'KAY, INTA DA BACKA DA BUS WID 'IM!
THE THUGS TAKE THE CUB REPORTER TO A NIGHT CLUB IN THE TOUGH PART OF TOWN!
BUT WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
JES' KEEP DA TRAP SHUT, SEE BUD?
NOW DIS IS JUST A SAMPLE, SEE BUD? DIS AINT NUTTIN' TO WHAT YOU'LL GIT IF YUH DON'T QUIT HANGIN' AROUN' THE EAST SIDE SEE?
AND IN A PRIVATE OFFICE IN THE REAR OF THE PLACE...
AN YUH KIN WISE UP THE REST OF THEM DAILY EXPRESS NINNIES WHUT THEY'LL GIT IF THEY COME POKIN' AROUN'!
SEVEN HOURS PASS - AND AT LAST IT IS THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT -- THE HOUR THAT THE PHANTOM REPORTER ALWAYS CHOOSES TO STRIKE AT THE EVIL FORCES THAT MENACE MANKIND!
THE THUGS THAT BEAT UP THE PHANTOM REPORTER IN HIS DAYTIME ROLE OF CUB REPORTER ARE PLAYING POKER IN THE REAR OFFICE OF THEIR NIGHT CLUB --- WHEN SUDDENLY...
MAY I COME IN GENTLEMEN?
NOW WHUT TH--!


YUH GOT THE WRONG PEW, BROTHER--
NO, I HAVE THE RIGHT PEW--
--AND THE RIGHT CHURCH!
IN FIFTEEN SECONDS THE PHANTOM REPORTER HAS BLASTED ALL THE THUGS INTO OBLIVION! QUICKLY HE GETS A GLASS OF WATER AND PUTS A PILL IN IT AND FORCES THE SOLUTION DOWN THE THROAT OF ONE OF THE THUGS!
THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
-AND AS THE THUG BEGINS TO COME TO, THE PHANTOM REPORTER ASKS HIM WHO IS BEHIND THE EAST SIDE MURDER MAZE & WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT-KNOWING THAT THE THUG CAN TELL HIM ONLY THE TRUTH!
AND WHO'S BEHIND THE WHOLE BUSINESS?
DA GUY BEHIN' DA WHOLE MESS IS...
SO, HAVING LEARNED EVERYTHING HE WANTED TO KNOW, THE PHANTOM REPORTER SETS OUT ON A ROUND OF EARLY MORNING SOCIAL CALLS!
YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE SIR!
OH YES I CAN!
THE PUBLISHER OF THE NEWS-TELEGRAM IS THE FIRST TO BE HONORED!
HERE'S YOUR CUT OF THE MURDER BOOTY MR. PUBLISHER!
I TOLD YOU TO LET GO OF ME, MY FRIEND!
WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME--!!
THE PUBLISHER OF THE RECORD IS SECOND ON THE LIST!
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO SOCK A GUY WITH GREY HAIR!
AWG!


NOW FOR THE CHIEF OF POLICE
WHAT'S THE GUY THINK THIS IS--HALLOWE'EN?
LISSEN, PAL WHOEVER YUH THINK YUH ARE, I SAID YUH COULDN'T SEE THE CHIEF--
A POLICE CHIEF IS SUPPOSED TO ENFORCE THE LAW, FRIEND -- NOT BLOCK IT!
HEADED FOR THE LAST ADDRESS ON HIS SCHEDULE, THE PHANTOM REPORTER IS PURSUED BY HALF THE CITY'S POLICE FORCE!
P.D.
EASILY ELUDING THE COPS THE PHANTOM REPORTER MAKES HIS FINAL CALL!
HELLO MR. PARK COMMISSIONER! ISN'T THIS RATHER LATE FOR YOU TO BE UP?
I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS!
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO TELL YOU! I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT YOU & THE POLICE CHIEF & THE PUBLISHERS OF THE NEWS-TELEGRAM & THE RECORD WERE BEHIND THE EAST SIDE MURDERS! YOU HIRED THUGS TO COMMIT THE MURDERS, THEN THE RECORD & THE NEWS PLAYED UP THE HORROR OF THEM!
YOU WANTED ALL THE TENANTS ON THE EAST SIDE TO MOVE OUT, FROM FEAR -- THEN ONE OF YOUR PUBLISHER FRIENDS, WOULD BUY UP THE EAST SIDE CHEAP, AND SELL IT TO YOU AT A GREAT PROFIT FOR A PARK --AND YOU'D ALL SPLIT THE PROFITS!
I FOUND ALL THAT OUT BY FEEDING ONE OF YOUR HENCHMEN NEMBUTAL--A DRUG THAT MAKES ITS VICTIM TELL THE TRUTH
Cooper
THE NEXT MORNING
ONE OF THE HIRED THUGS CONFESSED EARLY THIS MORNING-- SO ONCE AGAIN I PUT YOU ON A CASE, JONES, AND ONCE AGAIN IT'S MYSTERIOUSLY SOLVED!
YES SIR!
THE END



BICK DEEMS had a pistol in his hand when he stepped into the Buckthorn Bar. He swept the place with a glance that cleaned each corner as he motioned for a drink.

Hardwinter Smith said, "Hello, Bick," but offered no further sociability. Deems nodded and trailed his whiskey past-parched tonsils. He used his shirtsleeve to mop drops of cold, sticky perspiration off his face, wiped his damp palms on his pants and got a fresh grip on his gun.

Deems moved to the door, poked the sunburned tip of his nose past the frame and turned his head quickly from left to right. Stepping out under the low wooden awning, he crossed the boot-packed path, took to the road and went scraping toward the far end of the street.

There wasn't another human being to be seen. Bick Deems was alone with the wind devils that kicked up little dust clouds and rolled paper scrap out there.

Hardwinter Smith refilled his glass and observed, "A man never knows when he's well off. A week ago, there was Bick Deems and Sam Hala, living and working together, getting drunk and sobering up together."

The bartender snapped his pink sleeve garters. Hardwinter jerked and slopped part of his drink onto the bar.

"Stop that!" he grumbled. "With Bick Deems and Sam Hala moving around town on a game of seek-and-shoot, I don't want to hear no premature shooting sounds."

"That's true. Sorry." The bartender searched his brain for a conversational offering. "You figure," he inquired, "the Widow Ames will feel proud toward the gent that's left? I mean, of course—and providing—either Sam or Bick survives."

"What man knows how a woman, 'specially a widow-woman, feels?" Hardwinter sniffed. "The Widow Ames, now, set her cap for Bick Deems, then went after Sam Hala, too. Bick never had paid her much attention, so I never figured *he* cared enough that he'd match pistols and lead on account of her."

Hardwinter eased to the door and sneaked a quick peek along the street. Bick Deems had reached the end of it and had turned and started back.

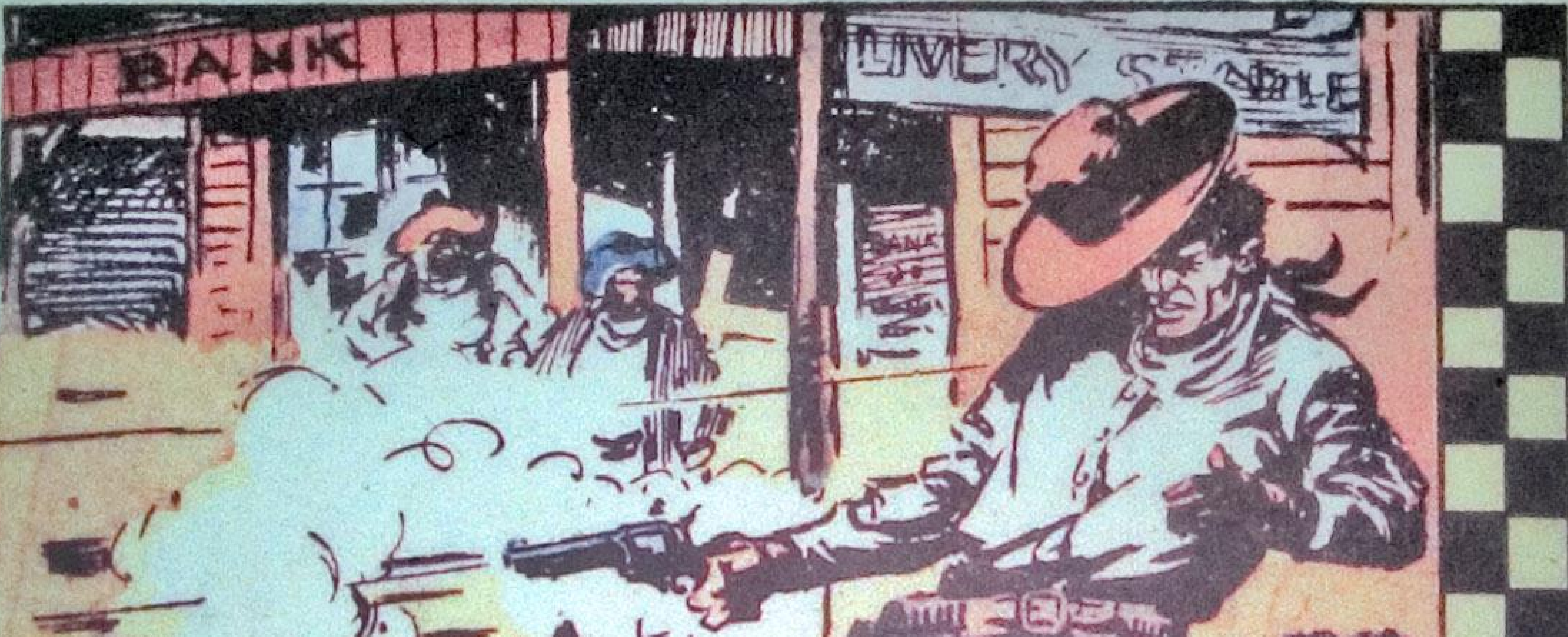
He leaped and spun half around, now, as he raised his six-gun and ducked off to his left, letting the gun's arched hammer fall from under his restraining thumb.

Sam Hala faded back into the narrow space between the general and hardware stores across the way from Bick Deems, returning a shot that bored a ragged little hole in, and spidered the window of the barber shop.

The street was deserted again. Bick Deems and Sam Hala were shifting positions, and the tense seconds seemed interminable.

SAM HALA'S head, then, was thrust around the corner of the Pie Corral Cafe. The rest of Sam Hala's body showed and the man started maneuvering toward the low gallery in front of the Hostel House.

Bick Deems was hidden across the street, stretched



POWDERSMOKE SHOWDOWN

by
JAMES P. OLSEN

on his stomach opposite Hala's goal. The feed store was behind Deems. Blocks of cattle salt were stacked in front of him, and he squinted at Hala through a crevice in the white bulwark.

Hala moved on with jerky, wary steps, unaware Bick had lined the big front sight of his pistol on the tobacco tag that dangled against the shirt pocket over Hala's thumping heart.

Still Deems did not fire. There was no reason why he shouldn't—because he had out-guessed and positioned the erstwhile partner who was now his sworn and deadly enemy. So it was Deems' right to blaze away right now, rubbing out Hala's mark.

It wasn't quite fitting, though—Deems thought—that Hala be blown from this mortal sphere without a warning he was about to be on his way to "yonderly." Deems drew his legs under him, tensed his muscles and popped up like a lethal Jack-in-the-box calling "Sam!" in a sharp, tense voice.

Sam Hala pressed against the sunbaked wall of the Hostel House, making a fine, large true target Bick Deems could not and did not miss.

Sam shuddered and his pistol exploded as he rose on his toes, elbows crooked, hands dangling limply at the wrists. He twisted sideways as his left knee bent, crashed to earth and rolled over on his back.

The street was instantly swarming with humanity; men that kept respectful silence and distance while Bick Deems walked wearily and without a show of triumph and reached Sam Hala's side.

Hardwinter Smith moved on in when Bick Deems knelt and began tugging at the dead man's boots.

"That's mighty white of you, Bick," said Hardwinter. "Some men got an awful fear of being buried with their boots on."

Bick Deems said, as he removed the second boot, "Uh-huh. But me and Sam once shared our tobacco and bedrolls and likker." He sighed heavily. "It makes me sad, seeing Sam cooling here like this. I—Hardwinter, I hated to kill him. Damn it, I always *liked* the man!"

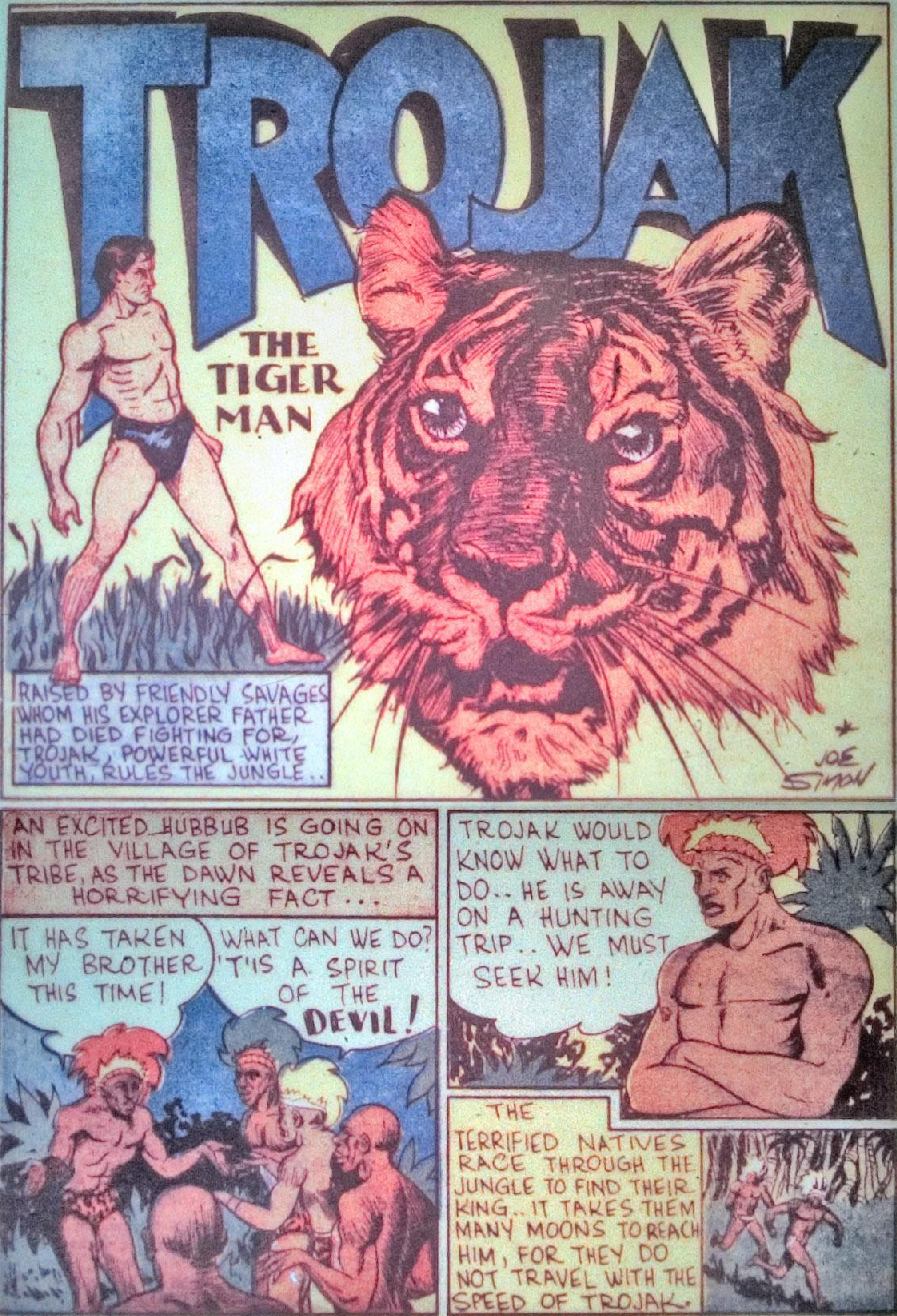
"Shows what a woman can do to men," Hardwinter said.

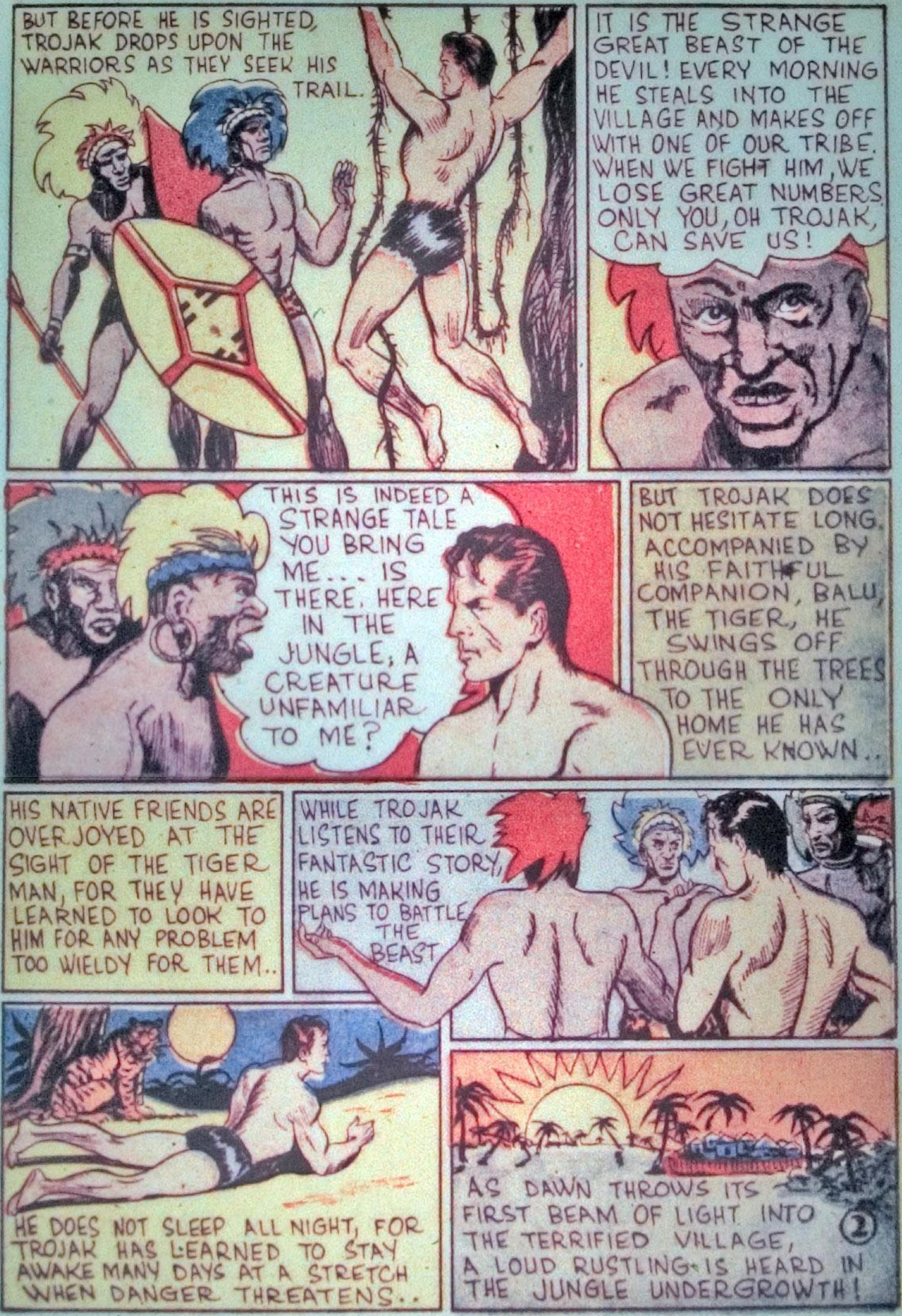
"It sure does. Take Sam's case: He started changing the minute he met The Widow; put talcum on his face when he shaved, and started dressing up. Sam, dressing up!"

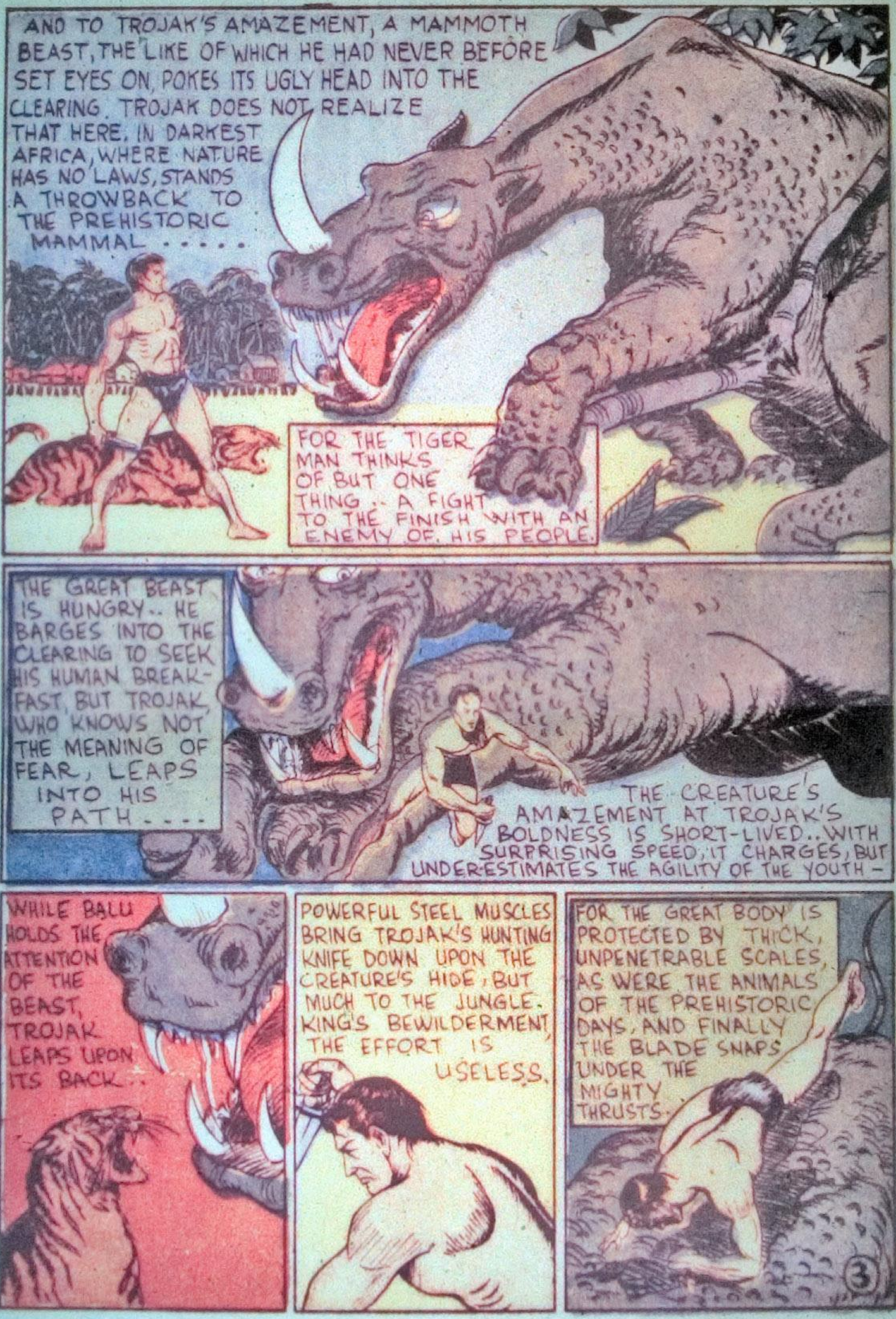
He clucked his tongue and shook his head and started removing the white-toed, white-heeled red woolen socks Sam Hala had worn.

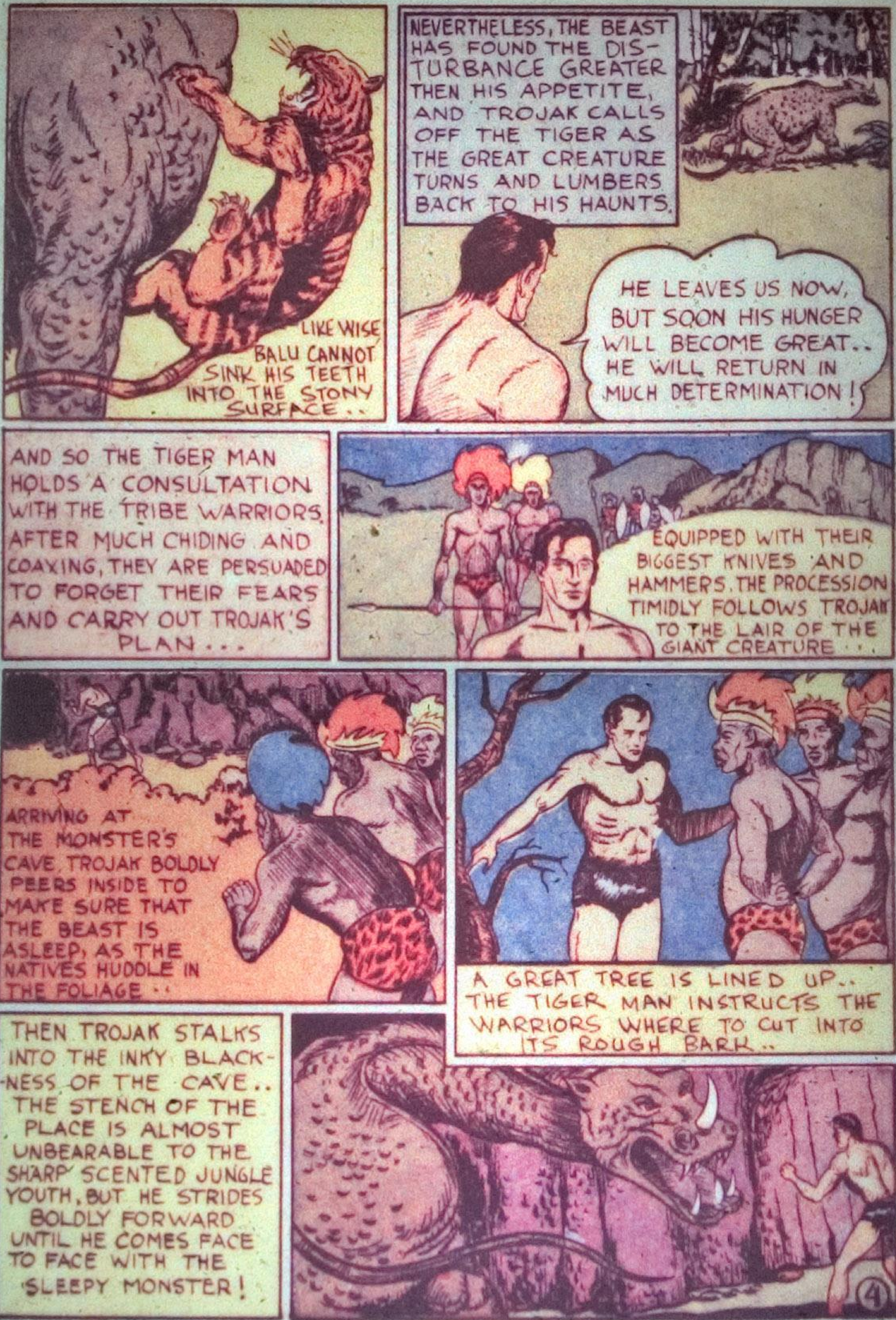
"Hey, Bick," protested Hardwinter, "You ain't supposed to take his socks off too."

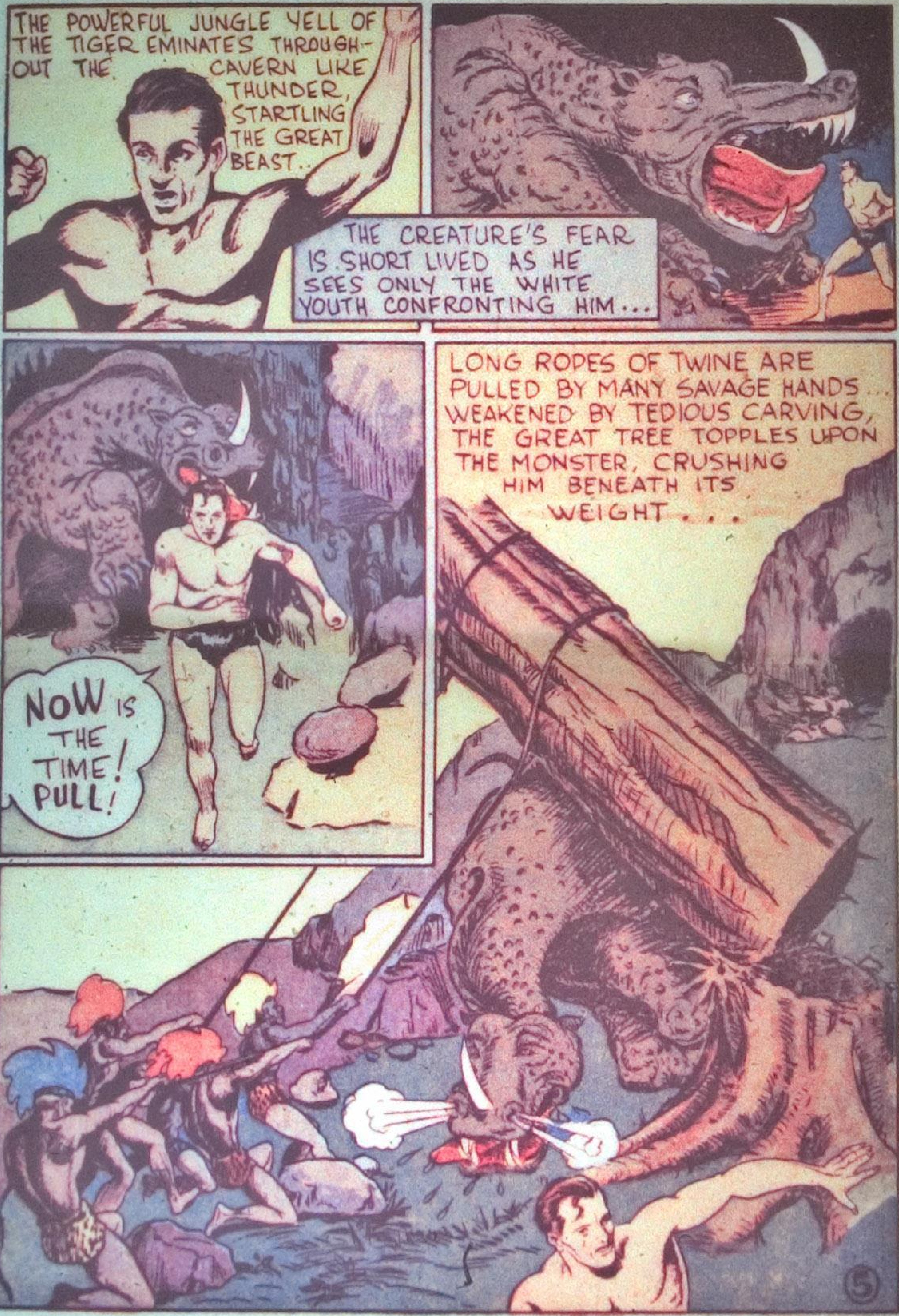
"Oh, yes, I am," Bick Deems contradicted. "You see, Hardwinter, dressing up to go a-courting made a thief of poor old Sam. When he moved out of the cabin we shared, he took my Sunday socks with him. And then he had the gall to tell me if I wanted them back, I'd have to come and get 'em and take them off him!"

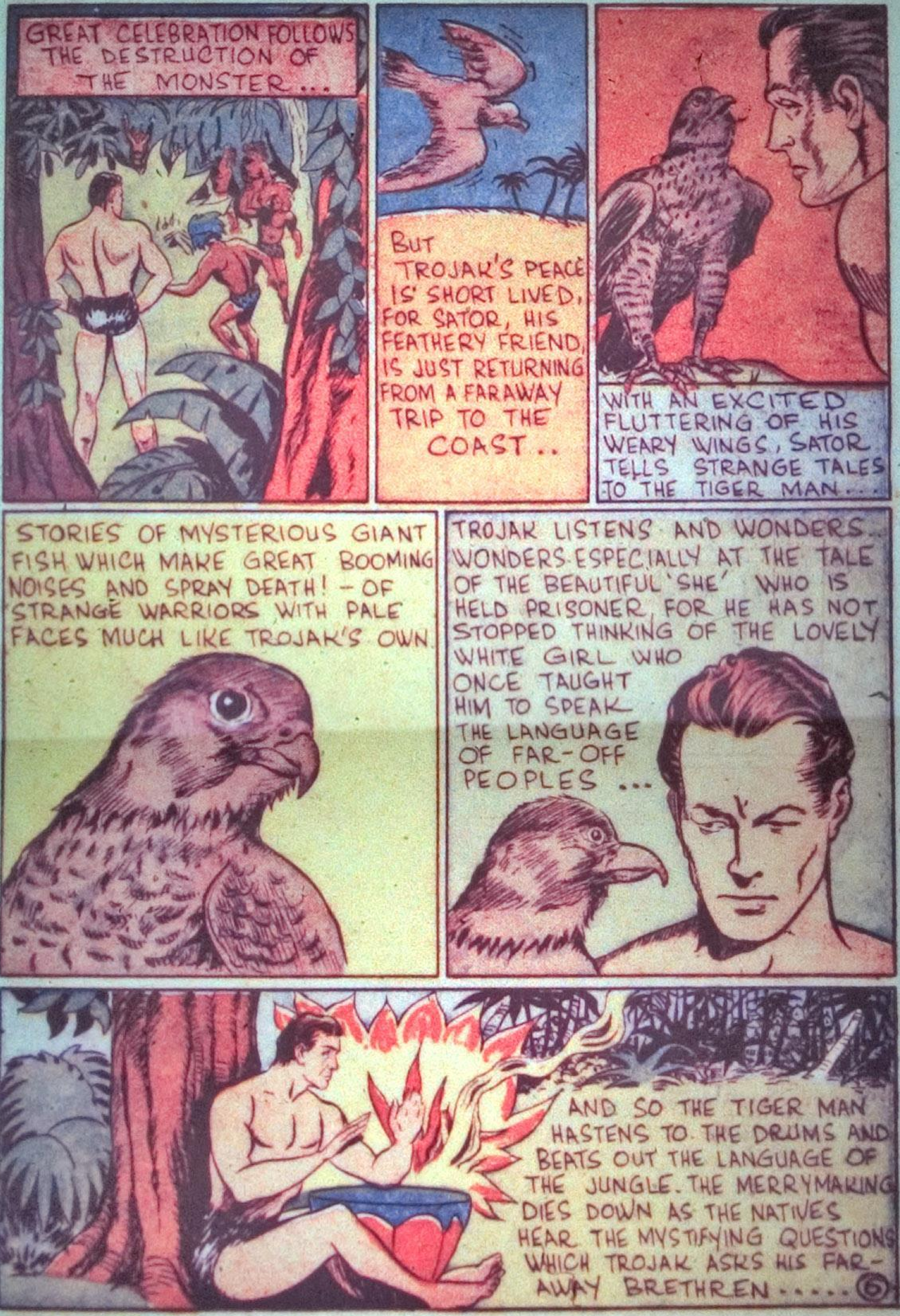

TROJAK
THE TIGER MAN
RAISED BY FRIENDLY SAVAGES WHOM HIS EXPLORER FATHER HAD DIED FIGHTING FOR, TROJAK, POWERFUL WHITE YOUTH, RULES THE JUNGLE..
JOE SIMON
AN EXCITED HUBBUB IS GOING ON IN THE VILLAGE OF TROJAK'S TRIBE, AS THE DAWN REVEALS A HORRIFYING FACT...
IT HAS TAKEN MY BROTHER THIS TIME!
WHAT CAN WE DO? 'T'IS A SPIRIT OF THE DEVIL!
TROJAK WOULD KNOW WHAT TO DO.. HE IS AWAY ON A HUNTING TRIP.. WE MUST SEEK HIM!
THE TERRIFIED NATIVES RACE THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO FIND THEIR KING.. IT TAKES THEM MANY MOONS TO REACH HIM, FOR THEY DO NOT TRAVEL WITH THE SPEED OF TROJAK.

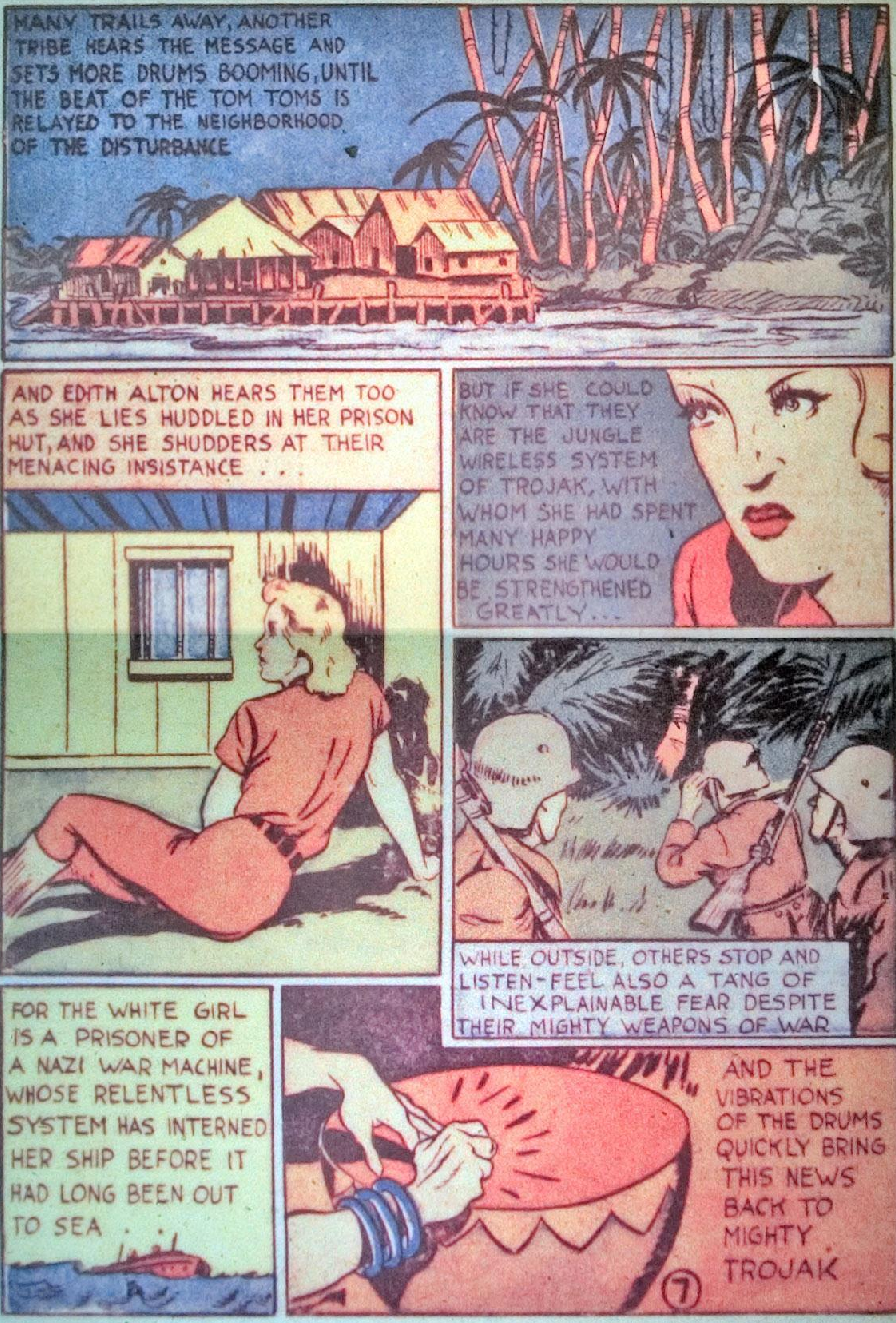

BUT BEFORE HE IS SIGHTED, TROJAK DROPS UPON THE WARRIORS AS THEY SEEK HIS TRAIL.
IT IS THE STRANGE GREAT BEAST OF THE DEVIL! EVERY MORNING HE STEALS INTO THE VILLAGE AND MAKES OFF WITH ONE OF OUR TRIBE. WHEN WE FIGHT HIM, WE LOSE GREAT NUMBERS. ONLY YOU, OH TROJAK, CAN SAVE US!
THIS IS INDEED A STRANGE TALE YOU BRING ME... IS THERE, HERE IN THE JUNGLE, A CREATURE UNFAMILIAR TO ME?
BUT TROJAK DOES NOT HESITATE LONG. ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION, BALU, THE TIGER, HE SWINGS OFF THROUGH THE TREES TO THE ONLY HOME HE HAS EVER KNOWN..
HIS NATIVE FRIENDS ARE OVERJOYED AT THE SIGHT OF THE TIGER MAN, FOR THEY HAVE LEARNED TO LOOK TO HIM FOR ANY PROBLEM TOO WIELDY FOR THEM..
WHILE TROJAK LISTENS TO THEIR FANTASTIC STORY, HE IS MAKING PLANS TO BATTLE THE BEAST
HE DOES NOT SLEEP ALL NIGHT, FOR TROJAK HAS LEARNED TO STAY AWAKE MANY DAYS AT A STRETCH WHEN DANGER THREATENS..
AS DAWN THROWS ITS FIRST BEAM OF LIGHT INTO THE TERRIFIED VILLAGE, A LOUD RUSTLING IS HEARD IN THE JUNGLE UNDERGROWTH!
②

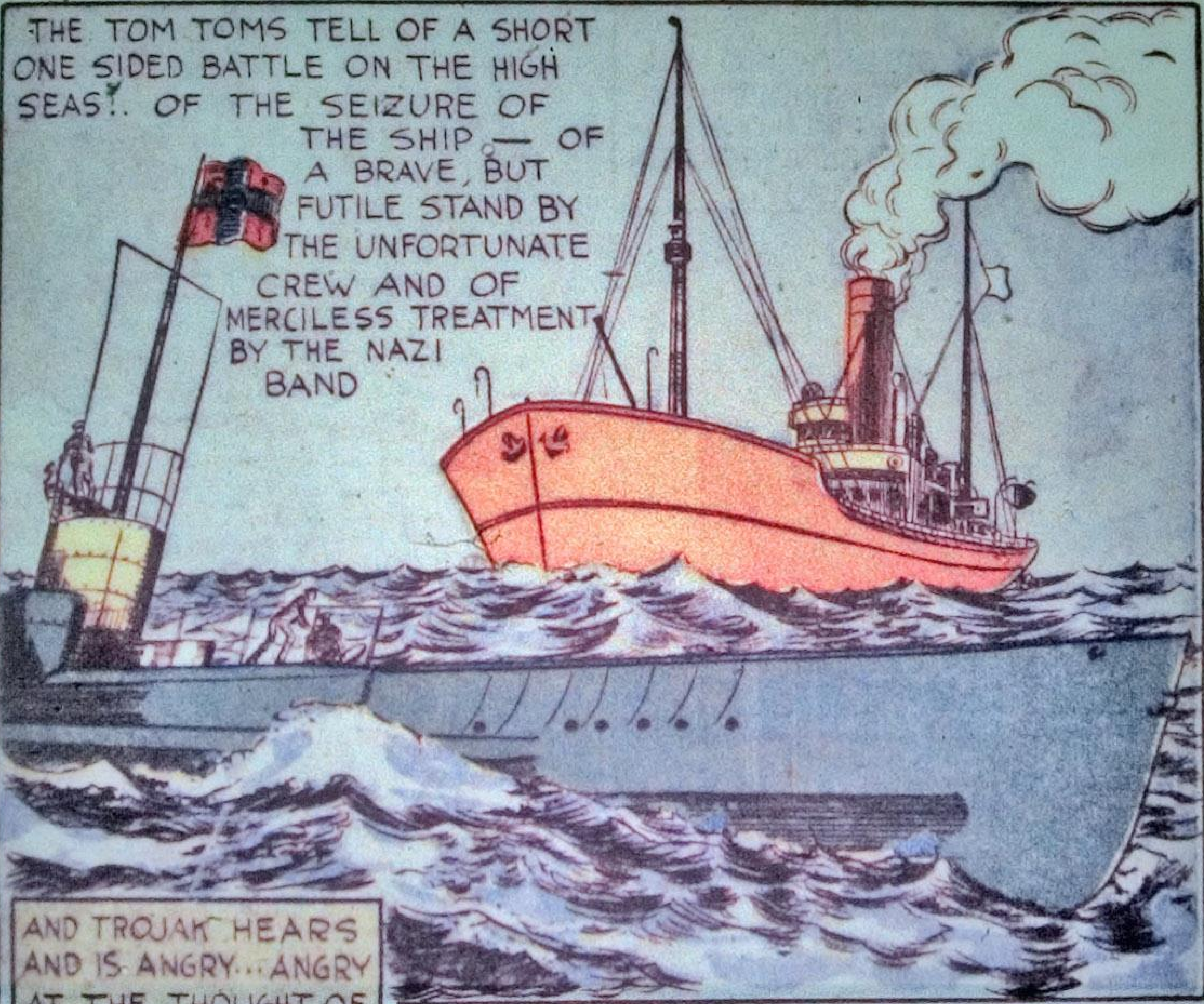

AND TO TROJAK'S AMAZEMENT, A MAMMOTH BEAST, THE LIKE OF WHICH HE HAD NEVER BEFORE SET EYES ON, POKES ITS UGLY HEAD INTO THE CLEARING. TROJAK DOES NOT REALIZE THAT HERE, IN DARKEST AFRICA, WHERE NATURE HAS NO LAWS, STANDS A THROWBACK TO THE PREHISTORIC MAMMAL .....
FOR THE TIGER MAN THINKS OF BUT ONE THING .. A FIGHT TO THE FINISH WITH AN ENEMY OF HIS PEOPLE.
THE GREAT BEAST IS HUNGRY .. HE BARGES INTO THE CLEARING TO SEEK HIS HUMAN BREAKFAST, BUT TROJAK, WHO KNOWS NOT THE MEANING OF FEAR, LEAPS INTO HIS PATH ....
THE CREATURE'S AMAZEMENT AT TROJAK'S BOLDNESS IS SHORT-LIVED .. WITH SURPRISING SPEED, IT CHARGES, BUT UNDER-ESTIMATES THE AGILITY OF THE YOUTH –
WHILE BALU HOLDS THE ATTENTION OF THE BEAST, TROJAK LEAPS UPON ITS BACK ..
POWERFUL STEEL MUSCLES BRING TROJAK'S HUNTING KNIFE DOWN UPON THE CREATURE'S HIDE, BUT MUCH TO THE JUNGLE KING'S BEWILDERMENT, THE EFFORT IS USELESS.
FOR THE GREAT BODY IS PROTECTED BY THICK, UNPENETRABLE SCALES, AS WERE THE ANIMALS OF THE PREHISTORIC DAYS, AND FINALLY THE BLADE SNAPS UNDER THE MIGHTY THRUSTS.

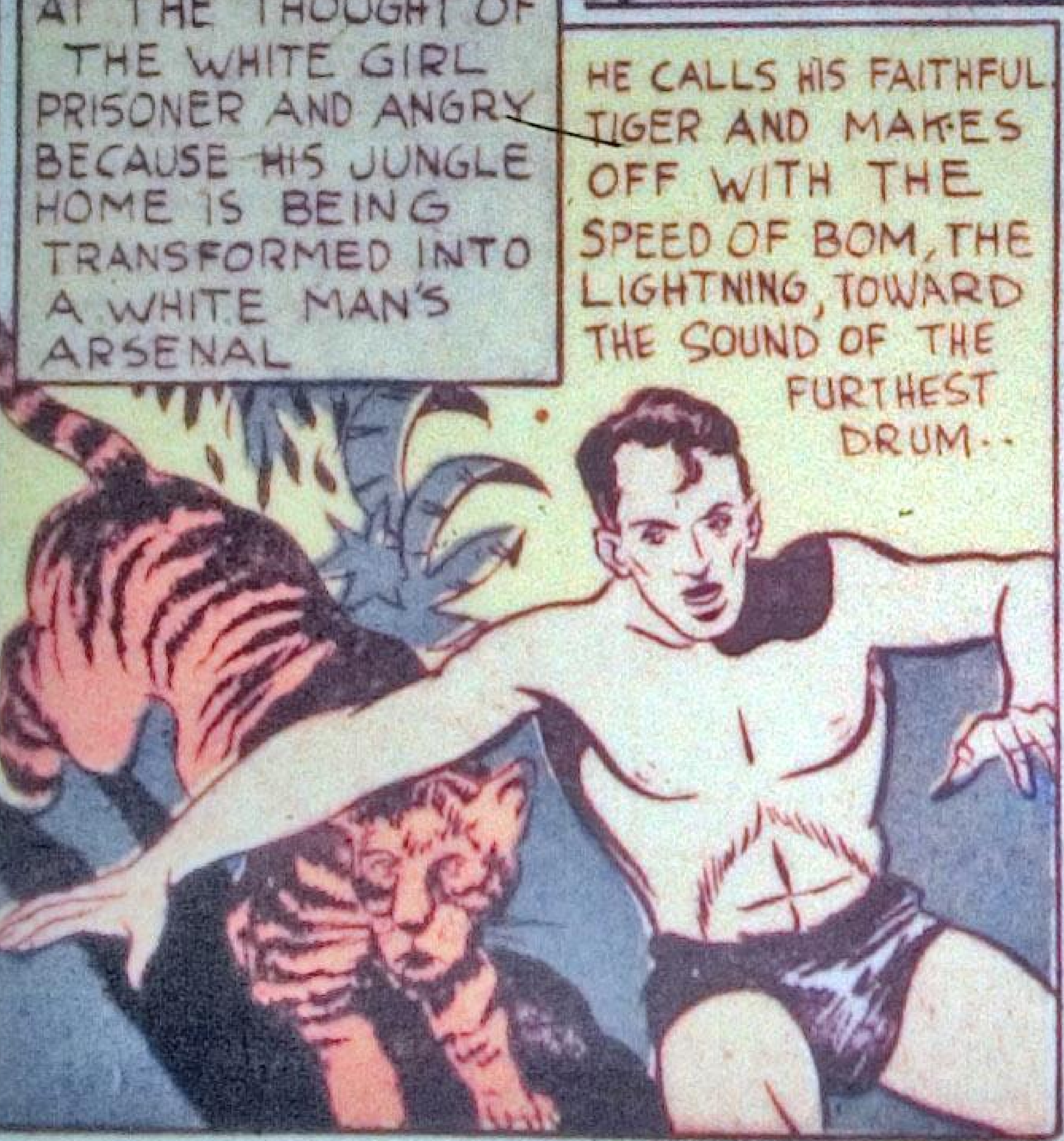

LIKE WISE BALU CANNOT SINK HIS TEETH INTO THE STONY SURFACE..
NEVERTHELESS, THE BEAST HAS FOUND THE DISTURBANCE GREATER THEN HIS APPETITE, AND TROJAK CALLS OFF THE TIGER AS THE GREAT CREATURE TURNS AND LUMBERS BACK TO HIS HAUNTS.
HE LEAVES US NOW, BUT SOON HIS HUNGER WILL BECOME GREAT.. HE WILL RETURN IN MUCH DETERMINATION!
AND SO THE TIGER MAN HOLDS A CONSULTATION WITH THE TRIBE WARRIORS. AFTER MUCH CHIDING AND COAXING, THEY ARE PERSUADED TO FORGET THEIR FEARS AND CARRY OUT TROJAK'S PLAN...
EQUIPPED WITH THEIR BIGGEST KNIVES AND HAMMERS, THE PROCESSION TIMIDLY FOLLOWS TROJAK TO THE LAIR OF THE GIANT CREATURE..
ARRIVING AT THE MONSTER'S CAVE, TROJAK BOLDLY PEERS INSIDE TO MAKE SURE THAT THE BEAST IS ASLEEP, AS THE NATIVES HUDDLE IN THE FOLIAGE..
A GREAT TREE IS LINED UP.. THE TIGER MAN INSTRUCTS THE WARRIORS WHERE TO CUT INTO ITS ROUGH BARK..
THEN TROJAK STALKS INTO THE INKY BLACKNESS OF THE CAVE.. THE STENCH OF THE PLACE IS ALMOST UNBEARABLE TO THE SHARP SCENTED JUNGLE YOUTH, BUT HE STRIDES BOLDLY FORWARD UNTIL HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE SLEEPY MONSTER!

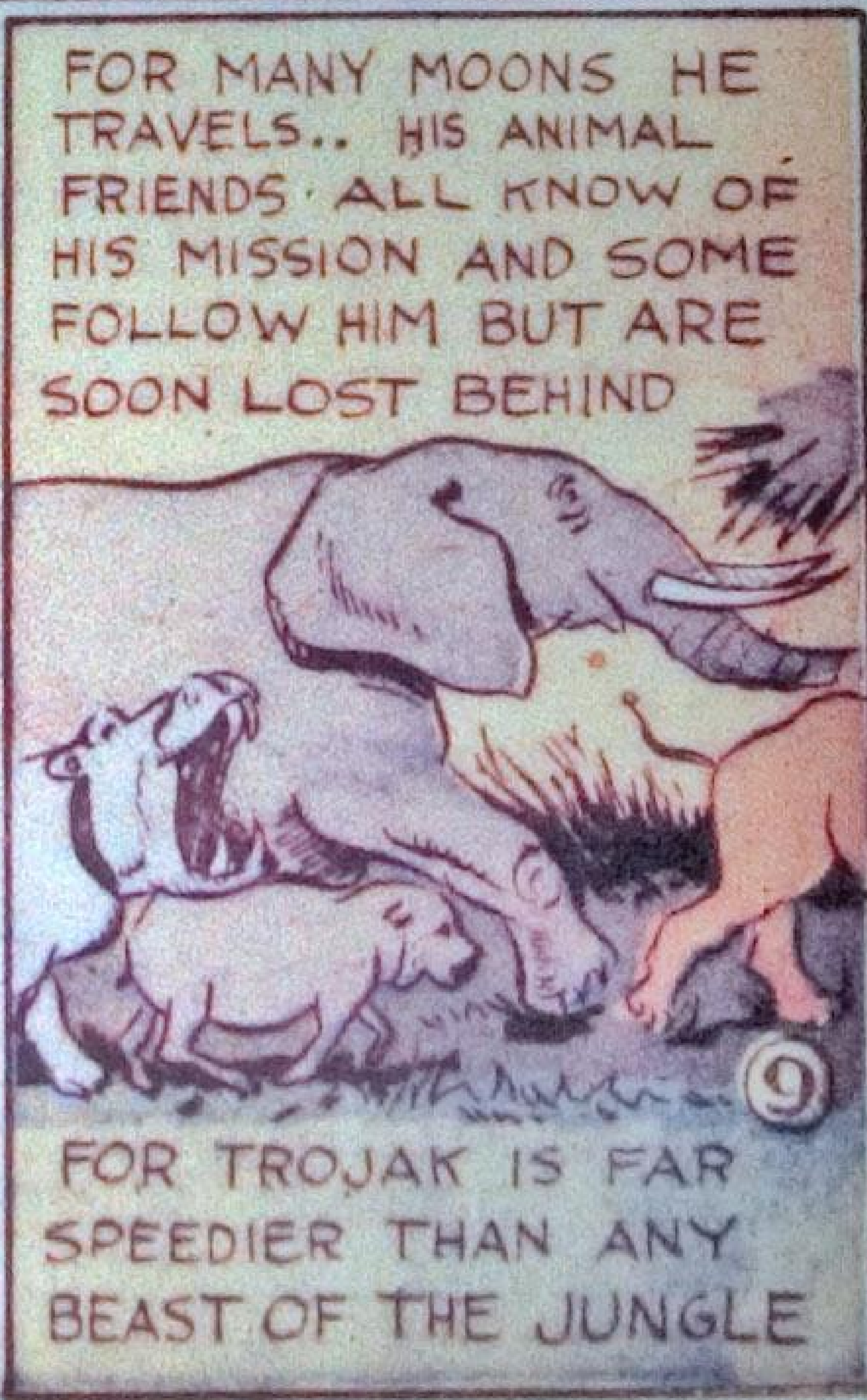

THE POWERFUL JUNGLE YELL OF THE TIGER EMINATES THROUGHOUT THE CAVERN LIKE THUNDER, STARTLING THE GREAT BEAST...
THE CREATURE'S FEAR IS SHORT LIVED AS HE SEES ONLY THE WHITE YOUTH CONFRONTING HIM...
NOW IS THE TIME! PULL!
LONG ROPES OF TWINE ARE PULLED BY MANY SAVAGE HANDS... WEAKENED BY TEDIOUS CARVING, THE GREAT TREE TOPPLES UPON THE MONSTER, CRUSHING HIM BENEATH ITS WEIGHT...


GREAT CELEBRATION FOLLOWS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MONSTER...
BUT TROJAK'S PEACE IS SHORT LIVED, FOR SATOR, HIS FEATHERY FRIEND, IS JUST RETURNING FROM A FARAWAY TRIP TO THE COAST..
WITH AN EXCITED FLUTTERING OF HIS WEARY WINGS, SATOR TELLS STRANGE TALES TO THE TIGER MAN...
STORIES OF MYSTERIOUS GIANT FISH WHICH MAKE GREAT BOOMING NOISES AND SPRAY DEATH! - OF STRANGE WARRIORS WITH PALE FACES MUCH LIKE TROJAK'S OWN.
TROJAK LISTENS AND WONDERS.. WONDERS ESPECIALLY AT THE TALE OF THE BEAUTIFUL 'SHE' WHO IS HELD PRISONER, FOR HE HAS NOT STOPPED THINKING OF THE LOVELY WHITE GIRL WHO ONCE TAUGHT HIM TO SPEAK THE LANGUAGE OF FAR-OFF PEOPLES...
AND SO THE TIGER MAN HASTENS TO THE DRUMS AND BEATS OUT THE LANGUAGE OF THE JUNGLE. THE MERRYMAKING DIES DOWN AS THE NATIVES HEAR THE MYSTIFYING QUESTIONS WHICH TROJAK ASKS HIS FAR-AWAY BRETHREN....

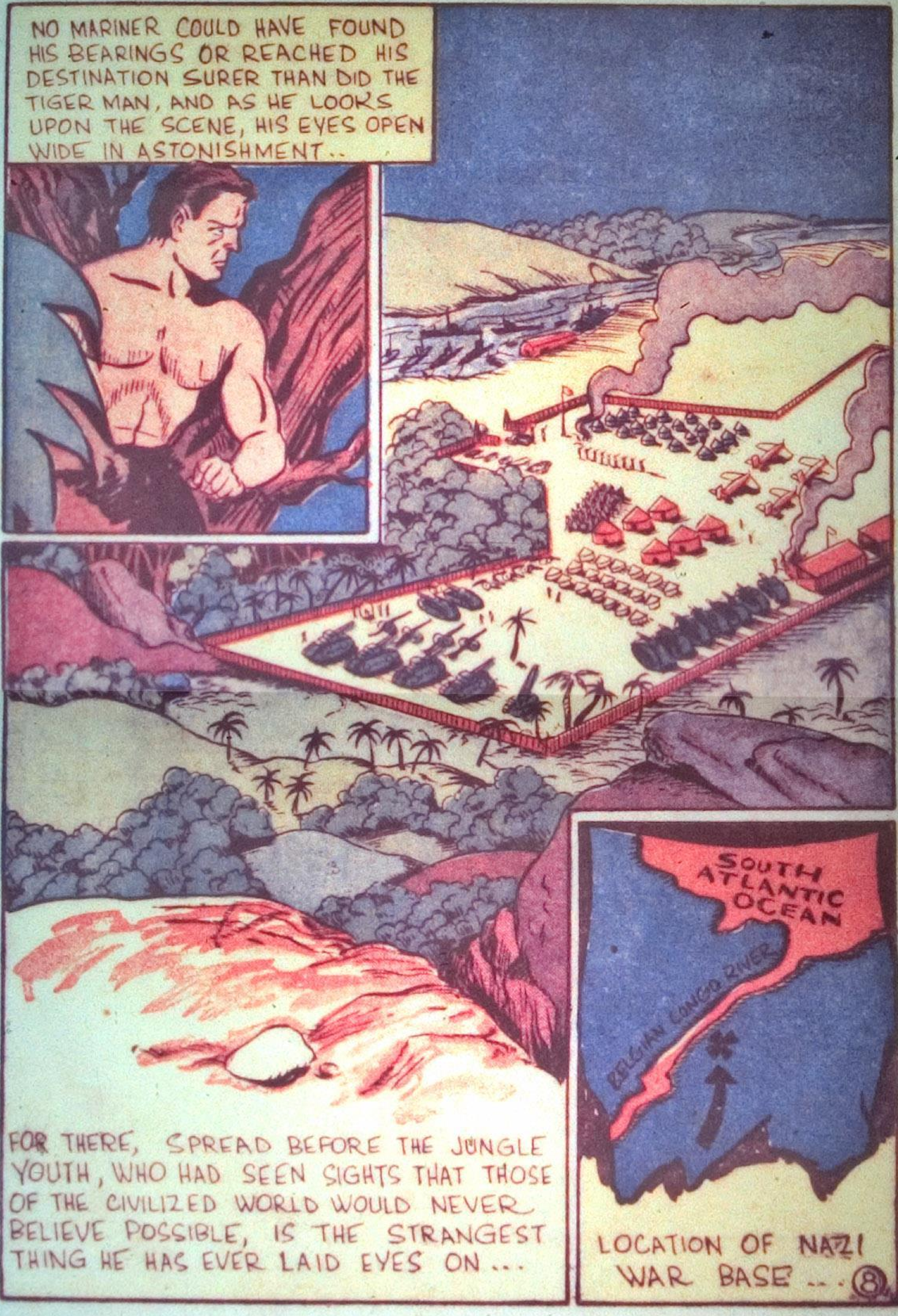

MANY TRAILS AWAY, ANOTHER TRIBE HEARS THE MESSAGE AND SETS MORE DRUMS BOOMING, UNTIL THE BEAT OF THE TOM TOMS IS RELAYED TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE DISTURBANCE
AND EDITH ALTON HEARS THEM TOO AS SHE LIES HUDDLED IN HER PRISON HUT, AND SHE SHUDDERS AT THEIR MENACING INSISTANCE . . .
BUT IF SHE COULD KNOW THAT THEY ARE THE JUNGLE WIRELESS SYSTEM OF TROJAK, WITH WHOM SHE HAD SPENT MANY HAPPY HOURS SHE WOULD BE STRENGTHENED GREATLY...
WHILE OUTSIDE, OTHERS STOP AND LISTEN-FEEL ALSO A TANG OF INEXPLAINABLE FEAR DESPITE THEIR MIGHTY WEAPONS OF WAR
FOR THE WHITE GIRL IS A PRISONER OF A NAZI WAR MACHINE, WHOSE RELENTLESS SYSTEM HAS INTERNED HER SHIP BEFORE IT HAD LONG BEEN OUT TO SEA . .
AND THE VIBRATIONS OF THE DRUMS QUICKLY BRING THIS NEWS BACK TO MIGHTY TROJAK


THE TOM TOMS TELL OF A SHORT ONE SIDED BATTLE ON THE HIGH SEAS!. OF THE SEIZURE OF THE SHIP — OF A BRAVE, BUT FUTILE STAND BY THE UNFORTUNATE CREW AND OF MERCILESS TREATMENT BY THE NAZI BAND


AND TROJAK HEARS AND IS ANGRY.. ANGRY AT THE THOUGHT OF THE WHITE GIRL PRISONER AND ANGRY BECAUSE HIS JUNGLE HOME IS BEING TRANSFORMED INTO A WHITE MAN'S ARSENAL
HE CALLS HIS FAITHFUL TIGER AND MAKES OFF WITH THE SPEED OF BOM, THE LIGHTNING, TOWARD THE SOUND OF THE FURTHEST DRUM..

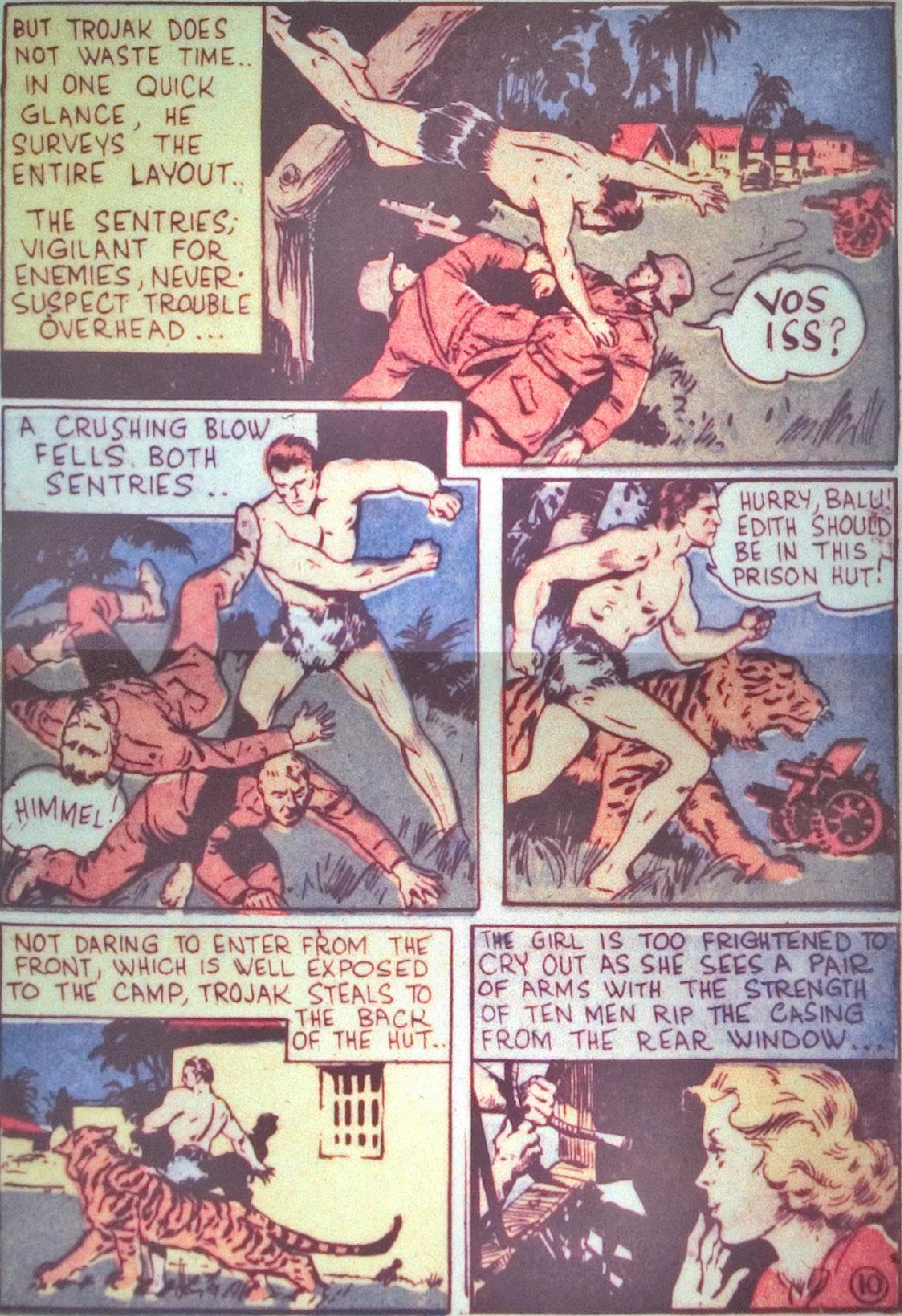

FOR MANY MOONS HE TRAVELS.. HIS ANIMAL FRIENDS ALL KNOW OF HIS MISSION AND SOME FOLLOW HIM BUT ARE SOON LOST BEHIND
FOR TROJAK IS FAR SPEEDIER THAN ANY BEAST OF THE JUNGLE

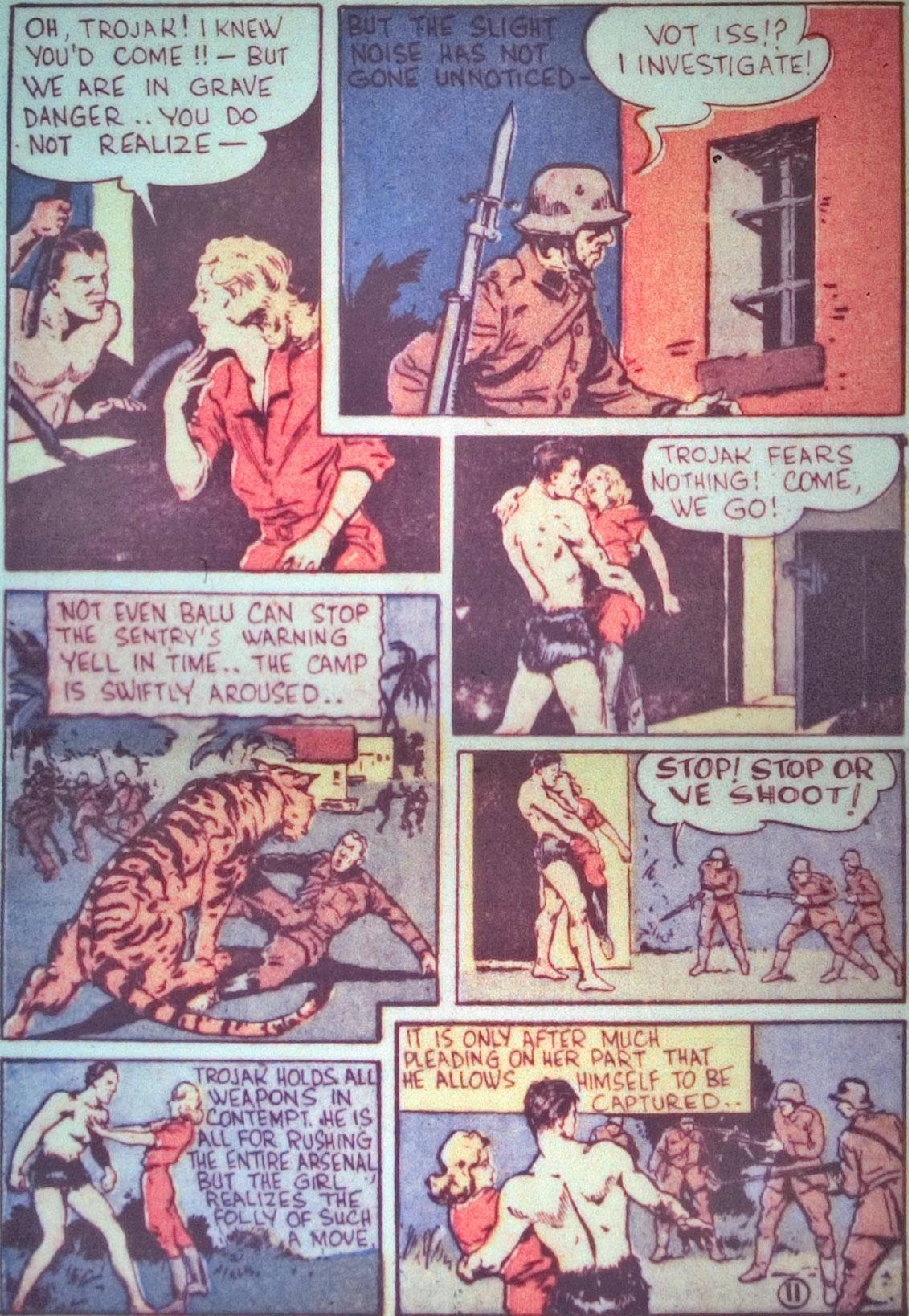
NO MARINER COULD HAVE FOUND HIS BEARINGS OR REACHED HIS DESTINATION SURER THAN DID THE TIGER MAN, AND AS HE LOOKS UPON THE SCENE, HIS EYES OPEN WIDE IN ASTONISHMENT..

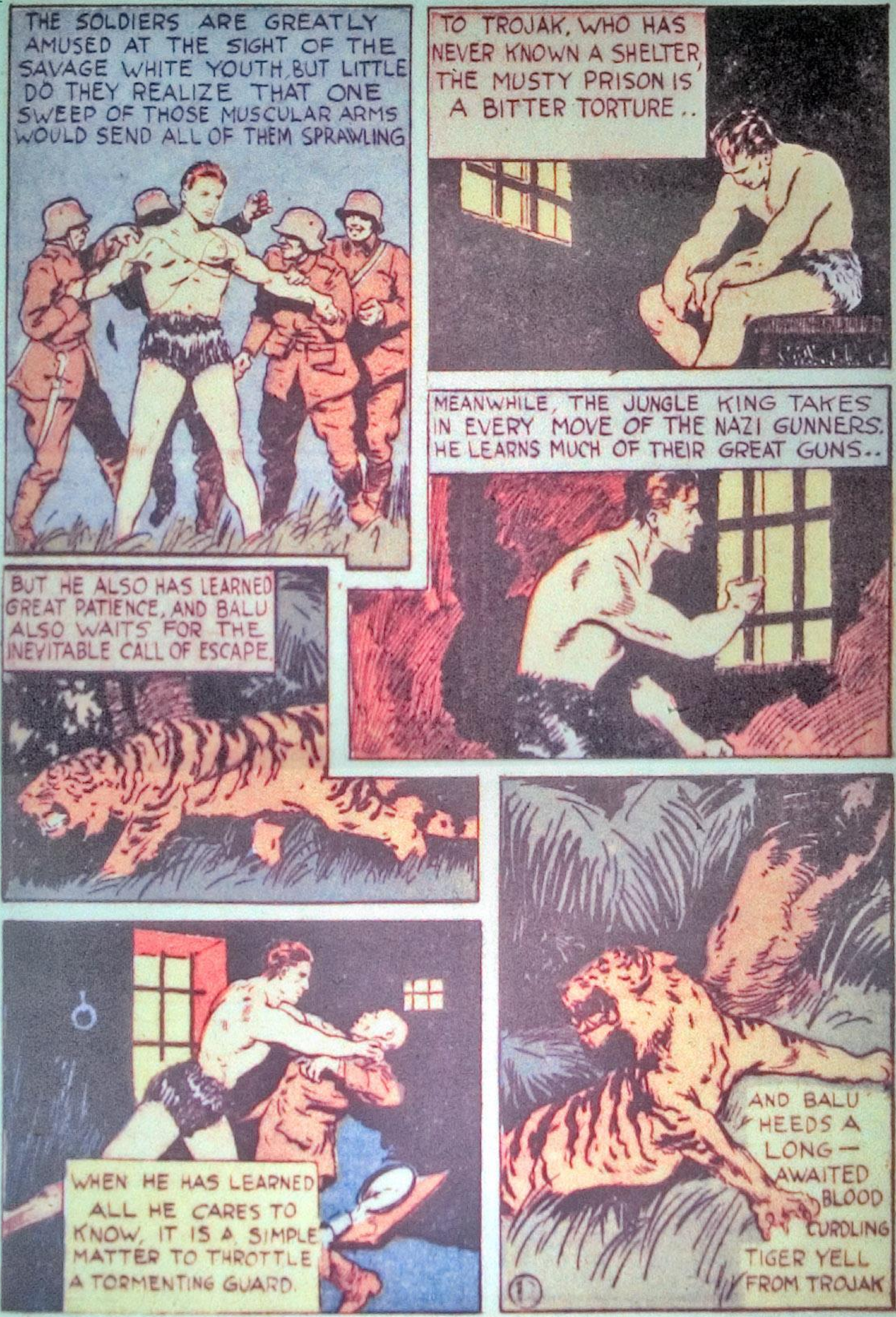

SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
BELGIAN CONGO RIVER

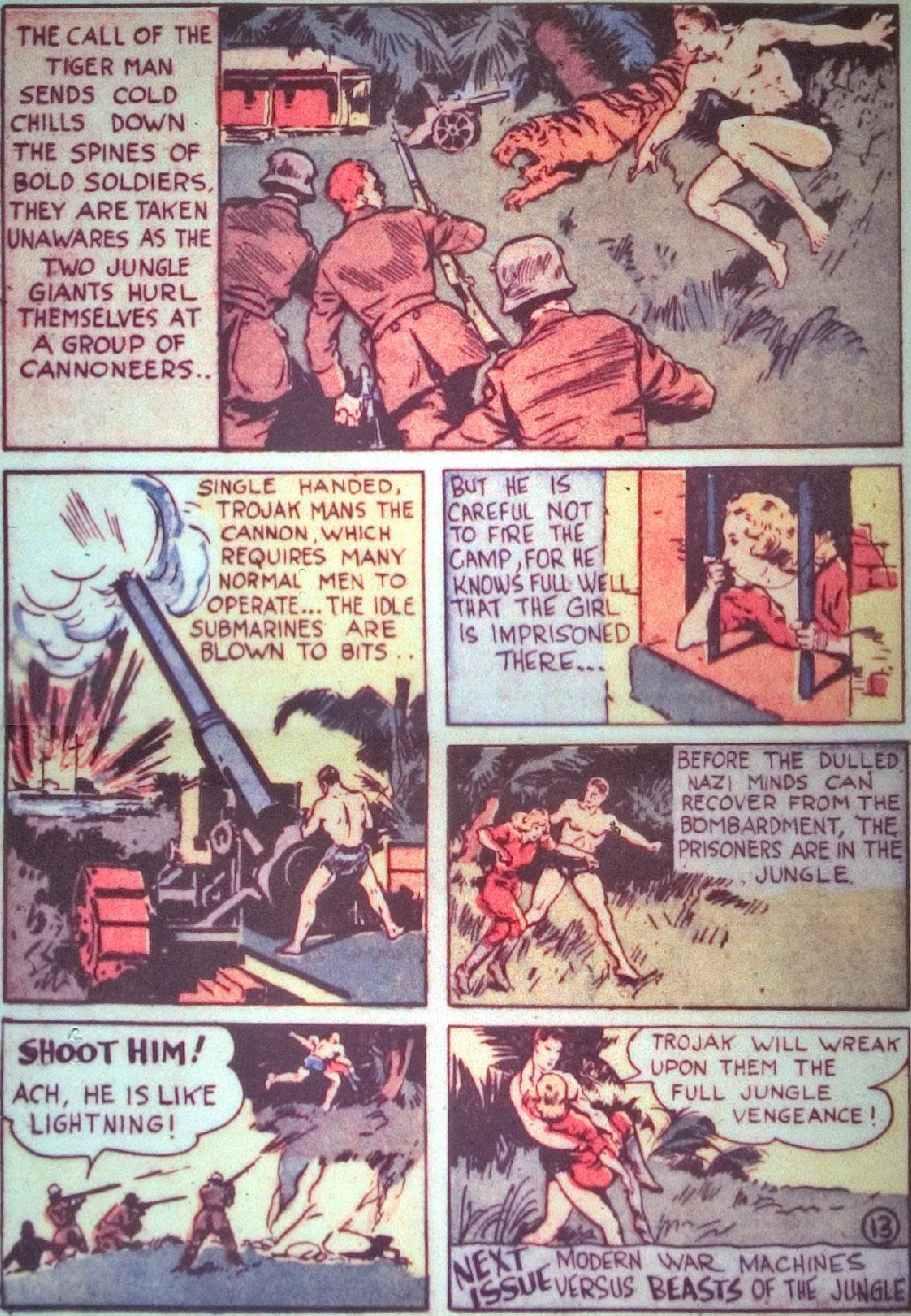
FOR THERE, SPREAD BEFORE THE JUNGLE YOUTH, WHO HAD SEEN SIGHTS THAT THOSE OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD WOULD NEVER BELIEVE POSSIBLE, IS THE STRANGEST THING HE HAS EVER LAID EYES ON...

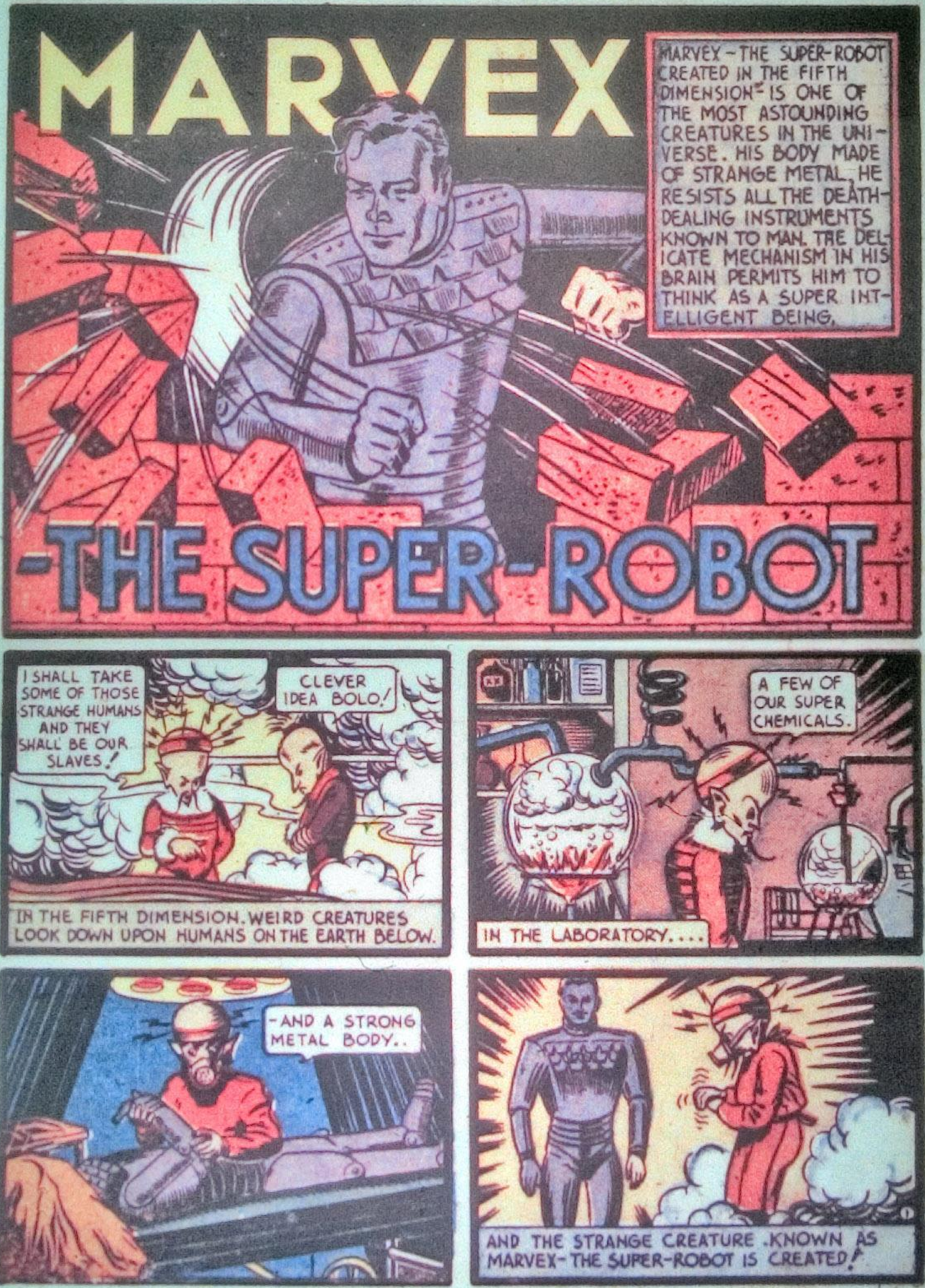
LOCATION OF NAZI WAR BASE...

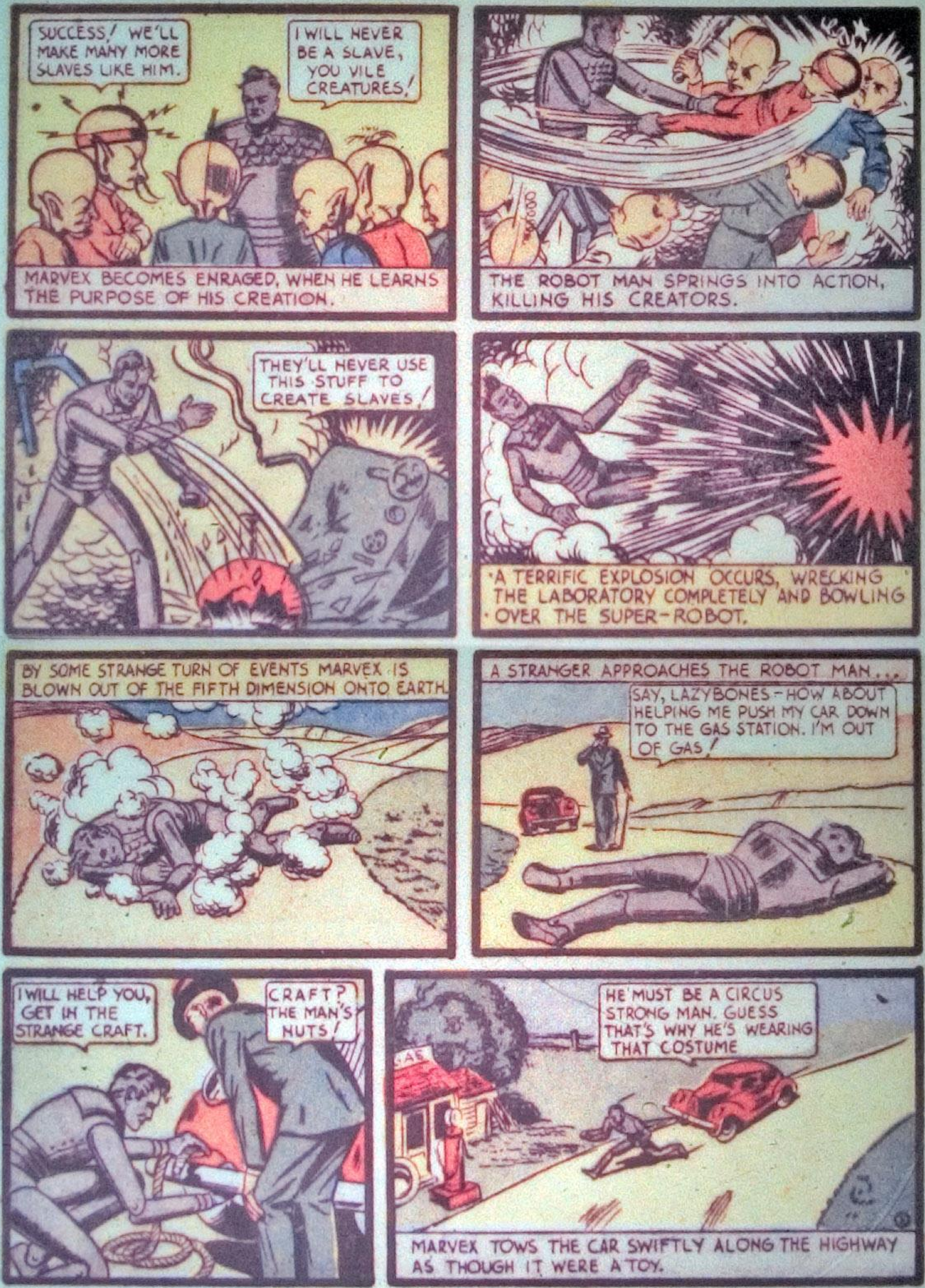

BUT TROJAK DOES NOT WASTE TIME.. IN ONE QUICK GLANCE, HE SURVEYS THE ENTIRE LAYOUT..
THE SENTRIES; VIGILANT FOR ENEMIES, NEVER SUSPECT TROUBLE OVERHEAD...
VOS ISS?
A CRUSHING BLOW FELLS BOTH SENTRIES..
HIMMEL!
HURRY, BALU! EDITH SHOULD BE IN THIS PRISON HUT!
NOT DARING TO ENTER FROM THE FRONT, WHICH IS WELL EXPOSED TO THE CAMP, TROJAK STEALS TO THE BACK OF THE HUT..
THE GIRL IS TOO FRIGHTENED TO CRY OUT AS SHE SEES A PAIR OF ARMS WITH THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN RIP THE CASING FROM THE REAR WINDOW...

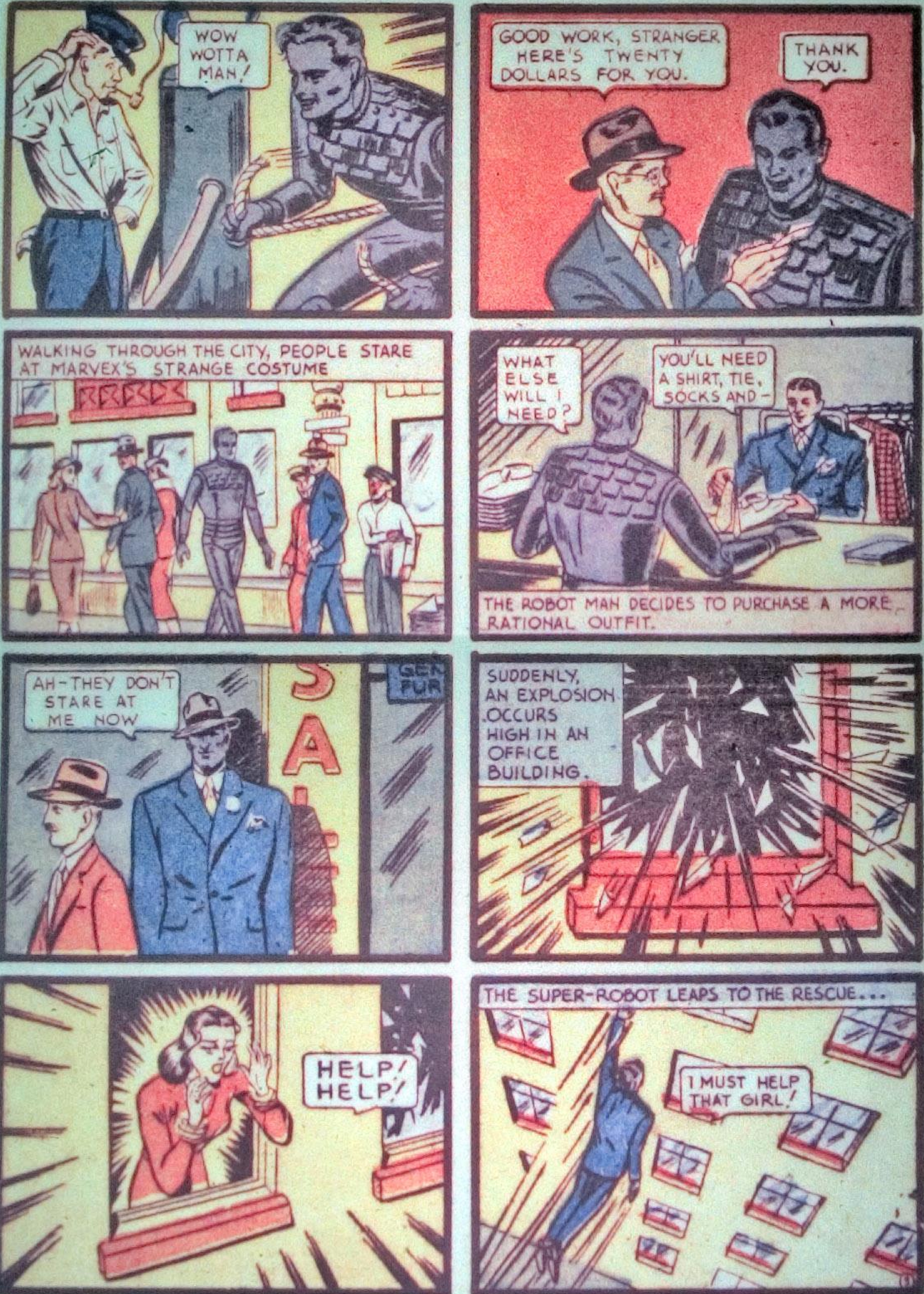

OH, TROJAK! I KNEW YOU'D COME !! — BUT WE ARE IN GRAVE DANGER .. YOU DO NOT REALIZE —
BUT THE SLIGHT NOISE HAS NOT GONE UNNOTICED —
VOT ISS!? I INVESTIGATE!
TROJAK FEARS NOTHING! COME, WE GO!
NOT EVEN BALU CAN STOP THE SENTRY'S WARNING YELL IN TIME .. THE CAMP IS SWIFTLY AROUSED ..
STOP! STOP OR VE SHOOT!
TROJAK HOLDS ALL WEAPONS IN CONTEMPT. HE IS ALL FOR RUSHING THE ENTIRE ARSENAL BUT THE GIRL REALIZES THE FOLLY OF SUCH A MOVE.
IT IS ONLY AFTER MUCH PLEADING ON HER PART THAT HE ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE CAPTURED ..

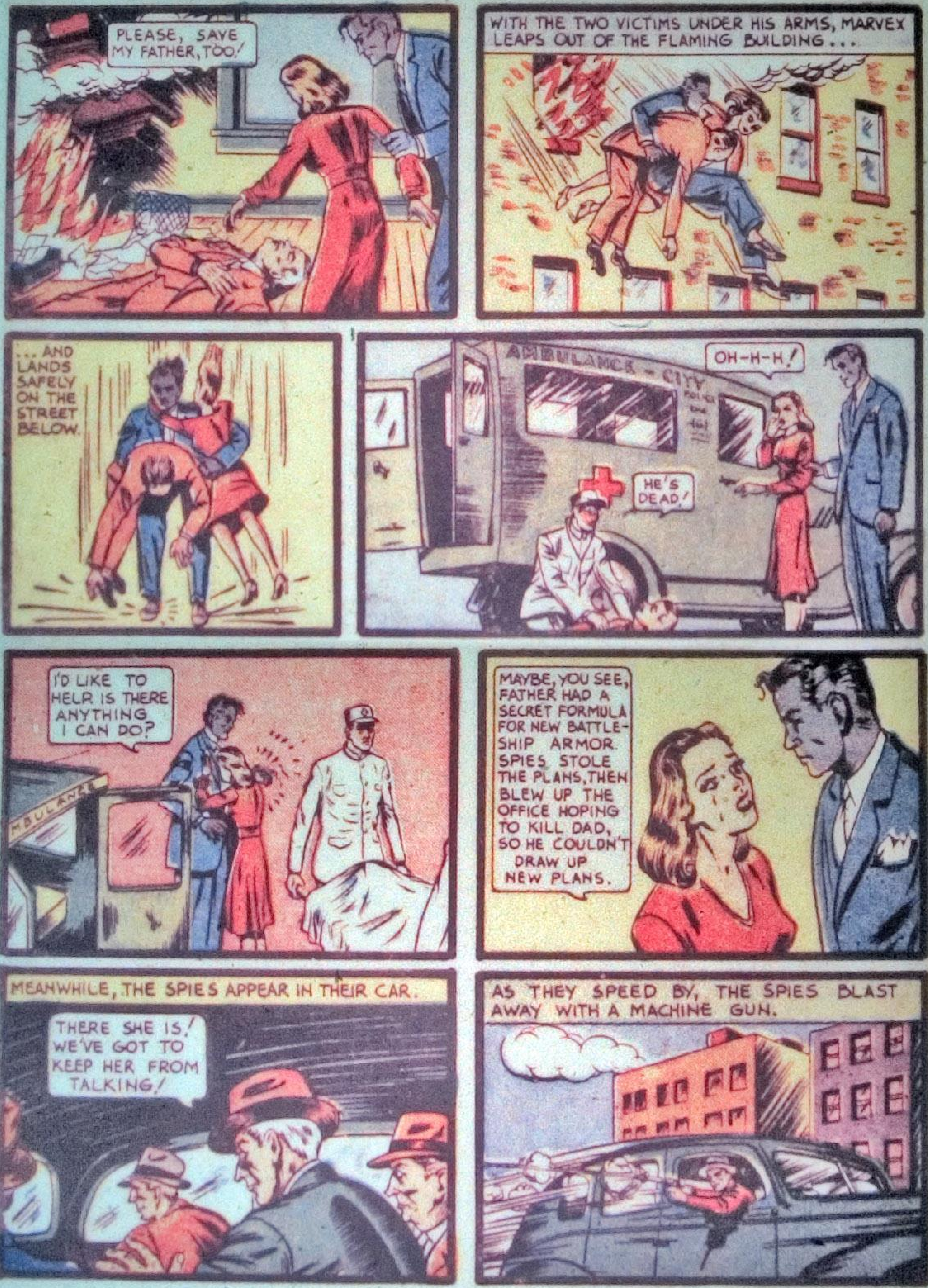

THE SOLDIERS ARE GREATLY AMUSED AT THE SIGHT OF THE SAVAGE WHITE YOUTH, BUT LITTLE DO THEY REALIZE THAT ONE SWEEP OF THOSE MUSCULAR ARMS WOULD SEND ALL OF THEM SPRAWLING
TO TROJAK, WHO HAS NEVER KNOWN A SHELTER, THE MUSTY PRISON IS A BITTER TORTURE..
MEANWHILE, THE JUNGLE KING TAKES IN EVERY MOVE OF THE NAZI GUNNERS. HE LEARNS MUCH OF THEIR GREAT GUNS..
BUT HE ALSO HAS LEARNED GREAT PATIENCE, AND BALU ALSO WAITS FOR THE INEVITABLE CALL OF ESCAPE.
WHEN HE HAS LEARNED ALL HE CARES TO KNOW, IT IS A SIMPLE MATTER TO THROTTLE A TORMENTING GUARD.
AND BALU HEEDS A LONG—AWAITED BLOOD CURDLING TIGER YELL FROM TROJAK

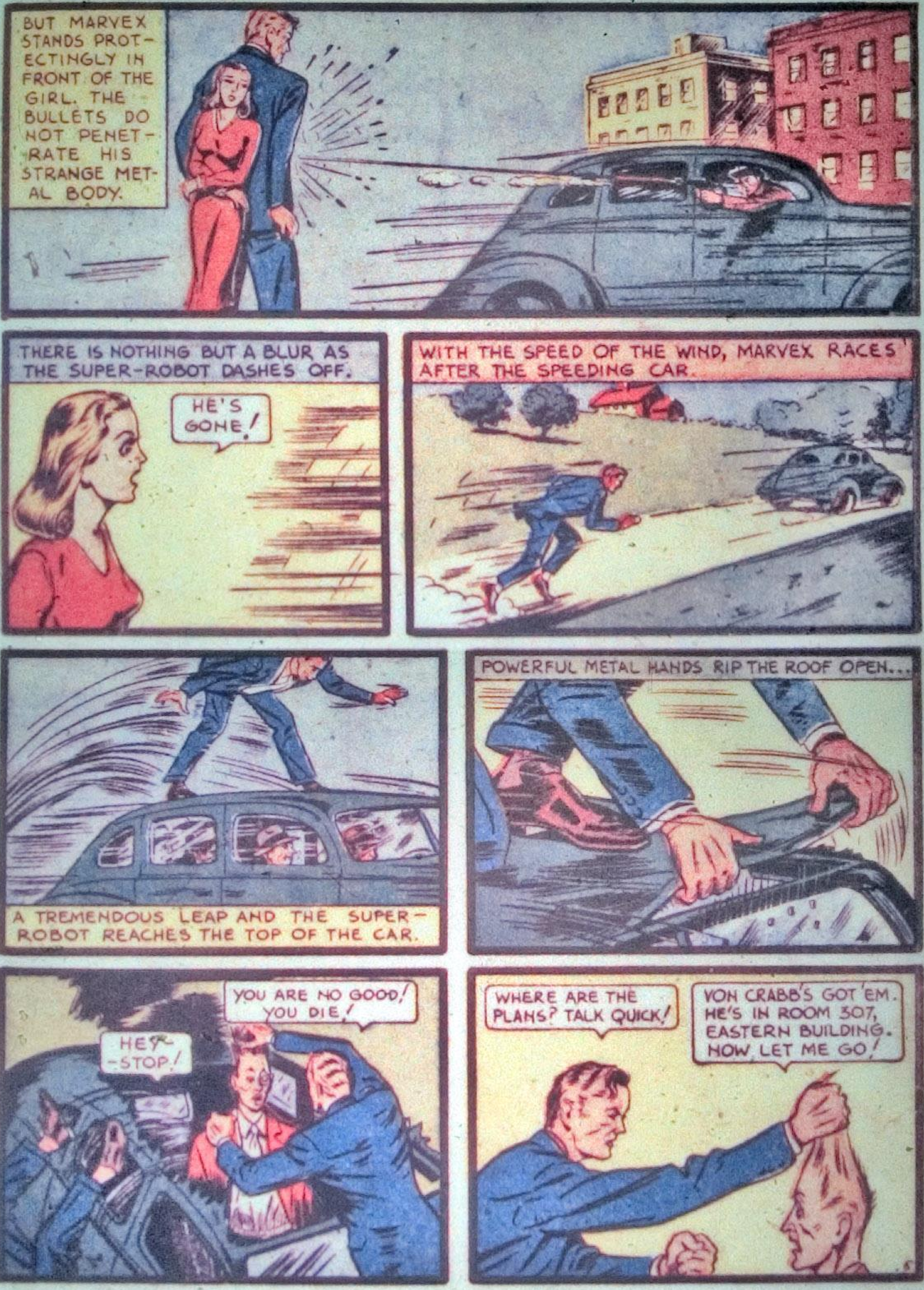

THE CALL OF THE TIGER MAN SENDS COLD CHILLS DOWN THE SPINES OF BOLD SOLDIERS. THEY ARE TAKEN UNAWARES AS THE TWO JUNGLE GIANTS HURL THEMSELVES AT A GROUP OF CANNONEERS..
SINGLE HANDED, TROJAK MANS THE CANNON, WHICH REQUIRES MANY NORMAL MEN TO OPERATE... THE IDLE SUBMARINES ARE BLOWN TO BITS..
BUT HE IS CAREFUL NOT TO FIRE THE CAMP, FOR HE KNOWS FULL WELL THAT THE GIRL IS IMPRISONED THERE...
BEFORE THE DULLED NAZI MINDS CAN RECOVER FROM THE BOMBARDMENT, THE PRISONERS ARE IN THE JUNGLE.
SHOOT HIM!
ACH, HE IS LIKE LIGHTNING!
TROJAK WILL WREAK UPON THEM THE FULL JUNGLE VENGEANCE!
NEXT ISSUE MODERN WAR MACHINES VERSUS BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE

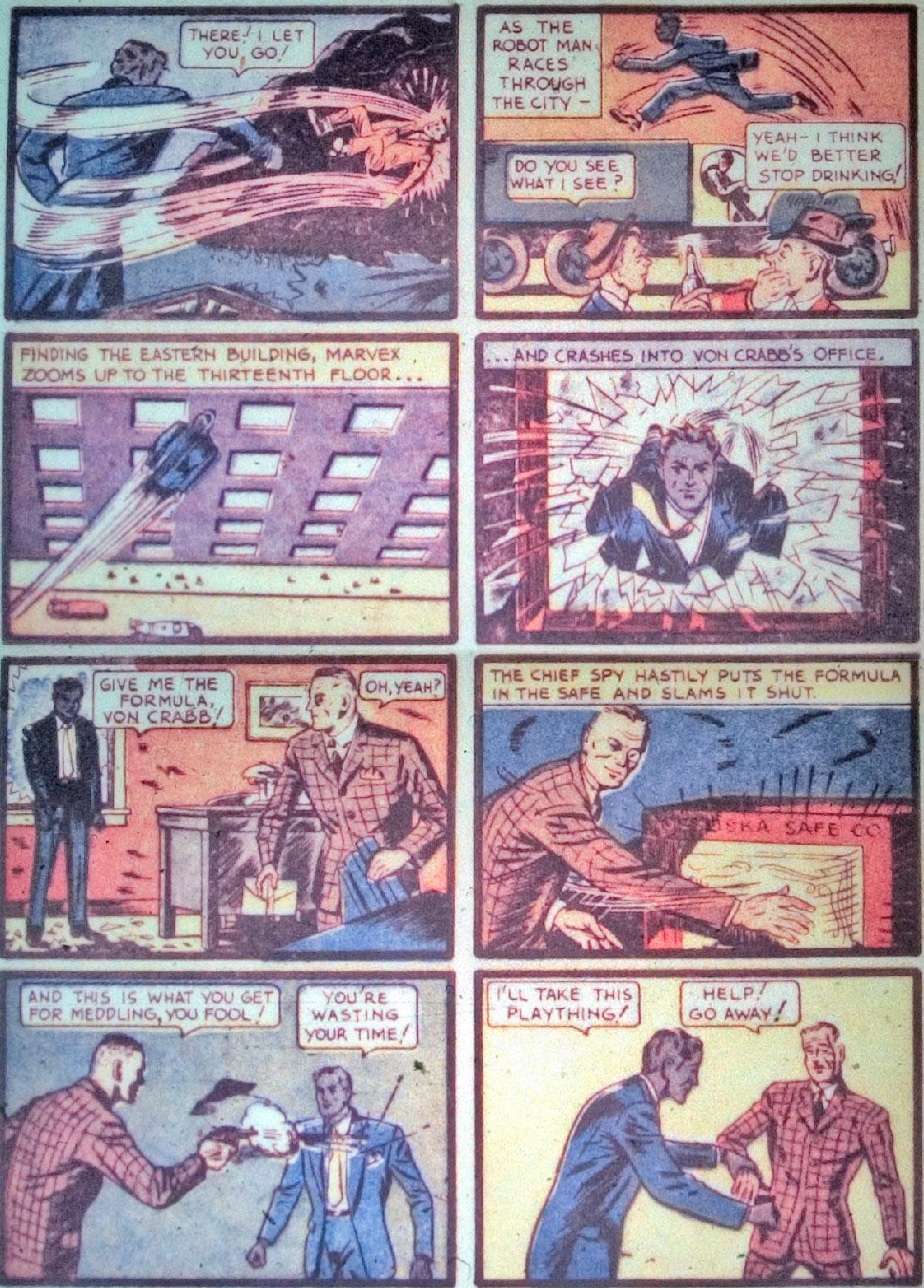

MARVEX
MARVEX - THE SUPER-ROBOT CREATED IN THE FIFTH DIMENSION - IS ONE OF THE MOST ASTOUNDING CREATURES IN THE UNIVERSE. HIS BODY MADE OF STRANGE METAL, HE RESISTS ALL THE DEATH-DEALING INSTRUMENTS KNOWN TO MAN. THE DELICATE MECHANISM IN HIS BRAIN PERMITS HIM TO THINK AS A SUPER INTELLIGENT BEING.
-THE SUPER-ROBOT
I SHALL TAKE SOME OF THOSE STRANGE HUMANS AND THEY SHALL BE OUR SLAVES!
CLEVER IDEA BOLO!
IN THE FIFTH DIMENSION, WEIRD CREATURES LOOK DOWN UPON HUMANS ON THE EARTH BELOW.
A FEW OF OUR SUPER CHEMICALS.
IN THE LABORATORY....
-AND A STRONG METAL BODY..
AND THE STRANGE CREATURE, KNOWN AS MARVEX - THE SUPER-ROBOT IS CREATED!

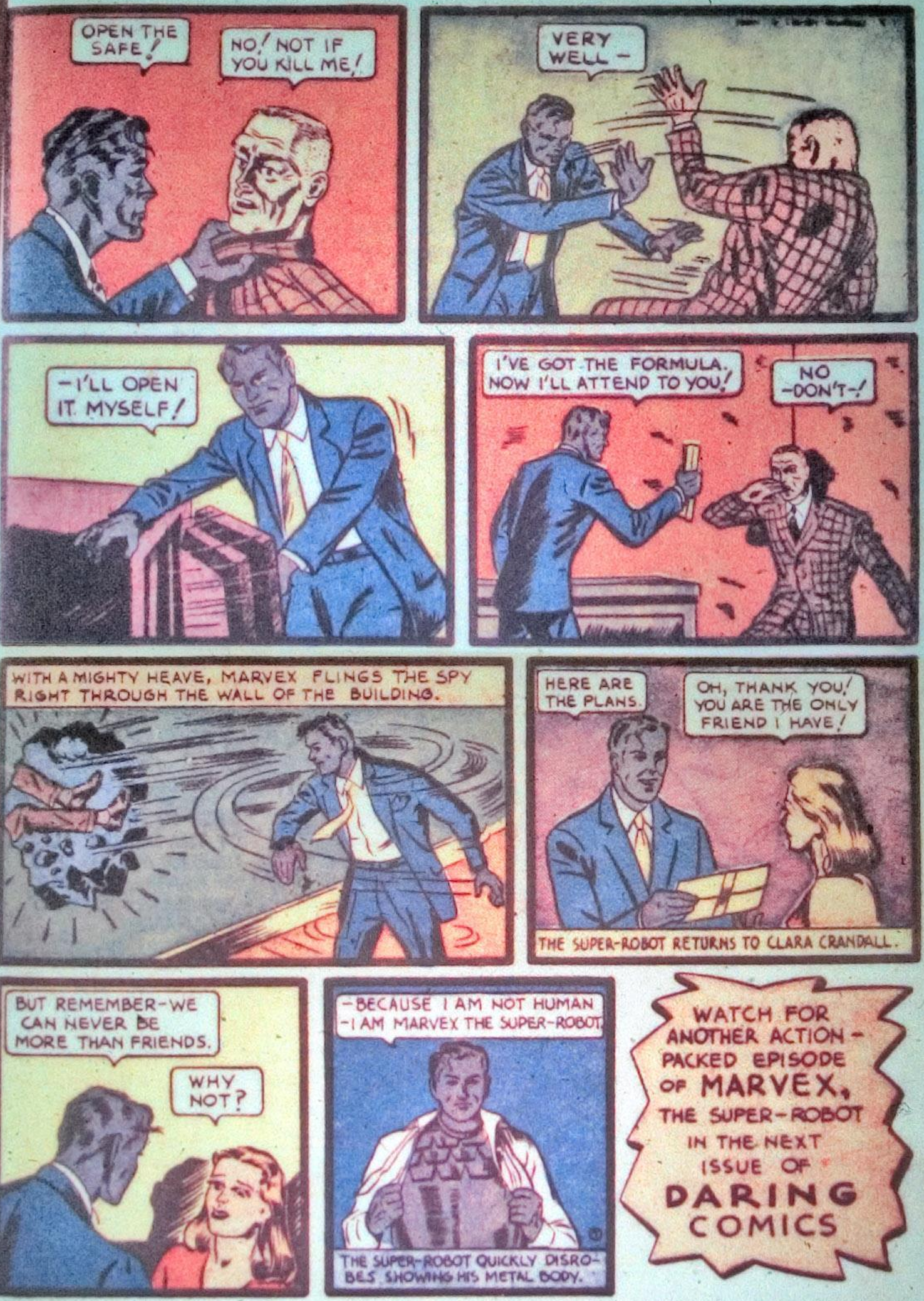

SUCCESS! WE'LL MAKE MANY MORE SLAVES LIKE HIM.
I WILL NEVER BE A SLAVE, YOU VILE CREATURES!
MARVEX BECOMES ENRAGED, WHEN HE LEARNS THE PURPOSE OF HIS CREATION.
THE ROBOT MAN SPRINGS INTO ACTION, KILLING HIS CREATORS.
THEY'LL NEVER USE THIS STUFF TO CREATE SLAVES!
A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OCCURS, WRECKING THE LABORATORY COMPLETELY AND BOWLING OVER THE SUPER-ROBOT.
BY SOME STRANGE TURN OF EVENTS MARVEX IS BLOWN OUT OF THE FIFTH DIMENSION ONTO EARTH.
A STRANGER APPROACHES THE ROBOT MAN...
SAY, LAZYBONES - HOW ABOUT HELPING ME PUSH MY CAR DOWN TO THE GAS STATION. I'M OUT OF GAS!
I WILL HELP YOU, GET IN THE STRANGE CRAFT.
CRAFT? THE MAN'S NUTS!
HE MUST BE A CIRCUS STRONG MAN. GUESS THAT'S WHY HE'S WEARING THAT COSTUME
GAS
MARVEX TOWS THE CAR SWIFTLY ALONG THE HIGHWAY AS THOUGH IT WERE A TOY.


WOW WOTTA MAN!
GOOD WORK, STRANGER HERE'S TWENTY DOLLARS FOR YOU.
THANK YOU.
WALKING THROUGH THE CITY, PEOPLE STARE AT MARVEX'S STRANGE COSTUME
WHAT ELSE WILL I NEED?
YOU'LL NEED A SHIRT, TIE, SOCKS AND -
THE ROBOT MAN DECIDES TO PURCHASE A MORE RATIONAL OUTFIT.
AH-THEY DON'T STARE AT ME NOW
GEN FUR
SA
SUDDENLY, AN EXPLOSION OCCURS HIGH IN AN OFFICE BUILDING.
HELP! HELP!
THE SUPER-ROBOT LEAPS TO THE RESCUE...
I MUST HELP THAT GIRL!

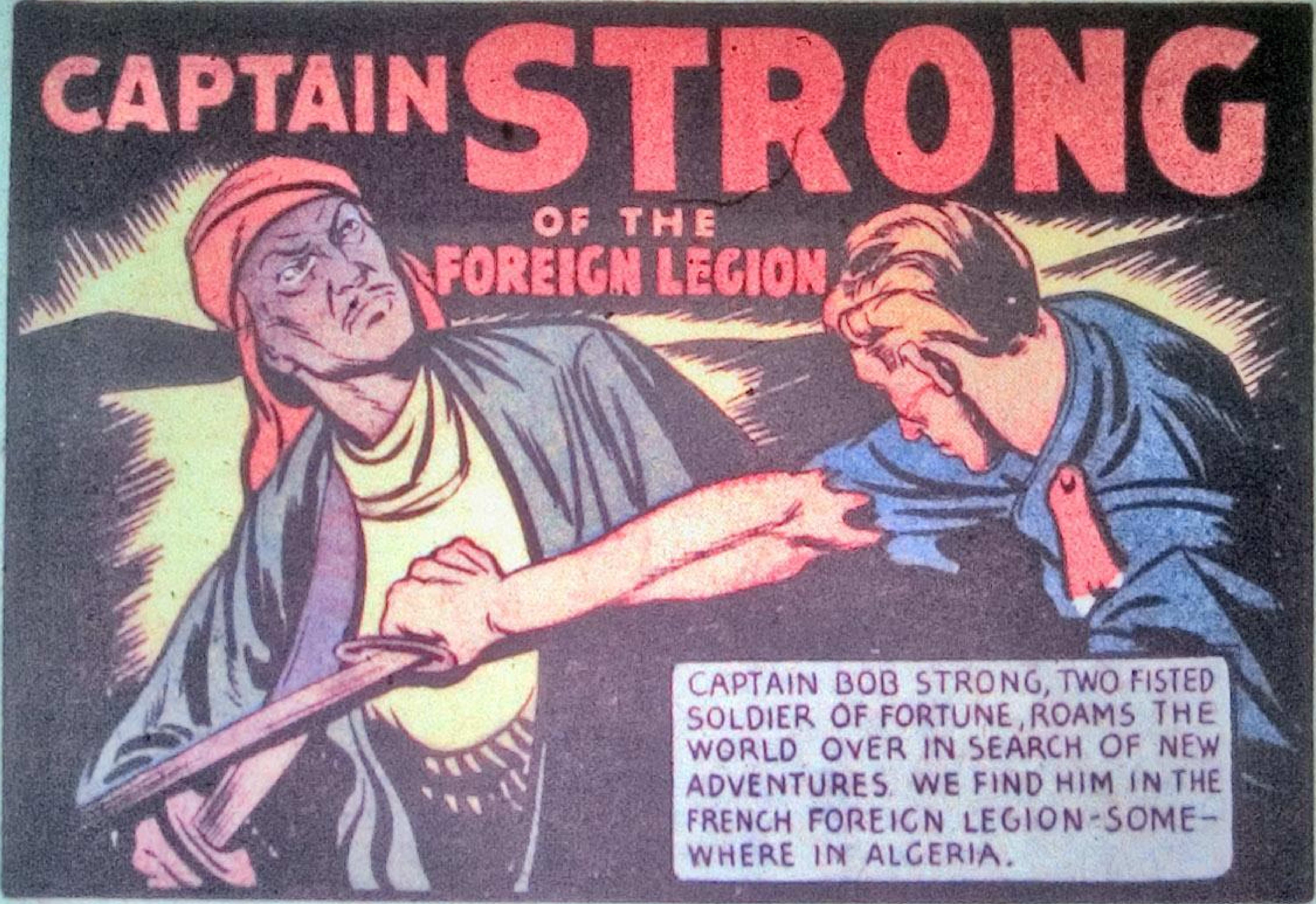

PLEASE, SAVE MY FATHER, TOO!
WITH THE TWO VICTIMS UNDER HIS ARMS, MARVEX LEAPS OUT OF THE FLAMING BUILDING...
...AND LANDS SAFELY ON THE STREET BELOW.
AMBULANCE - CITY
OH-H-H!
HE'S DEAD!
I'D LIKE TO HELP. IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO?
AMBULANCE
MAYBE, YOU SEE, FATHER HAD A SECRET FORMULA FOR NEW BATTLESHIP ARMOR. SPIES STOLE THE PLANS, THEN BLEW UP THE OFFICE HOPING TO KILL DAD, SO HE COULDN'T DRAW UP NEW PLANS.
MEANWHILE, THE SPIES APPEAR IN THEIR CAR.
THERE SHE IS! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP HER FROM TALKING!
AS THEY SPEED BY, THE SPIES BLAST AWAY WITH A MACHINE GUN.

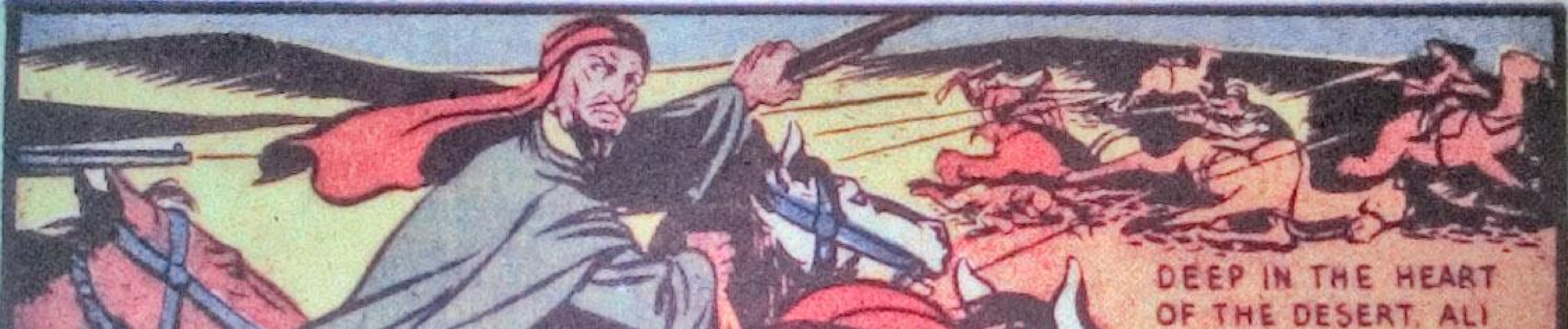

BUT MARVEX STANDS PROTECTINGLY IN FRONT OF THE GIRL. THE BULLETS DO NOT PENETRATE HIS STRANGE METAL BODY.
THERE IS NOTHING BUT A BLUR AS THE SUPER-ROBOT DASHES OFF.
HE'S GONE!
WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND, MARVEX RACES AFTER THE SPEEDING CAR.
A TREMENDOUS LEAP AND THE SUPER-ROBOT REACHES THE TOP OF THE CAR.
POWERFUL METAL HANDS RIP THE ROOF OPEN...
YOU ARE NO GOOD! YOU DIE!
HEY -STOP!
WHERE ARE THE PLANS? TALK QUICK!
VON CRABB'S GOT 'EM. HE'S IN ROOM 307, EASTERN BUILDING. NOW LET ME GO!

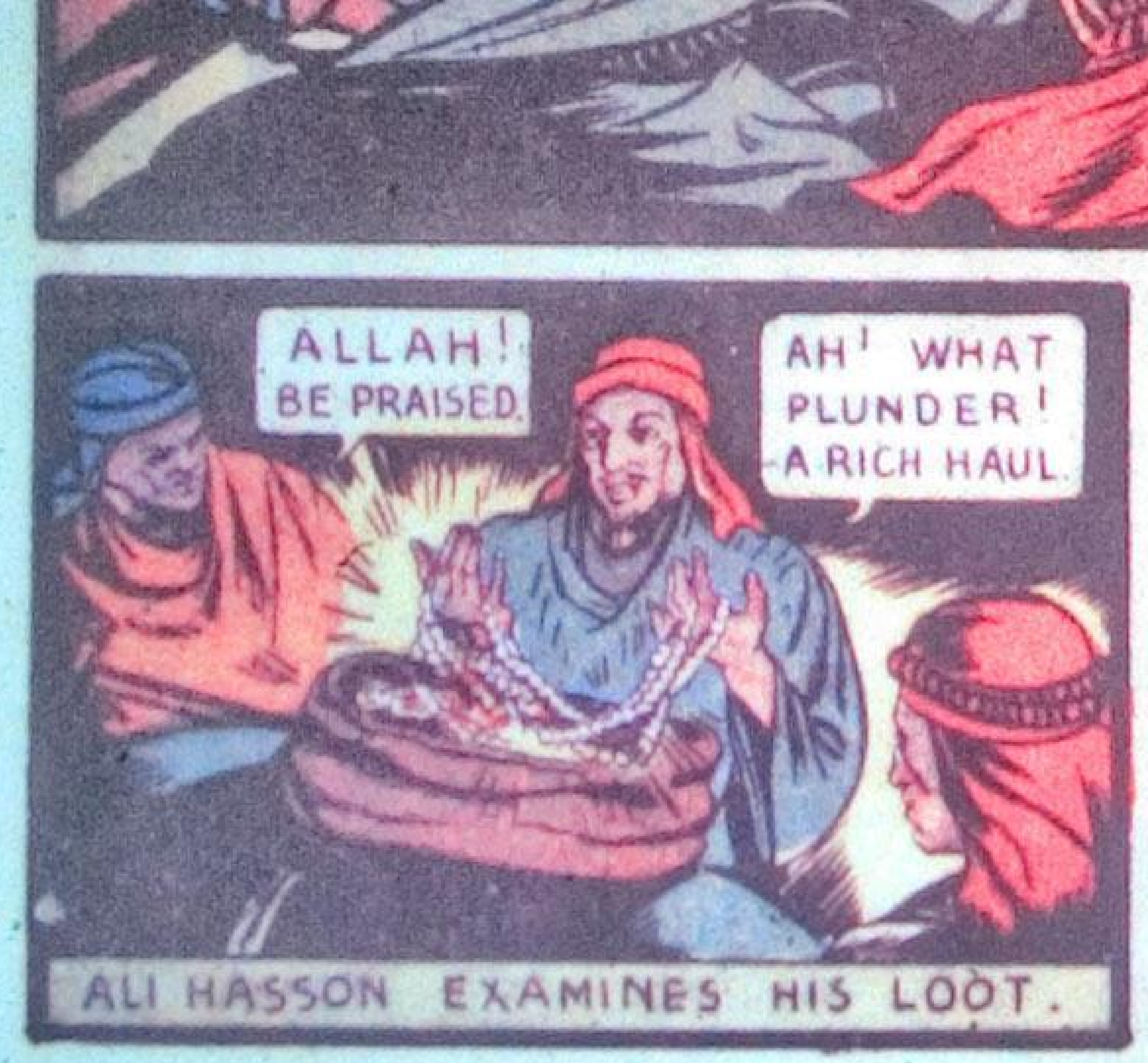

THERE! I LET YOU GO!
AS THE ROBOT MAN RACES THROUGH THE CITY –
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
YEAH – I THINK WE'D BETTER STOP DRINKING!
FINDING THE EASTERN BUILDING, MARVEX ZOOMS UP TO THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR...
...AND CRASHES INTO VON CRABB'S OFFICE.
GIVE ME THE FORMULA, VON CRABB!
OH, YEAH?
THE CHIEF SPY HASTILY PUTS THE FORMULA IN THE SAFE AND SLAMS IT SHUT.
SKA SAFE CO.
AND THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR MEDDLING, YOU FOOL!
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME!
I'LL TAKE THIS PLAYTHING!
HELP! GO AWAY!

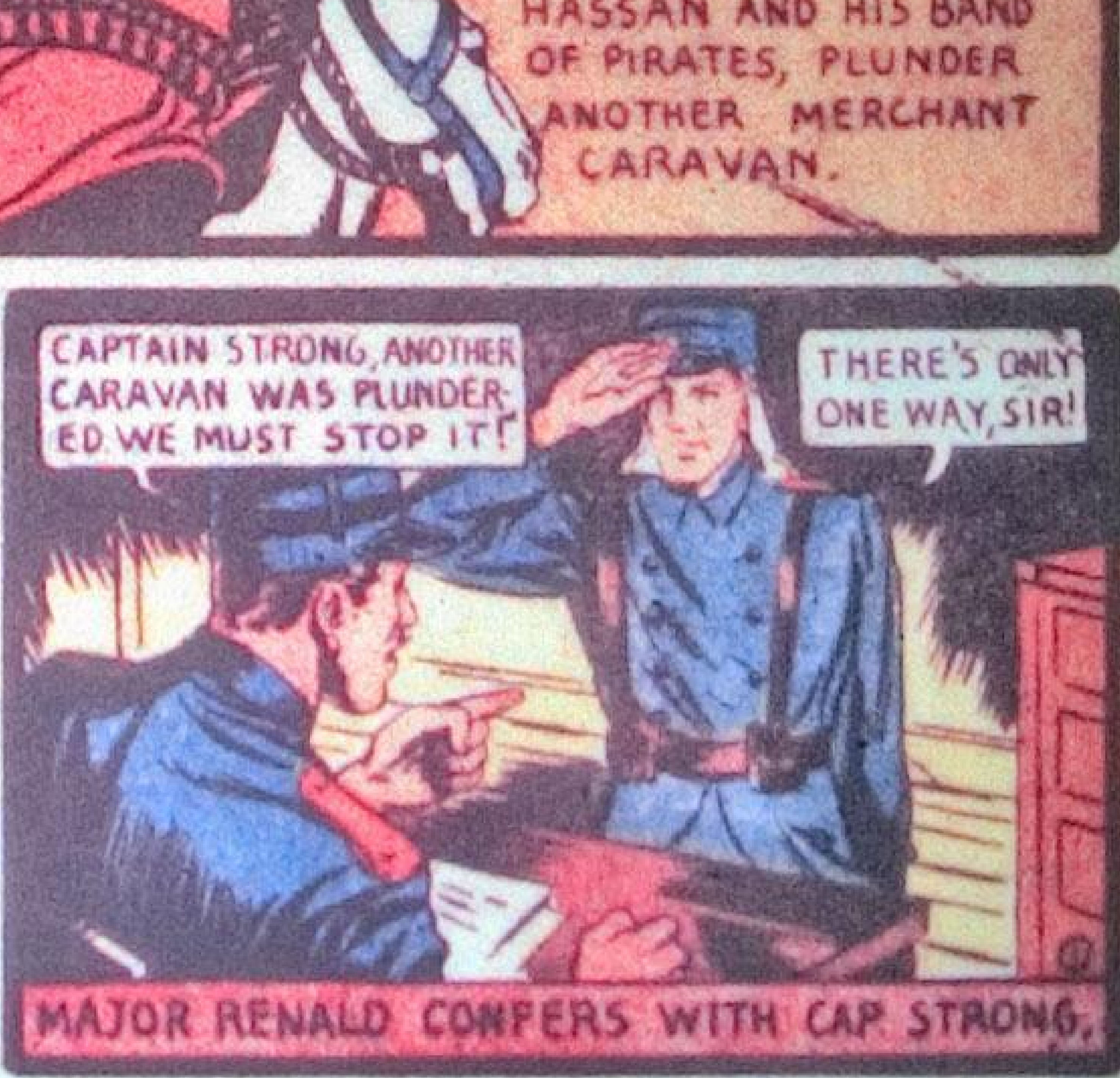

OPEN THE SAFE!
NO! NOT IF YOU KILL ME!
VERY WELL -
-I'LL OPEN IT MYSELF!
I'VE GOT THE FORMULA. NOW I'LL ATTEND TO YOU!
NO -DON'T-!
WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, MARVEX FLINGS THE SPY RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL OF THE BUILDING.
HERE ARE THE PLANS.
OH, THANK YOU! YOU ARE THE ONLY FRIEND I HAVE!
THE SUPER-ROBOT RETURNS TO CLARA CRANDALL.
BUT REMEMBER-WE CAN NEVER BE MORE THAN FRIENDS.
WHY NOT?
-BECAUSE I AM NOT HUMAN -I AM MARVEX THE SUPER-ROBOT.
THE SUPER-ROBOT QUICKLY DISROBES SHOWING HIS METAL BODY.
WATCH FOR ANOTHER ACTION-PACKED EPISODE OF MARVEX, THE SUPER-ROBOT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF DARING COMICS

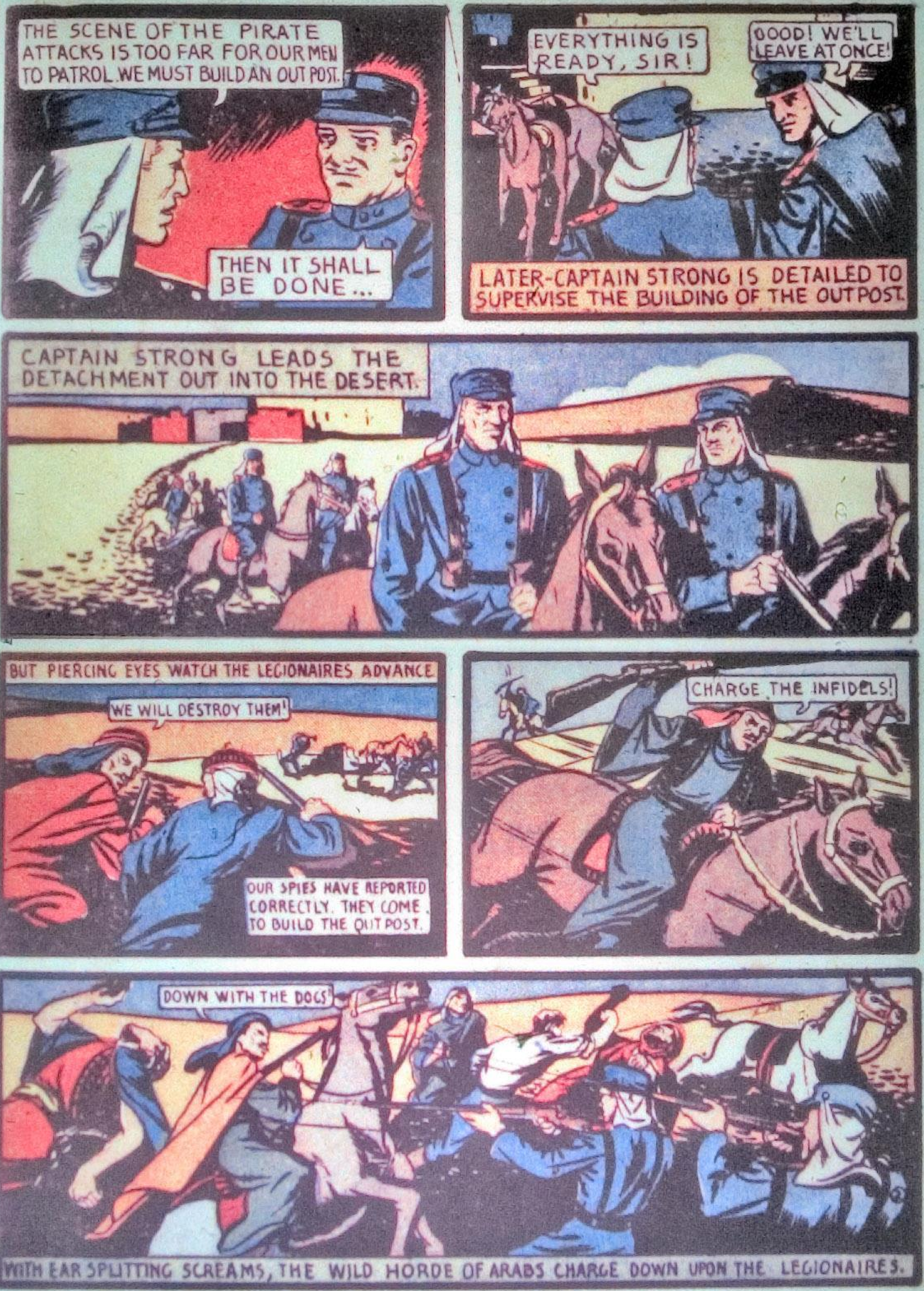
CAPTAIN STRONG OF THE FOREIGN LEGION

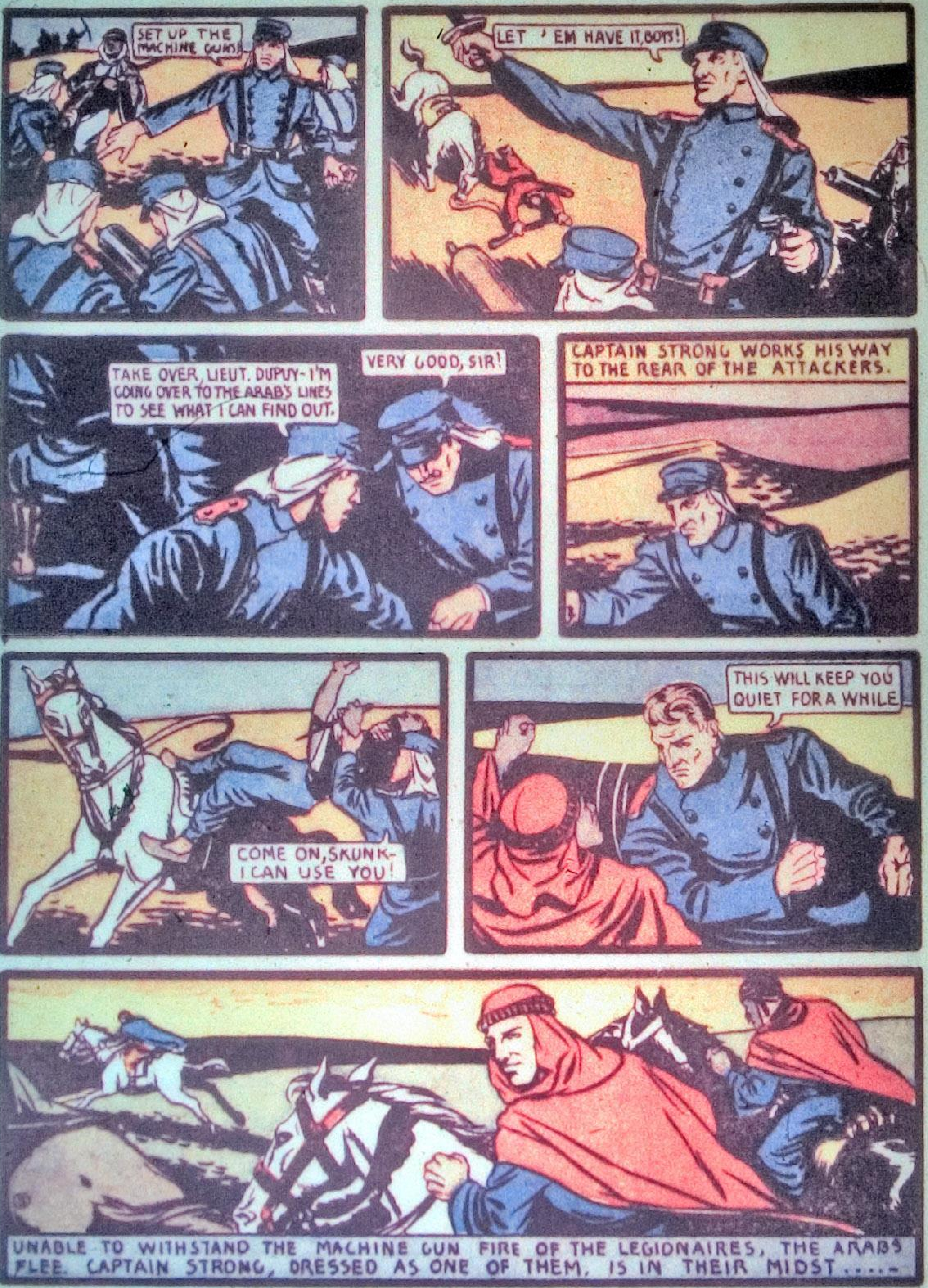

CAPTAIN STRONG
OF THE FOREIGN LEGION
CAPTAIN BOB STRONG, TWO FISTED SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, ROAMS THE WORLD OVER IN SEARCH OF NEW ADVENTURES. WE FIND HIM IN THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION-SOMEWHERE IN ALGERIA.

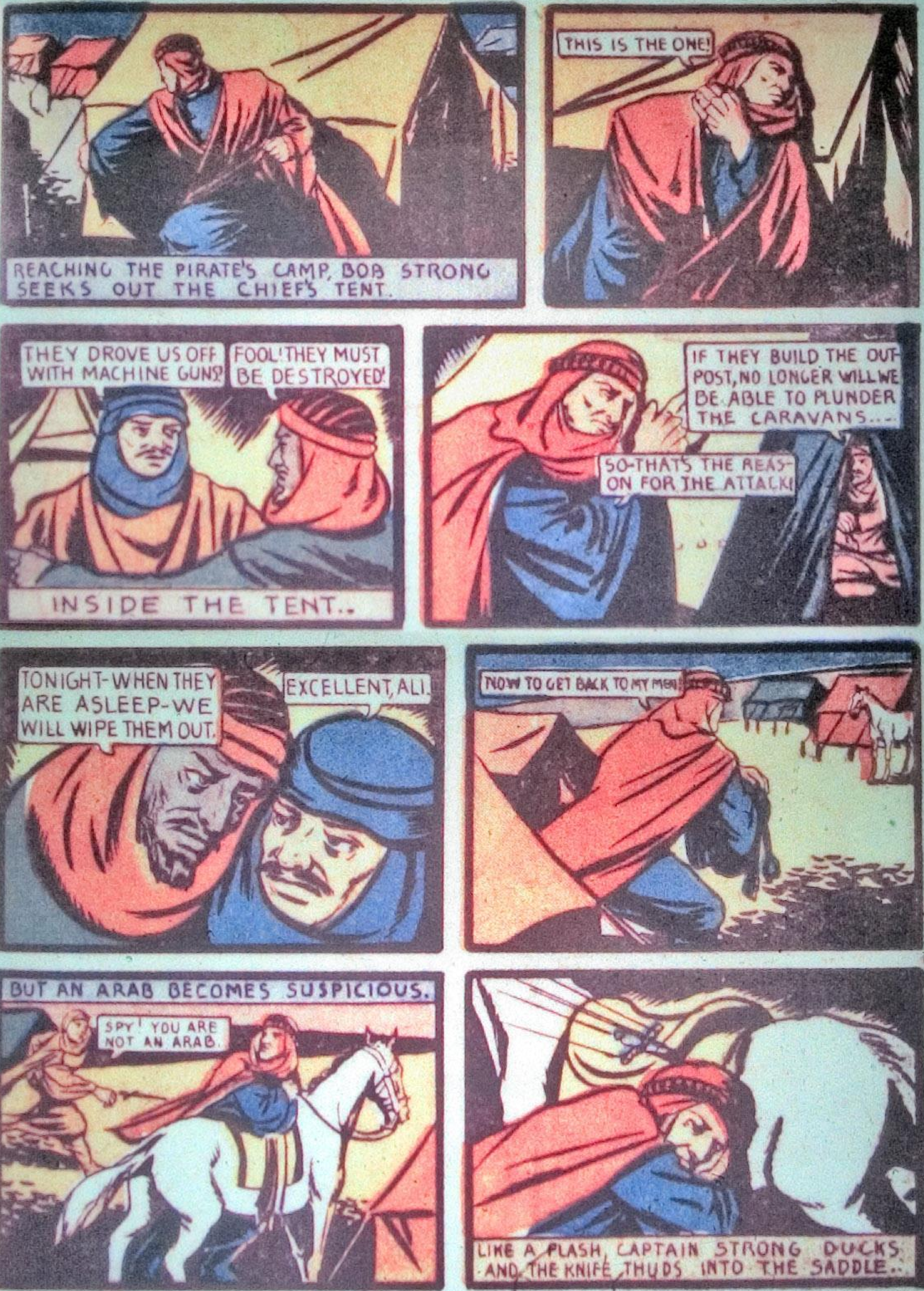

DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE DESERT. ALI HASSAN AND HIS BAND OF PIRATES, PLUNDER ANOTHER MERCHANT CARAVAN.

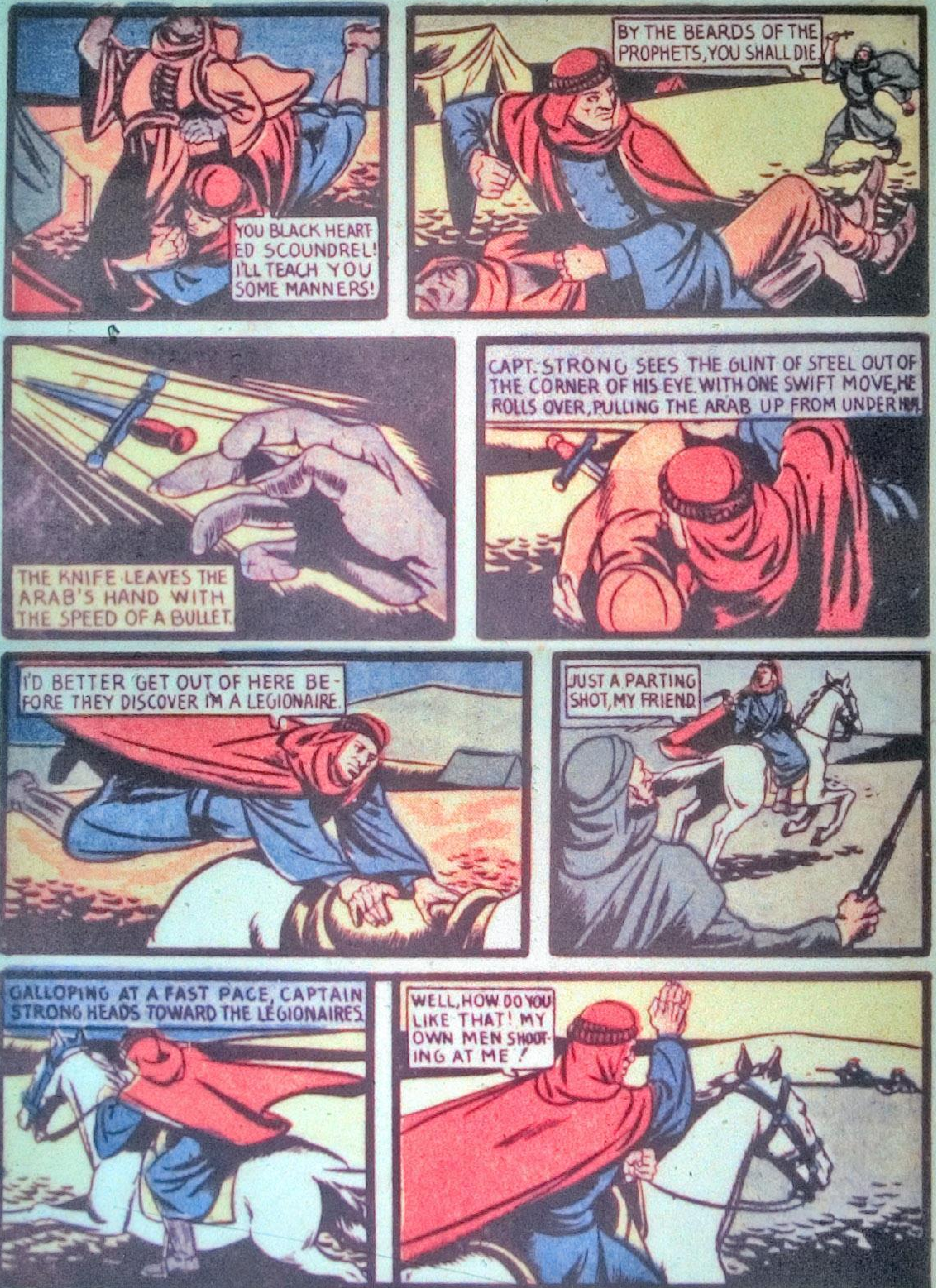

ALLAH! BE PRAISED.
AH! WHAT PLUNDER! A RICH HAUL.
ALI HASSON EXAMINES HIS LOOT.

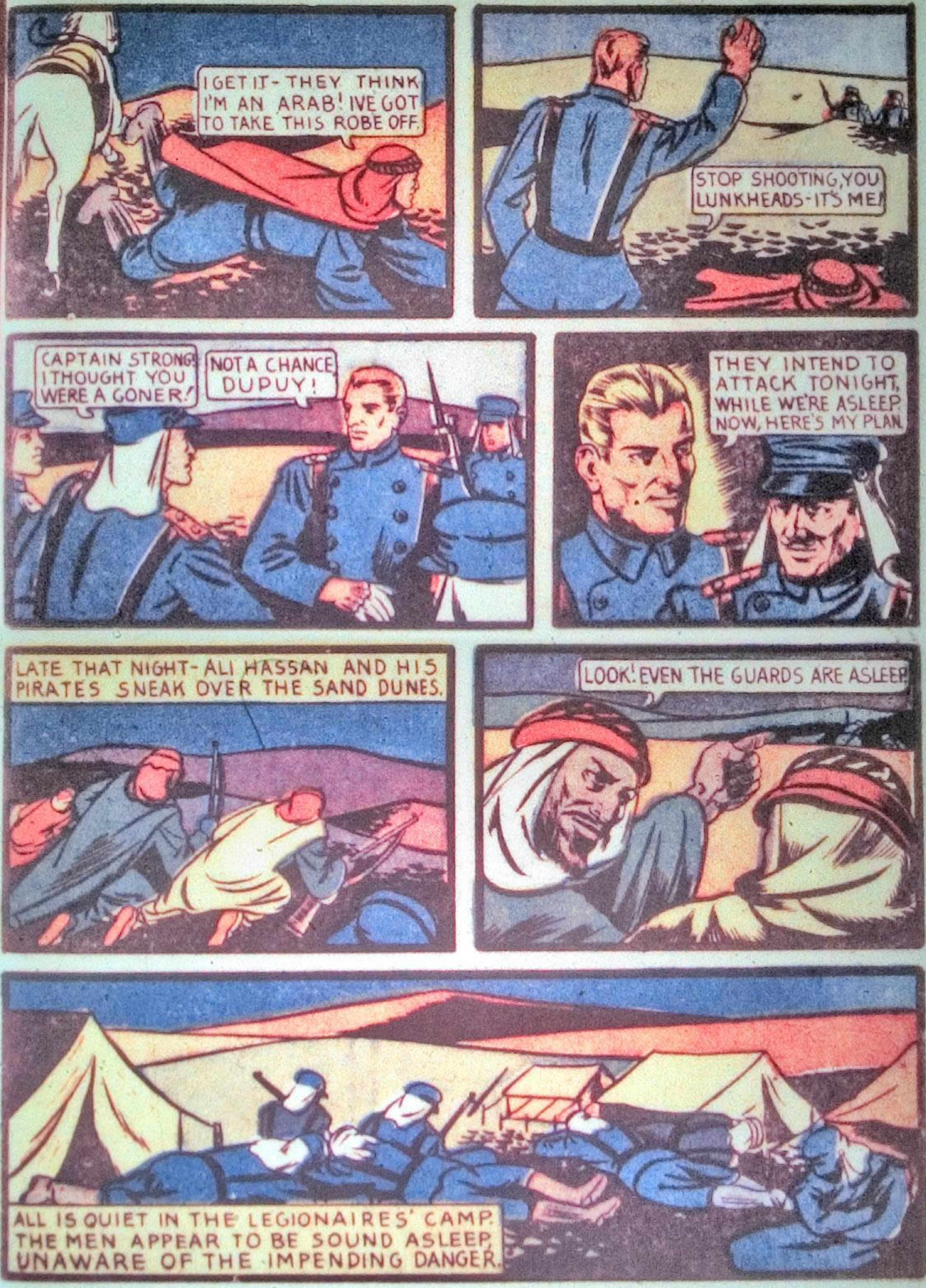

CAPTAIN STRONG, ANOTHER CARAVAN WAS PLUNDERED. WE MUST STOP IT!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY, SIR!
MAJOR RENALD CONFERS WITH CAP STRONG.

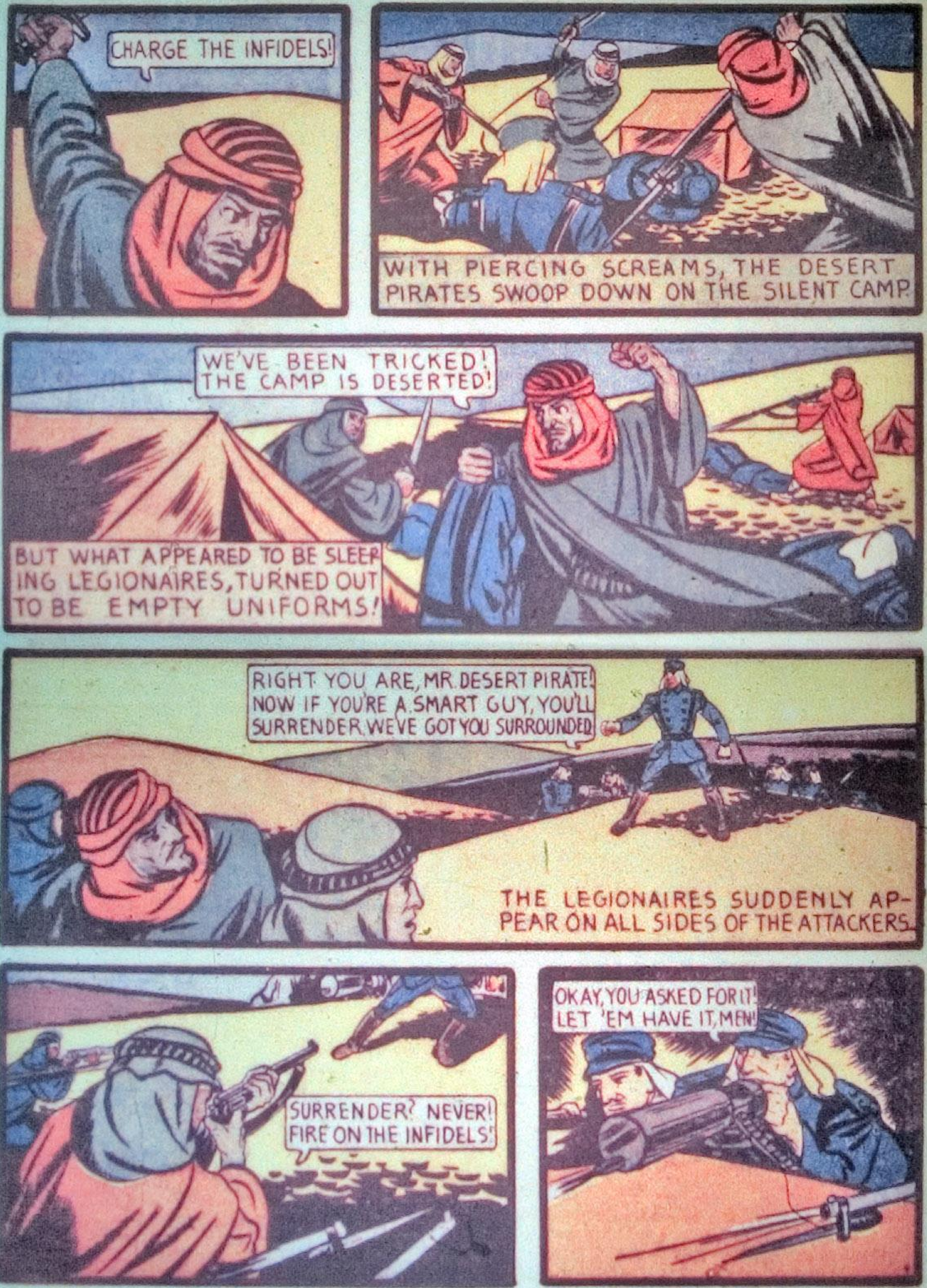

THE SCENE OF THE PIRATE ATTACKS IS TOO FAR FOR OUR MEN TO PATROL. WE MUST BUILD AN OUT POST.
THEN IT SHALL BE DONE...
EVERYTHING IS READY, SIR!
GOOD! WE'LL LEAVE AT ONCE!
LATER-CAPTAIN STRONG IS DETAILED TO SUPERVISE THE BUILDING OF THE OUTPOST.
CAPTAIN STRONG LEADS THE DETACHMENT OUT INTO THE DESERT.
BUT PIERCING EYES WATCH THE LEGIONAIRES ADVANCE
WE WILL DESTROY THEM!
OUR SPIES HAVE REPORTED CORRECTLY. THEY COME TO BUILD THE OUTPOST.
CHARGE THE INFIDELS!
DOWN WITH THE DOGS!
WITH EAR SPLITTING SCREAMS, THE WILD HORDE OF ARABS CHARGE DOWN UPON THE LEGIONAIRES.

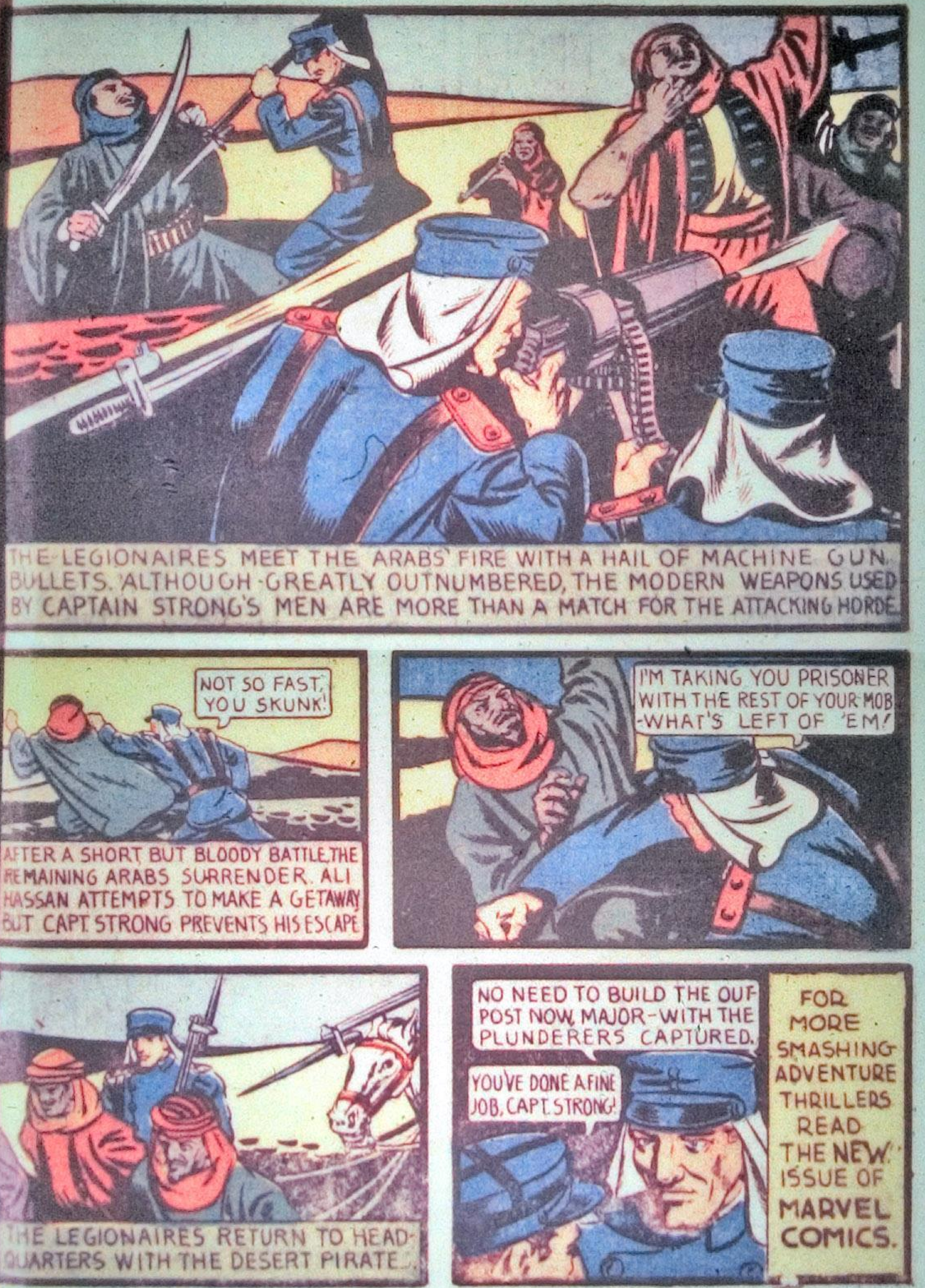

SET UP THE MACHINE GUNS!
LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!
TAKE OVER, LIEUT. DUPUY- I'M GOING OVER TO THE ARAB'S LINES TO SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT.
VERY GOOD, SIR!
CAPTAIN STRONG WORKS HIS WAY TO THE REAR OF THE ATTACKERS.
COME ON, SKUNK- I CAN USE YOU!
THIS WILL KEEP YOU QUIET FOR A WHILE
UNABLE TO WITHSTAND THE MACHINE GUN FIRE OF THE LEGIONAIRES, THE ARABS FLEE. CAPTAIN STRONG, DRESSED AS ONE OF THEM, IS IN THEIR MIDST....-


REACHING THE PIRATE'S CAMP, BOB STRONG SEEKS OUT THE CHIEF'S TENT.
THIS IS THE ONE!
THEY DROVE US OFF WITH MACHINE GUNS!
FOOL! THEY MUST BE DESTROYED!
INSIDE THE TENT..
IF THEY BUILD THE OUTPOST, NO LONGER WILL WE BE ABLE TO PLUNDER THE CARAVANS...
SO-THAT'S THE REASON FOR THE ATTACK!
TONIGHT-WHEN THEY ARE ASLEEP-WE WILL WIPE THEM OUT.
EXCELLENT, ALI.
NOW TO GET BACK TO MY MEN!
BUT AN ARAB BECOMES SUSPICIOUS.
SPY! YOU ARE NOT AN ARAB.
LIKE A FLASH, CAPTAIN STRONG DUCKS AND THE KNIFE THUDS INTO THE SADDLE..


YOU BLACK HEARTED SCOUNDREL! I'LL TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS!
BY THE BEARDS OF THE PROPHETS, YOU SHALL DIE.
THE KNIFE LEAVES THE ARAB'S HAND WITH THE SPEED OF A BULLET.
CAPT. STRONG SEES THE GLINT OF STEEL OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE. WITH ONE SWIFT MOVE, HE ROLLS OVER, PULLING THE ARAB UP FROM UNDER HIM.
I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY DISCOVER I'M A LEGIONAIRE.
JUST A PARTING SHOT, MY FRIEND.
GALLOPING AT A FAST PACE, CAPTAIN STRONG HEADS TOWARD THE LEGIONAIRES.
WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! MY OWN MEN SHOOTING AT ME!


I GET IT - THEY THINK I'M AN ARAB! IVE GOT TO TAKE THIS ROBE OFF.
STOP SHOOTING, YOU LUNKHEADS - IT'S ME!
CAPTAIN STRONG! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A GONER!
NOT A CHANCE DUPUY!
THEY INTEND TO ATTACK TONIGHT, WHILE WE'RE ASLEEP. NOW, HERE'S MY PLAN.
LATE THAT NIGHT - ALI HASSAN AND HIS PIRATES SNEAK OVER THE SAND DUNES.
LOOK! EVEN THE GUARDS ARE ASLEEP!
ALL IS QUIET IN THE LEGIONAIRES' CAMP. THE MEN APPEAR TO BE SOUND ASLEEP, UNAWARE OF THE IMPENDING DANGER.


CHARGE THE INFIDELS!
WITH PIERCING SCREAMS, THE DESERT PIRATES SWOOP DOWN ON THE SILENT CAMP.
WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! THE CAMP IS DESERTED!
BUT WHAT APPEARED TO BE SLEEPING LEGIONAIRES, TURNED OUT TO BE EMPTY UNIFORMS!
RIGHT YOU ARE, MR. DESERT PIRATE! NOW IF YOU'RE A SMART GUY, YOU'LL SURRENDER. WE'VE GOT YOU SURROUNDED!
THE LEGIONAIRES SUDDENLY APPEAR ON ALL SIDES OF THE ATTACKERS.
SURRENDER? NEVER! FIRE ON THE INFIDELS!
OKAY, YOU ASKED FOR IT! LET 'EM HAVE IT, MEN!



THE LEGIONAIRES MEET THE ARABS' FIRE WITH A HAIL OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS. ALTHOUGH GREATLY OUTNUMBERED, THE MODERN WEAPONS USED BY CAPTAIN STRONG'S MEN ARE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE ATTACKING HORDE.

NOT SO FAST, YOU SKUNK!

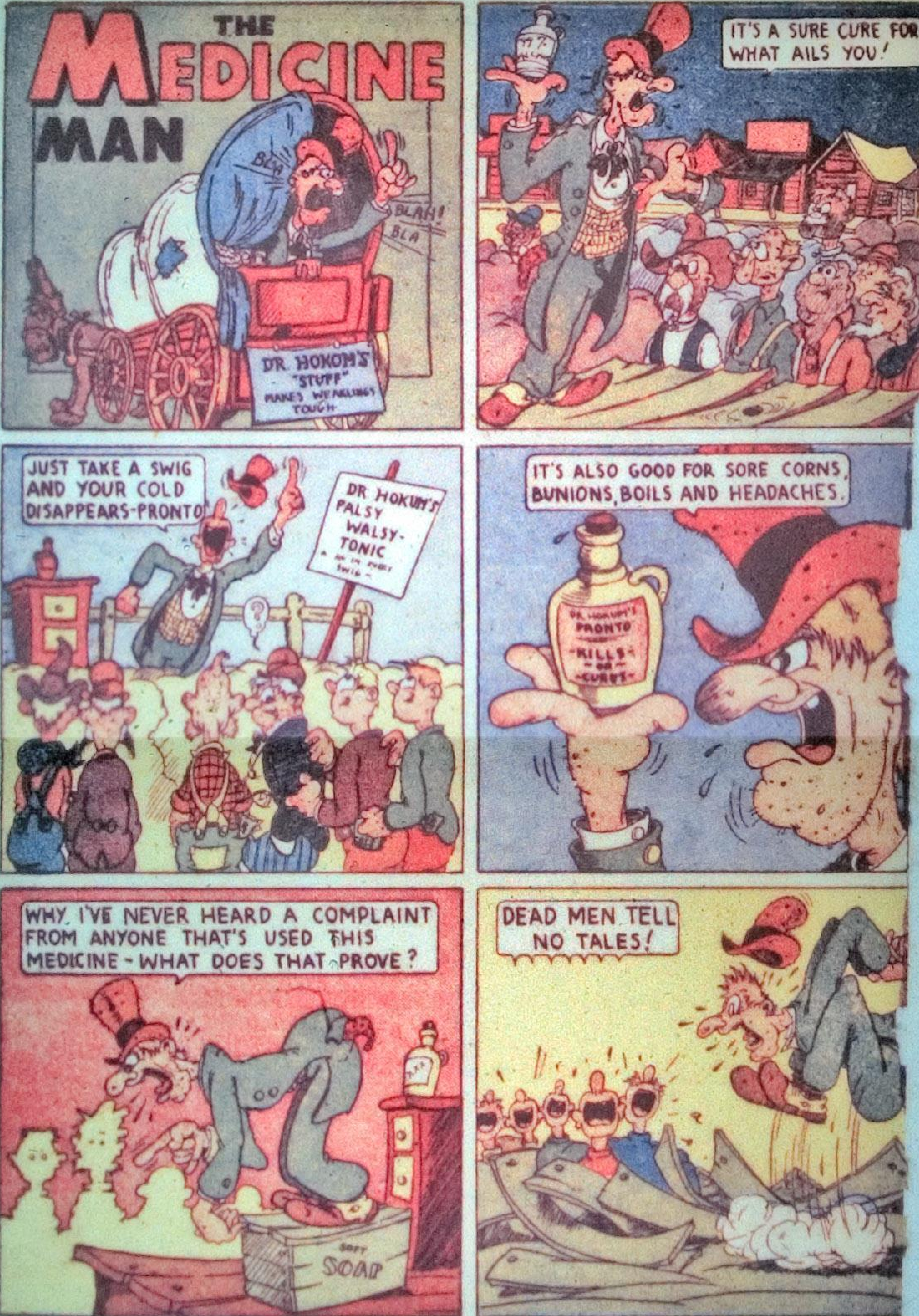
AFTER A SHORT BUT BLOODY BATTLE, THE REMAINING ARABS SURRENDER. ALI HASSAN ATTEMPTS TO MAKE A GETAWAY BUT CAPT. STRONG PREVENTS HIS ESCAPE

I'M TAKING YOU PRISONER WITH THE REST OF YOUR MOB -WHAT'S LEFT OF 'EM!

THE LEGIONAIRES RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS WITH THE DESERT PIRATE...

NO NEED TO BUILD THE OUTPOST NOW, MAJOR - WITH THE PLUNDERERS CAPTURED.
YOU'VE DONE A FINE JOB, CAPT. STRONG!

FOR MORE SMASHING ADVENTURE THRILLERS READ THE **NEW** ISSUE OF **MARVEL COMICS.**


THE MEDICINE MAN
BLA
BLAH!
BLA
DR. HOKOM'S "STUFF" MAKES WEAKLINGS TOUGH
IT'S A SURE CURE FOR WHAT AILS YOU!
JUST TAKE A SWIG AND YOUR COLD DISAPPEARS-PRONTO
DR HOKUM'S PALSY WALSY-TONIC
IN EVERY SWIG
?
IT'S ALSO GOOD FOR SORE CORNS, BUNIONS, BOILS AND HEADACHES.
DR. HOKUM'S PRONTO KILLS OR CURES
WHY, I'VE NEVER HEARD A COMPLAINT FROM ANYONE THAT'S USED THIS MEDICINE - WHAT DOES THAT PROVE?
XXX
SOFT SOAP
DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES!

C'mon— BOYS · GIRLS MEN · WOMEN PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 24 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the $2.40 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

22 Piece TABLEWARE SET

6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, Butter Knife, Sugar Shell. **GIVEN for selling only one order.**

Good Luck FISHING OUTFIT 28 PIECES

Steel rod, reel, casting line, 12 snelled hooks, 12 lead sinkers, cork float and stringer. **Sell only one order.**

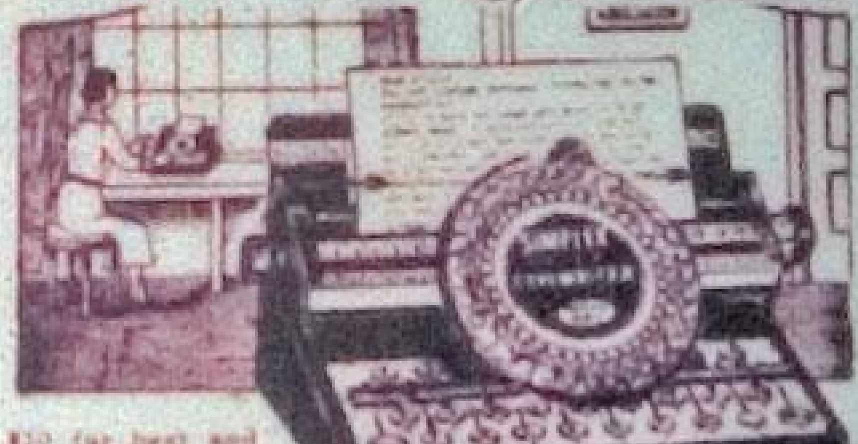
Household CLOCK

Can be used anywhere—Richly finished in two tone effect. 30 hour movement. **Dispose of only 1 order and Clock is yours.** WRITE TODAY.

JUNIOR GUITAR GIVEN

Get this handsome instrument **NOW.** Here's How. Just send your name and address. **SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU** with 24 pkts of Garden Seeds to sell at 10cts a pkt. When sold send $2.40 collected and **WE WILL SEND** this mahogany finished guitar and Five Minute Instruction Book absolutely **FREE.** Send for seeds **NOW.**

PRIZE TYPEWRITER GIVEN



$10 for best and neatest letter written on this machine by July 1 1940. **Simply dispose of only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. and Typewriter is yours.**

Ladies' New Fashion WRIST WATCH GIVEN

More Than a Guaranteed Timekeeper

Sparkling enameled ivory case. Guaranteed Movement. **Yours for disposing of only two orders of Garden Spot Seeds.** MAIL COUPON TODAY.

GIANT SPY-GLASS

3 FOOT TELESCOPE

See moon, stars and people miles away. Gives new pleasures. Always ready. **Given for selling only one order.** Send for seeds today.

Will Make the Room of Your Dream

Midget Pocket RADIO GIVEN

for selling only two 24 packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. Radio needs no batteries or electrical connections. Is complete and ready for use anywhere. **SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU.** Hurry! Just use this Coupon. Do not wait; do it NOW

Crinkled BED SPREAD

The crinkled stripes are neatly woven in contrasting shades. Size 80x90 inches. A beauty. **Simply dispose of 1 order.**

BASKETBALL GIVEN

Latest Rubber Valve Type. **Send No Money.** Just name and address. **Given for disposing of only 24 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt.** WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY. Hurry! Be First.

SEND NO MONEY Just MAIL COUPON

Real Live CANARY

Safe Delivery Guaranteed

What a pet! You will love it. **Canary and Cage both given for selling only two orders.** WRITE TODAY.

Sent Express Collect.

10 Piece Priscilla Curtain Set

New Priscilla Style
10 Piece Curtain Set

Curtain Set in refined white pattern finished with 2 1-4 inch ruffles & cream. Each curtain is 32x90 inches, 2 pairs, 4 Curtains, 4 Tie-Backs & 2 Ruffled Valances. 10 pieces in all. **All GIVEN to you as one premium for distributing only one order.** Postpaid

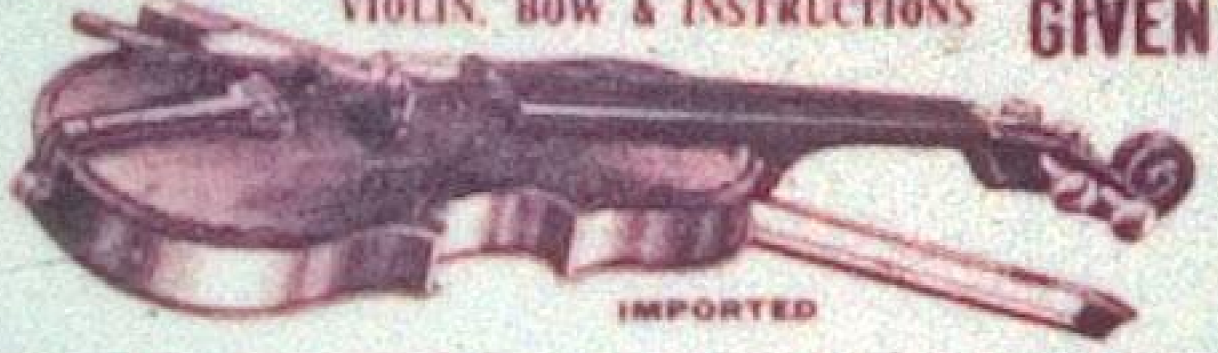
Blue Bird Granite Cooking Set

GIVEN

Will Make You Proud of Your Kitchen

Convenient and sanitary kitchen utensils. Entire Set given as one Premium, consists of four regular sized pieces. 1 Mixing Bowl, 1 Pudding Pan, 1 Preserving Kettle, with handle, 1 Sauce Pan. **Given for selling only 24 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt.** Write for seeds TODAY. **Send No Money. We Trust You. Hurry! Be First.**

VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN



IMPORTED

Handsome finish, highly polished. Set of strings and bow included. Send no money. **Given for selling only one order.** MAIL THE COUPON TODAY. BE FIRST.

32 Piece Rose Petal DINNER SET GIVEN

This sparkling beautiful set consists of 6 large plates, 6 small plates, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 cereal dishes, a large meat platter & a vegetable dish.

Set GIVEN for selling 2 orders. Sent express collect.

Home BARBER Outfit

Here is a money saver, you can trim childrens' or adults' hair yourself without sending them to the barber. Consists of one pair of guaranteed Hair Clippers same as barber uses for the latest style cuts, one pair Diamond Point Barber Shears & 7 inch Barber Comb. **GIVEN for selling 1 order.**

GIVEN

SEND NO MONEY

WE TRUST YOU.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for

5 FREE PROMPTNESS PRIZES!

SENT RIGHT ALONG WITH YOUR REGULAR PREMIUM IF WE GET THIS COUPON IN THE NEXT 5 DAYS. SO HURRY! FILL OUT TODAY AND MAIL.

TRANSFER PICTURES
G-MEN BADGE
EMULATION WRIST WATCH

MAIL COUPON · TODAY ·

Our 33rd Year

Lancaster County Seed Co.,
Station 3, Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 24 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10cts a pkt. for a fine Gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. **Also send right along with my Regular Premium the 5 FREE PROMPTNESS PRIZES SHOWN ABOVE.**

Name__________________________

Post Office__________________________

State__________________________

Street or R. F. D.______________ **Box**______

Print your last name plainly below

Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY

Price Not Guaranteed After Introductory Sale

Boys PRINT

CARDS • CUTS
TICKETS • LABELS
from real
PRINTER'S METAL TYPE
with PRINTER'S INK

SPECIAL DURING THIS SALE $2

AMAZING NEW ONE-MAN SHOP

For the first time you can now get a boy's printing press built with parts stamped out like auto bodies — lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this LOW price.

COMES COMPLETE

Equipment includes substantially built, ALL STEEL press, mechanically operated rubber inking roller, 3x3½ inches steel type chase, 138 piece set of 12 point Gothic type, en and em quads, thin spaces, rigglets, lock-up screws, ink, paper and step-by-step instructions, easily followed. Extra type 50c.

Prints with
GOTHIC TYPE
THIS SIZE

The "LITTLE-MAN"
works like famous
GORDON PRESS

You get real experience—learn to set type, lock up forms, read proof, make ready, get okays, feed the press—learn to love the smell of printer's ink and know the magic of taking a blank piece of paper and printing words that move people, after the manner of Franklin, Greeley, etc.

EXPERIENCE WORTH $100. Learning to print is worth a lot. You can print for profit, make money; or for pleasure. You learn an important business. Thousands of big advertising and newspaper men got started in this very way.

SEND NO MONEY

—unless you wish.

When the postman brings your press pay $2 plus 60c for charges (Pacific Coast $2.85). OR, if you prefer attach $2 plus 35c postage and SAVE the C.O.D. fee.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you are not more than delighted with your press, back comes your money. You take no risk, no obligation. Satisfaction or money back.

MAIL TODAY BEFORE PRICE GOES UP

PECK BROTHERS AMT. ENC.
2971 Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Send One Little-Man Printing Outfit, $2.60 C.O.D. (Pacific Coast $2.85). Cash $2.35. Extra type 50c.

NAME..

ADDRESS..